These Whispers About Mr. Hoover

By **Will Irwin**

WEEK
ENDING
MAY 21, 1932

Liberty

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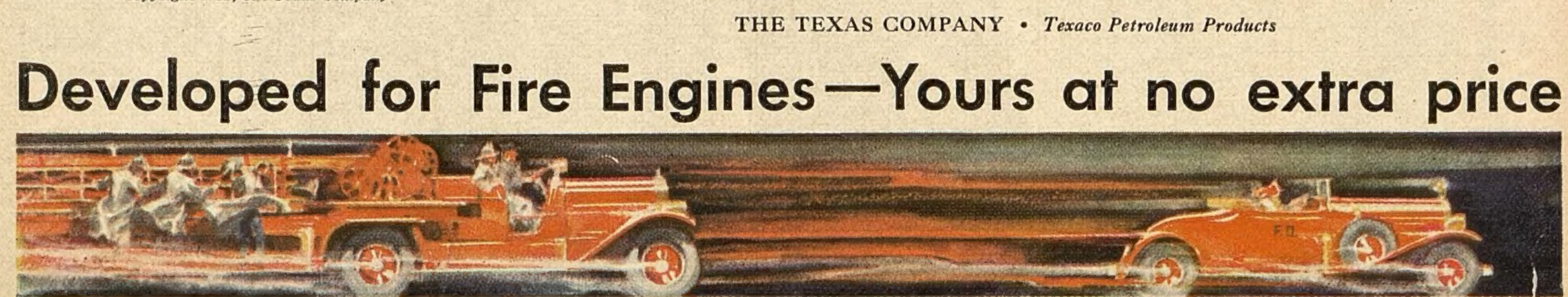

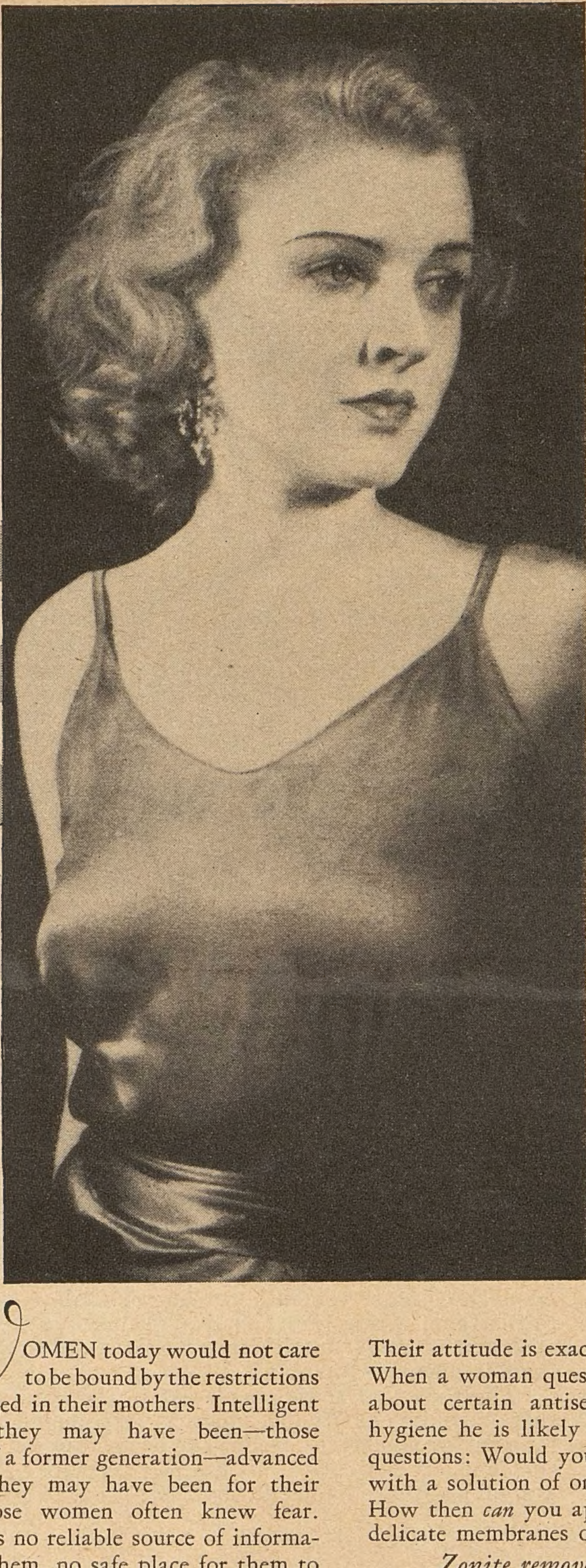

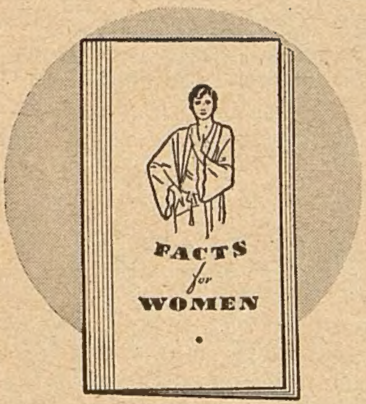

WOMEN *must break down the* BARRIERS

that have been placed about an intimate subject by a generation older than ours..

●

WOMEN today would not care to be bound by the restrictions that hedged in their mothers Intelligent though they may have been—those women of a former generation—advanced though they may have been for their time—those women often knew fear. There was no reliable source of information for them, no safe place for them to seek the knowledge they so badly wanted.

It may have been just as well. For the practice of feminine hygiene was then fraught with danger. More than knowledge was needed. There actually was no safe method to follow.

Why there was no safe way

The only strong antiseptics in other days were terrible, caustic poisons. And no matter how much doctors were in sympathy with women who demanded surgi- Their attitude is exactly the same today. When a woman questions her physician about certain antiseptics for feminine hygiene he is likely to ask a couple of questions: Would you rinse your mouth with a solution of one of these poisons? How then *can* you apply it to the most delicate membranes of the human body?

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☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

BACK TO THE FARM—IS IT THE REMEDY?

The unemployment problem continues to be an portant factor.

There are millions of active men who want jobs. They hate charity, but fierce hunger frequently removes all evidence of pride. It has often been stated that with all our civilization we are only a few meals from savagery; the want of food sufficiently prolonged often makes a man lawless and reckless.

Again and again we have pointed out that all the jobless men should be sent back to the farm; that the huge donations that have been raised to feed the hungry should be devoted to that one purpose.

There has been much criticism from some prominent people of this solution of the unemployment problem. They say that the lack of demand for farm products has already impoverished the farmer, so why send additional labor to the country?

The object of sending the unemployed to the farm is not to add to the supply of farm products: it is for the one and only purpose of enabling these people to feed themselves, to get away from the badge of charity, to regain their self-respect by earning their own living by digging in the soil and working in the sun and air, instead of walking the streets in the baneful atmosphere of large cities.

There may be much fault to be found with the situation of the farmer. He has been victimized by middlemen; he has been deceived by the altruistic and mistaken efforts of the Farm Board; he has raised too much wheat, cotton, and other agricultural products—there is an oversupply.

But the need to feed the hungry jobless of our large cities has become a menacing problem. Millions upon millions have been raised to supply the needs of these hungry people, but the appetite for food has to be satisfied at regular intervals; it is a problem that must be faced every day. The false impression prevailed that by feeding the hungry during the winter somehow the situation would right itself before spring.

As the writer has pointed out on numerous occasions, no matter what means may be adopted to temporarily relieve the unemployed, we will have to come finally to the one ultimate solution of the problem, and that is to send these people back to the land. The longer we wait for the adoption of this remedy the more serious our difficulties will become, the greater will be the amount that we will have to spend to feed the hungry who can just as well feed themselves if we will give them the opportunity.

We pointed out in this publication several months ago that this remedial measure has been proved to be effective in an amazing fashion by Secretary Doak through the aid of the Red Cross at Greenville, South Carolina. The forty-two families that he had taken from the bread line at Greenville and put on the farm were soon thereafter self-supporting; they have been self-supporting ever since and they will continue to support themselves throughout their entire lives.

And that was a demonstration that no well informed individual can possibly question. It definitely proved that jobless people can be sent back to the land and with the aid of a few dollars—not more than would be required to feed them throughout a long winter—would be able to start in the business of farming for the one purpose of raising food for themselves and their families.

With this remarkable demonstration before us, why should there be any more questions asked? Are our leaders so blind, so set in their ways, that they cannot possibly form clear conclusions?

Secretary Doak has maintained again and again that he could remedy this unemployment situation if he were given the financial assistance which would enable him to send families out to abandoned farms, giving them enough coarse food to feed them until by tilling the soil they could find food for themselves.

But we still hear: "What! Send more men back to the farm to add still more competition to the farmers?"

This reasoning may have had some justification in the beginning of our unemployment problem, but now there are two alternatives: shall the unemployed be fed by private or governmental charity, or shall they be sent to the farm where they can feed themselves? Anyone with a modicum of intelligence would maintain that the farm is the place for them.

The food that these people eat in the city, supplied them through charity, may increase the demand for the farmers' products; but no one can be an object of charity continuously and maintain his self-respect. The dole system must be avoided at any cost.

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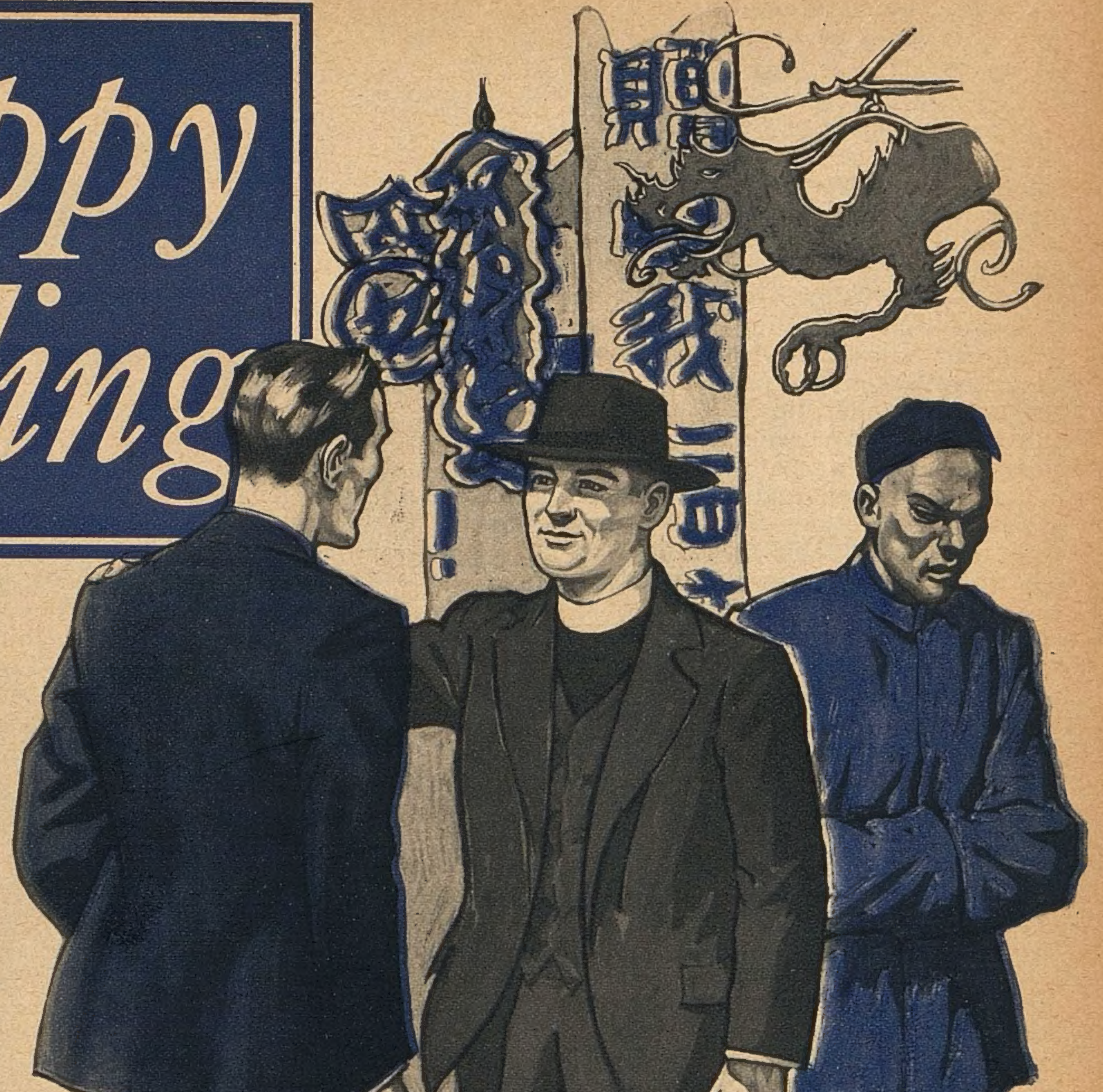
Happy Ending

The Story of a Chinaman's Chance

By

ACHMED ABDULLAH

Pictures by B. LATHAM KIDDER



Father Muldoon, walking down Mott Street, met Johnny Wong. He stopped him. "I hear," he said, "that there's going to be wedding bells."

(Reading time: 22 minutes 45 seconds.)

PART ONE—WONG FALLS IN LOVE

VAGUE and bitter, since the beginning, had been the tale of Johnny Wong's life.

Vague and bitter his birth, somewhere in the reeking, coiling, ironic shadows of Chatham Square, where Pell Street plays hide and seek with the Bowery and where Chinatown jeers at the white man's world.

Vague and bitter the memories of his mother, a Portuguese from Honolulu with a strong dash of Kanaka blood in her veins, whose death—her little son, five at the time, had been a witness to it—had been tragic in a sordid way, although the tragedy had not loomed very large in the morning papers, indeed no more than an inch on the third page, topped by a small headline:

CHINAMAN'S WIFE KILLED BY HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER

Vague and bitter, too, the memories of his father, an immensely tall, angular, and cadaverous Cantonese coolie who had reached New York—and, by the same token, had cheated the Asiatic Exclusion Law—*via* a tramp ship's stokehole, a dive overboard, a swim, and his hand jerking out of the greasy, swirling water and gripping the slippery piles at the foot of the Battery; who had called his motherless offspring extravagant terms of Mongol endearment in moments of maudlin opium drunkenness, to cuff him severely when the poppy drug died in his brain, leaving it crimson and dry and cruel; and who, on a fine moon-bright night, had been knifed in a brawl with a red-bearded Finnish sailor.

Thereupon—after the older Mr. Wong's emaciated body had been incased in a plain narrow pine coffin, while, to believe the Buddhist priest at the Mott Street joss temple, his weary and rather disreputable soul had leaped the Dragon Gate to join the souls of his ancestors at the Seven Springs of Exquisite Beatitude—thereupon it had been, for Johnny Wong, an orphan asylum.

Loneliness it had been for him, since he had been devoted to his father in spite of the latter's unstable disposition. A blue-worsted uniform it had been, and gray-worsted discipline, and other small orphans—Greeks and Syrians and Porto Ricans—proving their racial and social superiority by yelling at him: "Chinkie! Chinkie! Aw, pipe de yaller Chinkie!" and he proving his own, if not racial and social, then at least physical superiority by bloodying many a nose of Greek and Syrian and Porto Rican.

Later on he had been given a sort of postgraduate

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HAPPY ENDING
Continued from page five

course in a lower East Side settlement house presided over by a New Hampshire spinster's silk-gloved, slightly pathetic, and altogether inefficient kindliness. He had been guilty of a boyish escapade—the matter of a pushcart upset and a handful of sticky candy purloined—without real harm except what a policeman had read into it. And so there had followed eighteen months in an institution, not precisely a reformatory, which hid its Christian charity and compassion beneath a cloak of meticulous, wire-drawn, superbly starched and as superbly statistical rectitude—a bleak rectitude that was unable to counteract the wicked gutter wisdom imparted to the younger by the older boys; a chilly and queerly unhuman rectitude that, somehow, crushed whatever decent impulses Johnny might have developed, and brought to the fore whatever was savage and lawless.

Finally he had drifted back to his native heath—to Chinatown: Chinatown, squatting yellow and sardonic and secretive; stabbing in, between Mulberry Bend and the Bowery's sordid, scabbed, teeming tenements, like a thin, contemptuous wedge of Asia; squeezing the dimes already squeezed bone-dry by narrow-chested, whining Russian Hebrews, and shaving the nickels already shaved to the vanishing point by bull-necked Sicilians who talked shrilly, melodramatically, about the price of garlic and olive oil.

FOR they were traders all, these lemon-colored invaders from beyond the Pacific: shrewd traders who understood the necessity of putting brand-new quirks and twists in their tough coolie brains in order to meet the beggars' competition of Europe's back stairs—the which they did, to the confusion of the latter and their own honest enrichment; the enrichment, also, of certain less honest of their own number, such as Johnny Wong.

Indeed—and for this you can blame whatever you prefer: original sin, or his character, or his mixed ancestry, or New York's crazy-quilt cosmos which had spewed him forth and fashioned him—Johnny had not the keen, decent industry of his father's race. He showed industry only in the riffling of cards, the agile fingering of bamboo-and-ivory mah jong tiles, a roaring if illicit traffic in treacly Canton opium and villainous bootleg whisky, and the holding up, in skulking, shadow-painted hallways, of peaceful Chinese burgesses and indignant sight-seers from Kansas and Nebraska.

A most unsavory lad he was. Sleek and smooth as an eel. Crooked as a Moro dagger. Plausible as a Coney Island spieler. Furtive and reticent as an Avenue A fire escape. Ruthless as a wildcat. Quick as a Montana gambler who slips a hand up his sleeve for the jack of diamonds to fill his inside straight flush.

A lad he was who at a tender age had made the resolution, successfully carried out, that the world to which—as he reckoned it—he owed nothing, owed him a living, and a mighty good one. And he did not give a tinker's curse that his method of collecting this living caused the stout, elderly Pell Street merchants to raise shocked hands and to exclaim that—Buddha!—the men of the younger generation had forgotten the old ways, the good ways, the ways of their honorable ancestors; caused them to sigh that doubtless—Buddha! Buddha!—it was all the fault of the Americans, the foreign barbarians.

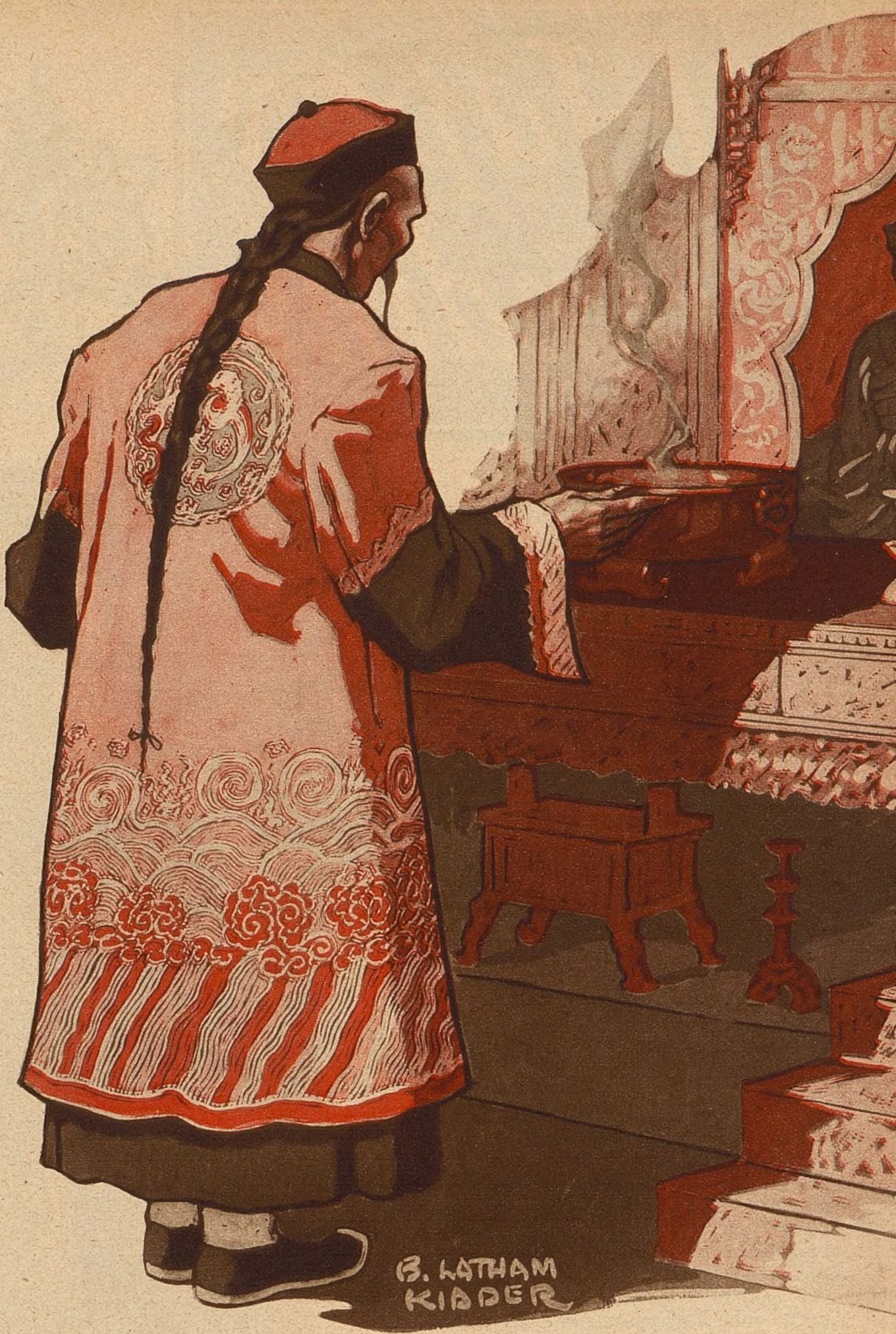
Nor did it worry him that—which was more pertinent—Bill Devoy, detective of Second Branch and specializing in the Chinatown beat of sewer gas and opium and mazed yellow-and-white passions, had been heard to remark to his cousin, Brian Neill, the owner of the corner speakeasy:

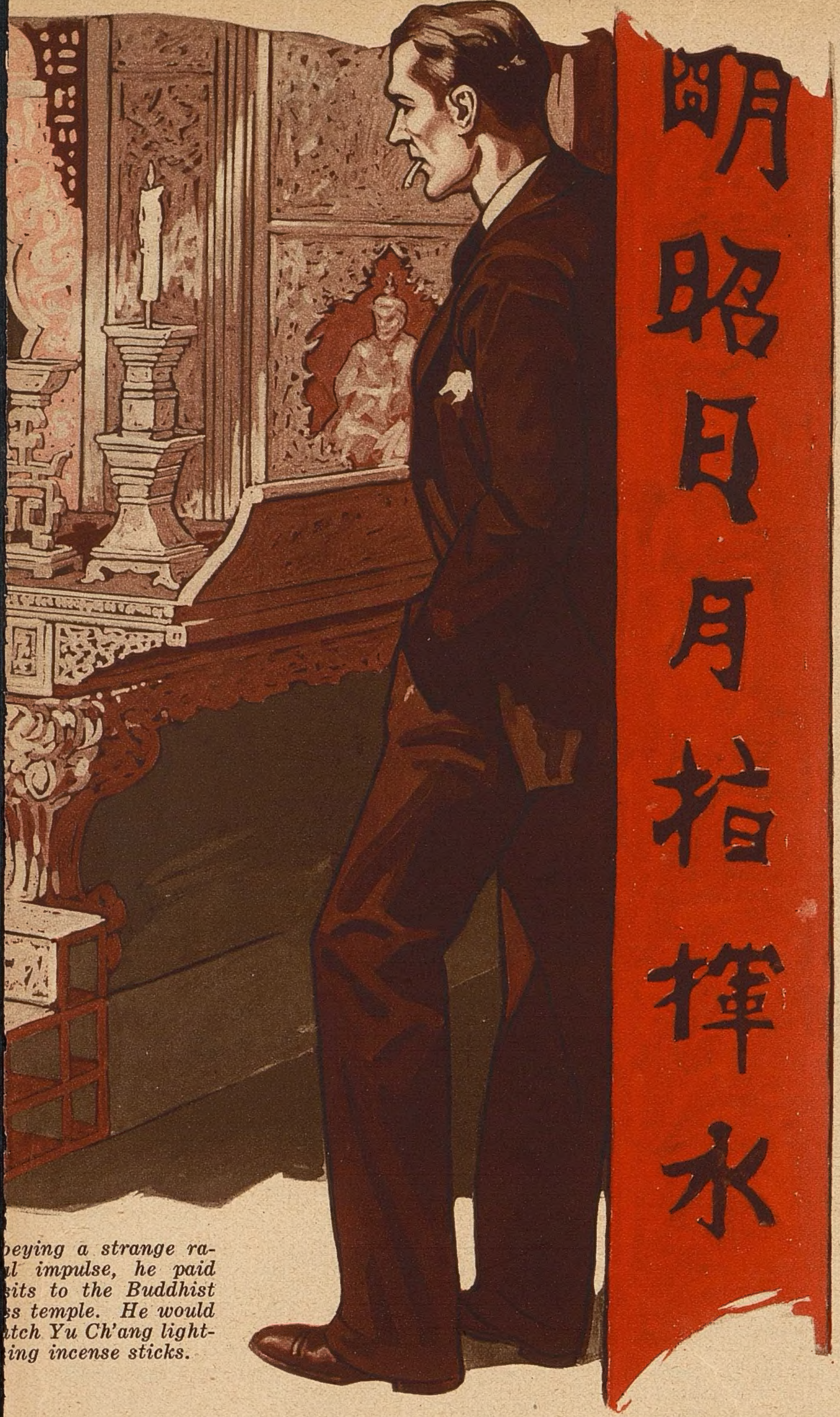
"Never caught that baby with the goods. But some day I'm goin' to—and then I'll give him the woiks!"

"Who d'ya mean, Bill?"

"Johnny Wong—that stinkin', lousy, unregenerate, ape-faced Mongol roughneck!"

Here was a heartfelt statement. Yet it was not entirely fair—at least, as to the "ape-faced" part.





beying a strange ra-
l impulse, he paid
sits to the Buddhist
s temple. He would
tch Yu Ch'ang light-
ing incense sticks.

Johnny Wong was not ape-faced. He was, on the contrary, rather good-looking—with his slim hips, his clean, straight length of limb, the free swing of his broad shoulders, his well knit frame, his high-bridged nose, the flash of his white even teeth, the neat if slightly foppish cut of his clothes, and the rakish, devil-may-care tilt to his brown derby.

Indeed, with his five feet eleven of athletic muscle and brawn, he represented one of those exclusively American miracles by token of which, all accepted theories of eugenics notwithstanding, two or three underbred, underfed, inimical races can mix their pitiful seed and produce a perfect human body; can produce, furthermore, a certain diamond-hard philosophy of life—as expressed, for instance, in the saying, forever on Johnny's thin lips:

"Never give a sucker an even break!"

Such was his slogan. Such his Gospel and Leviticus. Such his personal, intimate Holy Writ. And he honored and obeyed it with eager, almost fanatical intent.

No good. Call him that. Call him wittingly and cynically lost to grace. Except that—chalk this up to his credit—he was, most decidedly, the captain of his soul; was, too, quite as decidedly, a man without fear.

And you must consider one more thing. A thing very curious and quaint and anomalous. A thing which, having read, you will promptly disbelieve.

For he was by way of being an idealist in his relations to the female of the species.

THE reason for this most unreasonable phenomenon?

Ask some psychiatrist. He will tell you a great deal about the lobes and quirks of the human brain, about prenatal influence and cerebropathy and glandular tissues and the medulla oblongata. Throwing in a baker's dozen of highbrow Freudian terms for good measure, he will explain it all, being a scientist—and, being that same scientist, will doubt it all.

The fact remains that where women were concerned Johnny's hard-boiled philosophy left him. It left him flat and ingenuously floundering; left him shy.

Not because women disliked him, avoided him.

The precise opposite was the case. They liked him a whole lot. Had he given them the faintest encouragement, they would have more than liked him; and he might have had his full share of easy loving in this downtown land of easy loving.

He even might have followed the example of many another boy thereabouts—white or yellow or half-breed—and have become what is called a magimp in the Bowery parlance—and a great racket it is: having some girl who is stuck on you slaving for you, honestly or less honestly; having her hand you over the dough at the end of a day's, or a night's, work.

Oh, yes; a sure-enough swell grift!

But not for Johnny.

In this one respect he was—we repeat—an idealist; a Sir Launcelot and Chevalier Bayard and Don Quixote rolled into one. On the other hand, he was "just a nut, nothin' but a crazy damn'-fool sap," according to certain of his pals—though not according to Father Hilary Muldoon.

The latter officiated at the little Gothic chapel of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, straight across the street from Brian Neill's speakeasy. He was a priest who—so the old women around Chinatown insisted—knew most things and guessed the rest; a priest utterly convinced of the reality of the spiritual world; a priest who was forever hunting for man's essential and congeni-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HAPPY ENDING
Continued from page seven

tal worth with a devotee's zeal, forever searching for the small golden bead at the bottom of the blackened crucible, and forever finding it.

One evening Detective Bill Devoy asked this priest, who was his good friend and had sat on the same bench with him, years ago, in Public School No. 25 over at East Fifth:

" Wot d'ya make o' Johnny Wong? "

" What way? "

" The way he keeps away from the molls, the skoits."

" What do *you* make of it, Bill? "

" I guess it's his cleverness. Y'see, that baby knows his onions. He's wise to the fact that it's always a chicken that cooks a man's goose; that it's always a broad who, in the end, lands a crooked guy in the hoosegow—slips a tip to the cops the moment he goes and gets himself another jane."

" Succinctly put," smiled the priest. " But I've an idea that you're mistaken as to what motivates Johnny Wong, what—well—makes him tick. It's his inherent decency."

" Oh, yeah? "

" Are you familiar with the words: 'Therefore with Angels and Archangels and all the Company of Heaven . . .'? "

" Sure; I go to Mass—"

" Very occasionally," interrupted Father Muldoon, while his friend blushed. " Let me interpret these words for you. They refer to man's intrinsic worth—the intrinsic goodness even of sinners. That's what is meant by the Company of Heaven. Johnny's Company of Heaven is his respect for women, his decency where the latter are concerned. And I believe that ultimately this decency will save his soul."

Bill Devoy shook his round stubborn Celtic head.

" Beggin' your pardon," he said, " but—"

" But—? "

" You're all wet! "

The priest gave a little laugh, and the other went on:

" If that baby reforms—this side o' the hot seat over at Sing Sing—then there's hope for the devil himself."

" And is there anything in the Blessed Scriptures to prove that there is *no* hope for the devil? "

" Mebbe. I don't know a thing about theology. But I know a lot about Chinatown. And—take it from me—Johnny ain't booked for paradise. Not him! "

" Purgatory comes before paradise."

" Even purgatory is too cool for him. Why, if ever he should toin over a new leaf, then I'm a Scotchman by the name of Baccigaluppi Einstein—see? "

" And yet I was taught in seminary that it is often for the sake of woman that man is guilty of black sin—and for the sake of woman that he performs high deeds of virtue and valor."

" No use arguin' with you. You know too many woids. Only, as to Johnny—well, I'm right and you're wrong."

BUT by the end of the month it seemed that the opposite was true: that the detective was wrong and the priest right. For—and Pell Street wondered and gossiped and snickered—a different Johnny appeared in Chinatown and on the Bowery; a Johnny who had indeed turned over a new leaf—because of a girl.

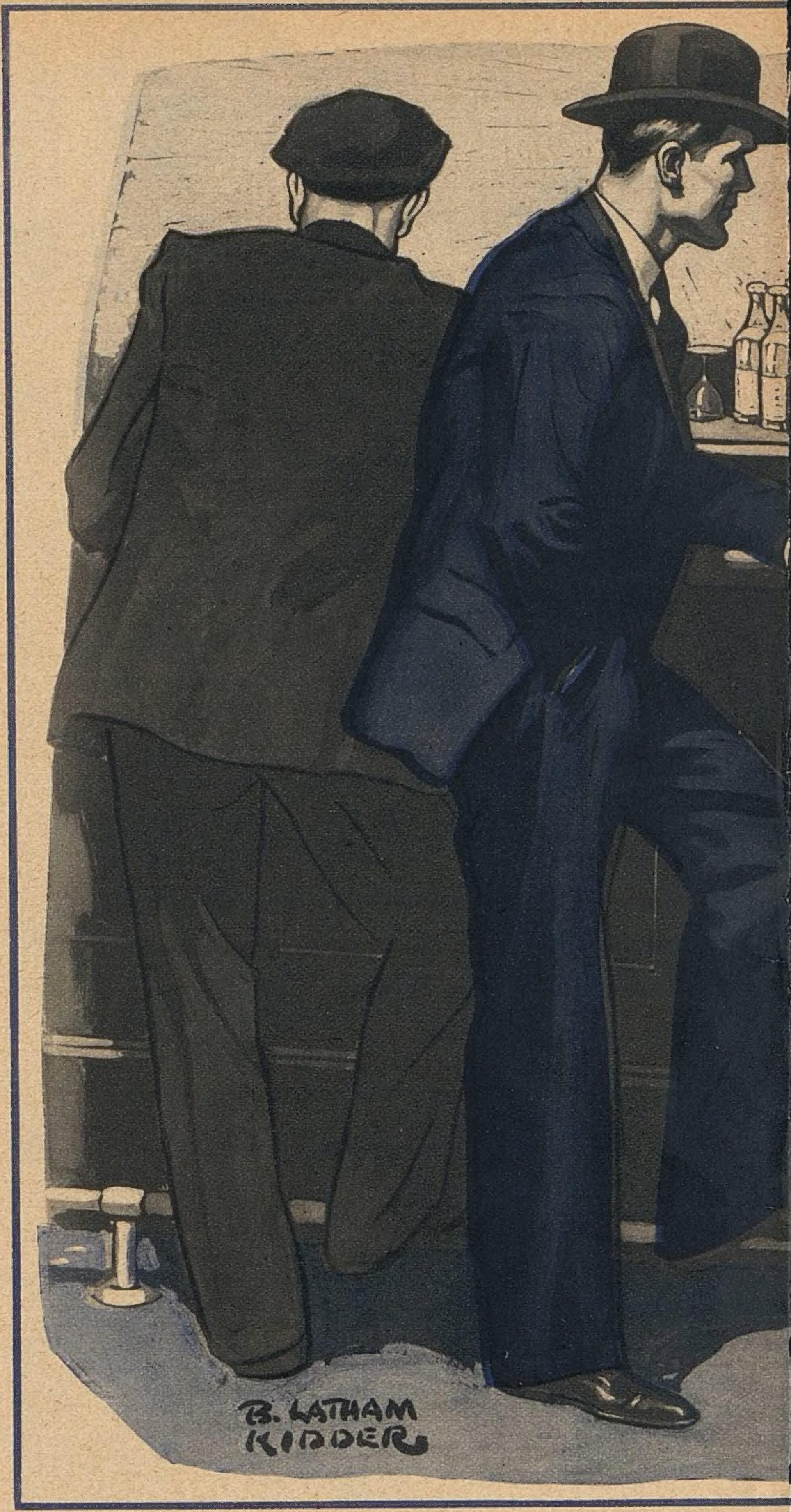
She was a half-breed, American-born Chinese like himself, and she was called Gwendolyn Tza.

Her dark eyes were almond-shaped, and her face held the youth of her nineteen years. Her hair was golden-yellow—a heritage from her Danish mother—and priceless. Her mouth was innocent, and her breasts showed soft and blossomy beneath the too sheer silk of her dress.

He met her at a dance given by a downtown Tammany Hall social club to which he belonged. She had come alone: had noticed the announcement, had bought herself a ticket.

" Peachy-lookin' kid! " he thought the moment he saw her.

He stared at her. She smiled at him. He smiled back. Suddenly, queerly, his usual diffidence in his encounters with women left him; and he told her, straight out, what he thought:



To Brian Neill he went half an hour later and suggested: " W
" Say," he decided, "

" Ye're a peachy-lookin' kid."

" Ye're quite a' eyeful yerself," she rejoined.

The music blared forth a stammering, lascivious jazz. He crooked an arm invitingly. They danced; talked as they danced.

" Newcomer—ain't yer? " he inquired.

" Ye've sed it. Got here from Chicago a few weeks ago."

" Like 'N'Yawk? "

" You bet! Swell little dump. Swell guys."

" Know many guys? "

" Three or four. Swell guys," she repeated.

Quickly, unreasonably, he became conscious of a sharp pang of jealousy; did not want to let on.

" Oh, yeah? " he drawled.

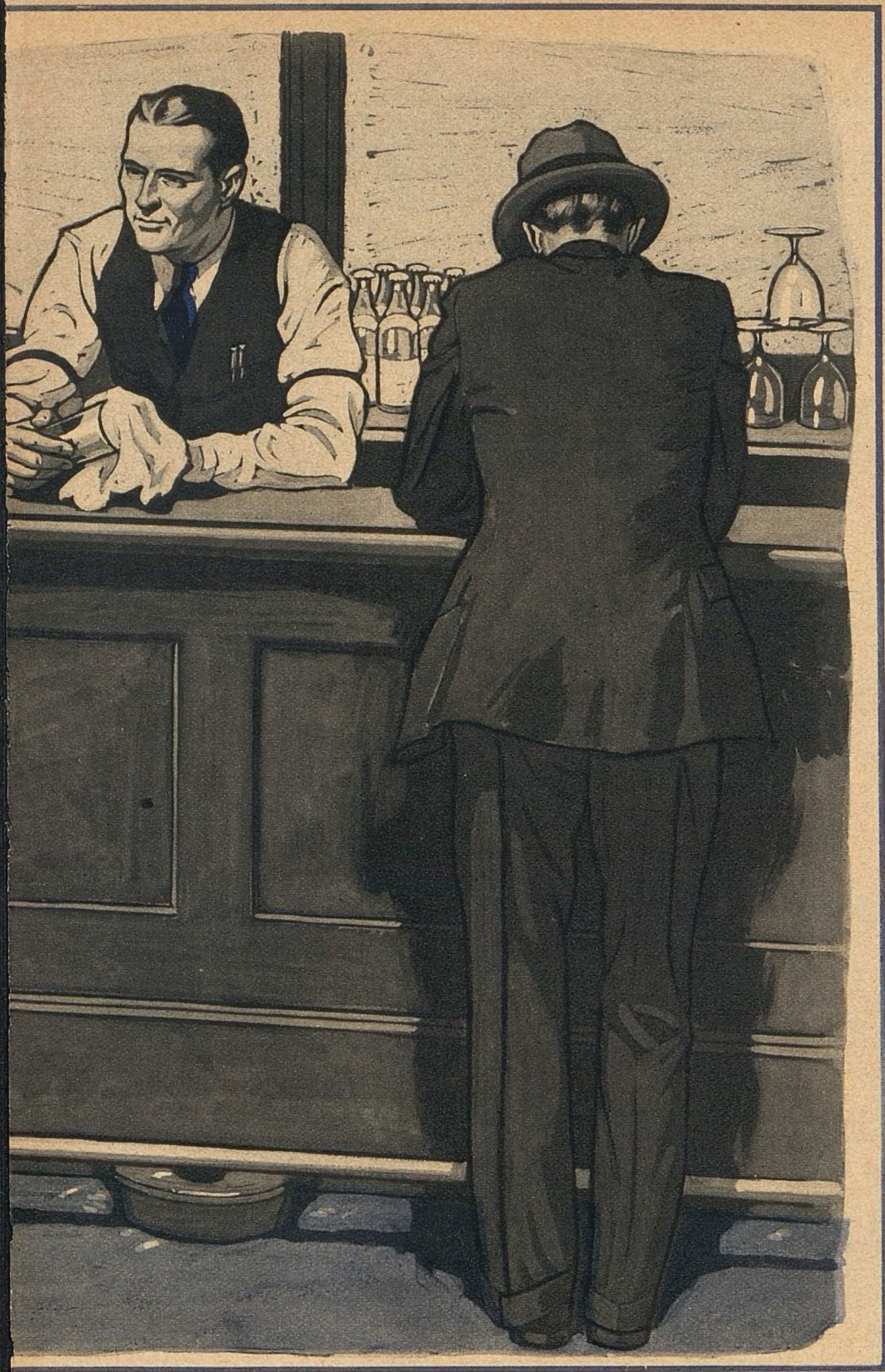
" Oh, yeah," she echoed, with a sideways, faintly amused glance of which he was not aware.

The music stopped. They sat down.

" Where yer livin', kid? " he asked.

" Up around Fourteenth."

" Oh." Fourteenth Street was far removed from



out a job?” The latter stared at him; studied the hard, handsome features.
k as if yer did mean it.”

Chinatown; not geographically, being not many blocks north, but socially and financially. “Who yer livin' with?”

“Cousins.”

“Lemme call.”

“Ye wouldn't like 'em. They”—quickly—“they're my mother's people; sorta old-fashioned.”

“But—I *gotta* see yer again!”

“Well”—she smiled—“wot about gettin' together down here?”

“Tomorrow?”

“O. K. by me.”

“Tomorrow at six. We'll feed the faces and take in a movie.”

So they met the next evening and the next and the next; and always around ten she left him, explaining:

“Gotta beat it. My cousins—I told ye—stick-in-the-muds.”

“Sure.”

He liked her; liked her more and more. He had no words in his crude philosophy for what was happening in his soul. He only knew, dimly, that when he was with her his heart was filled by an amazing wonder and sweetness. He only knew that not to be with her was a sharp pain. He only knew—suddenly, one day—that he loved her.

But he did not tell her. Perhaps his love was so great that he was afraid; perhaps so deep that he was ashamed.

Years ago his mother had brought him up in the Catholic faith. He still crossed himself automatically when he passed the chapel; tipped his brown derby politely to Father Muldoon.

But now, obeying a strange racial impulse, he paid occasional visits to the Buddhist joss temple on Mott Street. There, sneering less at the religious ceremony than at the hush in his own heart, he would watch, a cigarette glued to his lower lip, while Yu Ch'ang, the priest, walked about the seven altars in his swishy robe of lemon silk, lighting incense sticks, ringing a small silver bell, and kotowing before the Shang-Ti, the Supreme Ruler of Heaven.

> “Pure art thou, O Perfectly Awakened One,
> Pure and clean as the night wind . . .”

droned the priest. And Johnny listened; then left the temple and strode out into Chinatown, where the wicked, saturnine lights hiccuped through the trailing dusk.

The words remained with him:

“Pure art thou . . . pure and clean as the night wind . . .”

And he thought of Gwendolyn Tza.

Pure she was—sure—and sweet and innocent. And oh, how he loved her!

WHY, he was crazy about her! And there wasn't a thing he wouldn't do for her. Not a thing. And he did—lots of things. Dinners; and the movies; and trips to Coney; and presents—swell presents.

Not that she ever asked him for anything. She wasn't a gold-digger, a chiseler. Not she! But somehow it happened—just happened: something she might admire in a shop window—like that Chinese scarf embroidered all over with big crimson roses, and the amethyst brooch, and the small radio.

“Gee, ye're generous!” she exclaimed when he bought her the radio.

“Gwan!” he mumbled, embarrassed.

“Got the dough, ain't ye?”

“Well, I ain't broke.”

“Wot ye doin' for a livin', Johnny?”

The question startled him — almost frightened him. Evidently she was unaware that he was what he was. Nobody had told her. And—should *he* tell her?

He looked at her. Sweet, he thought her; innocent.

No, he couldn't tell her—couldn't tell her that the very money he had spent on her this evening was the result of a holdup, last night, on Delancey Street: Nag Hong Fah, the restaurant owner, getting a sock in the jaw and being relieved of his purse—and Detective Bill Devoy saying to Johnny this afternoon:

“I know who done it, yer lousy, ape-faced skunk!”

“Knowin' it won't make the cheese more bindin'. You gotta prove it, Bill.”

“I'm goin' to, sooner or later—yer doity crook!”

Crook—sure. That's what he was, what he had always been, what he had gloried in. But now—again looking at Gwendolyn Tza, again finding her so sweet, so innocent—he gloried in it no longer, was suddenly ashamed of being a crook, and replied: “I'm outa woik. But I got some mazuma saved up, and I gotta job promised me.”

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HAPPY ENDING
Continued from page nine

"Swell job?"

"Ye've sed it. I"—with quick inspiration—"I'm goin' to woik for Brian Neill—over at the speakeasy, y'know."

And to Brian Neill he went half an hour later and suggested:

"What about a job?"

"For who?"

"For me—in this dump o' yours."

"Has the gorilla business stopped payin' dividends?"

"I'm after a regular job—see?"

"Don't make me smile; my lip's cracked."

"I mean it, Brian."

ACHMED ABDULLAH

the author of this story, is said to be Nadir Khan Durani, great-grandson of the late King Abderrahman Khan of Afghanistan. He has been a captain in the British Indian army and a colonel in the Turkish forces. He was at one time a famous polo player.

The latter stared at him; studied the hard, handsome features.

"Say," he decided, "yer look as if yer did mean it."

"I do—honest t'Gawd!"

"Wot's the big idea? Wot's bitin' yer? Scared o' my cousin Bill Devoy?"

"Like my foot!"

"Then why—?" And, when Johnny did not reply, all at once the Irishman laughed. "I know," he went on. "Sure I know. Ye've got religion—and," roaring with mirth, "it's that yaller-haired Chink skoit ye're kickin' round with wot's done it—eh?"

"Wot's that to *you?*"—aggressively.

"Not a damned thing."

"Awright. Do I get a job?"

"Well—Phil Kerry, my chucker-out, left me. Goin' to open a speak o' his own. Think yer can fill his number nines?"

"I'll try."

"O. K. Ye're hired, feller. T'oity a week—and all the booze yer can lap up—and don't monkey with the till!"

The next day, after Gwendolyn had gone home, Johnny entered upon his new duties—night duties, since Brian Neill's place did not open its doors before ten. And Pell Street, faced with the fact of his reform, wondered and gossiped. And one evening Father Muldoon said to Bill Devoy:

"I told you so. It is often for a woman's sake that—"

"That a guy toins over a new leaf—sure!" interrupted the detective. "Say," he added, "d'ye call it toinin' over a new leaf to woik in a speak?"

"Which—may I remind you?—belongs to your cousin. Besides, even such lowly and—ah—illegal employ may lead to finer and nobler things."

"Sez who?"

"I do."

"I don't. I don't trust that baby. Never did—never shall. And some day I'll slip the handcuffs on him."

"The trouble with you is," commented the other, "that your profession makes you a pessimist, while mine—*experto credite*—makes me an optimist."

EARLY on the following Saturday afternoon, Father Muldoon, walking down Mott Street, met Johnny Wong. He stopped him.

"I hear," he said, "that there's going to be wedding bells—"

"For me?"

"Yes."

"Somebody's been pullin' yer leg."

"I don't believe it. Gwendolyn Tza—isn't that her name?"

"I ain't denyin' I know her; but—"

"But—?"

"She ain't my sort."

"Not good enough for you?" smiled the priest.

"A darned sight too good."

"Never knew you to be modest."

"Nor am I. But Gwen—well, she's a sweet, innocent kid. As straight as a string. And there are her people—her mother's people she's livin' with. They'd throw a fit if they found out that I—" He interrupted himself; went on: "Yer know wot I've been. I—aw"—bringing out the words as if they were hurting him, choking him—"I—I ain't clean!"

"One can get—clean," replied the priest. "There is a way to cleanse the body, and a way to cleanse the soul. Love—real love—that's the soul's way. Tell me: you love this girl?"

"Yeah. I"—rather violently—"ain't I shown it? Ain't I makin' an honest livin'?"

Rapidly Father Muldoon changed a laugh into a cough.

"You are," he agreed. "And—do you know what I would do if I were you?"

"Well?"

"I would go to her this very instant—"

"And pop the question?"

"Precisely. Pop the question. And if her people want to know about you, send them to me, and I shall do what I can without perjuring myself too much."

"Ye're a sure-enough gent, Father Muldoon," said Johnny—and went on his way to the alien world of East Fourteenth Street.

Gwendolyn had not mentioned the number of her house. So he asked here and there; received no information until, in a drug store near the river, the clerk told him:

"Sure, I know that dame. Over at 717."

"Thanks."

He found the house. It was rickety, squalid, and at first he was disappointed, since evidently her people were poor. But he reconsidered. Poor people, he decided, were tolerant.

THERE were no name plates in the dark entrance hall. He knocked at a door. A frowzy Sicilian woman opened it.

"Gwendolyn Tza? Top floor front, mister."

He climbed four flights; was about to ring the bell; stopped as he heard noises—laughter, clinking glasses, a radio screeching.

The music broke off. Again he was about to ring the bell. Again he stopped. He listened; listened to two voices—a man's and a woman's. Gwendolyn's.

"Aw"—her words were distinct—"I ain't stuck on him. I'm playin' him for a sucker—that's all."

Johnny drew in his breath sharply. Suspicion came to him. Rapidly it changed to stark knowledge as the man in the room replied: "Funny about them crooks—like Johnny Wong. The tougher they are, the easier they fall."

"Ain't that the truth! Wotever I ask him, that sucker gives me."

"Mostly tripe—like this here radio. Why don't ye make him kick through with some real money?"

"I'm leadin' him on sorta gradual. I ain't never failed ye yet, have I?"

"If ye do I'll break yer neck, sweetie. Got any kale?"

"Nuthin' but wot I gave ye."

"Ten bucks—that's all ye gave me."

"Ain't got no more."

"I think ye're lyin'. Didn't ye step out last night with old Joe Ginzberg? And afterwards didn't ye pick up a sailor?"

With the last words something like a colored ball of glass burst in Johnny's brain—burst into a thousand pieces. And, ironically, tragically, he remembered the Chinese priest's chant: "Pure art thou . . . pure and clean as the night wind."

Pure. Why, she was nothing but a— Sure—that's what she was. Keeping that guy in there, that Tim!

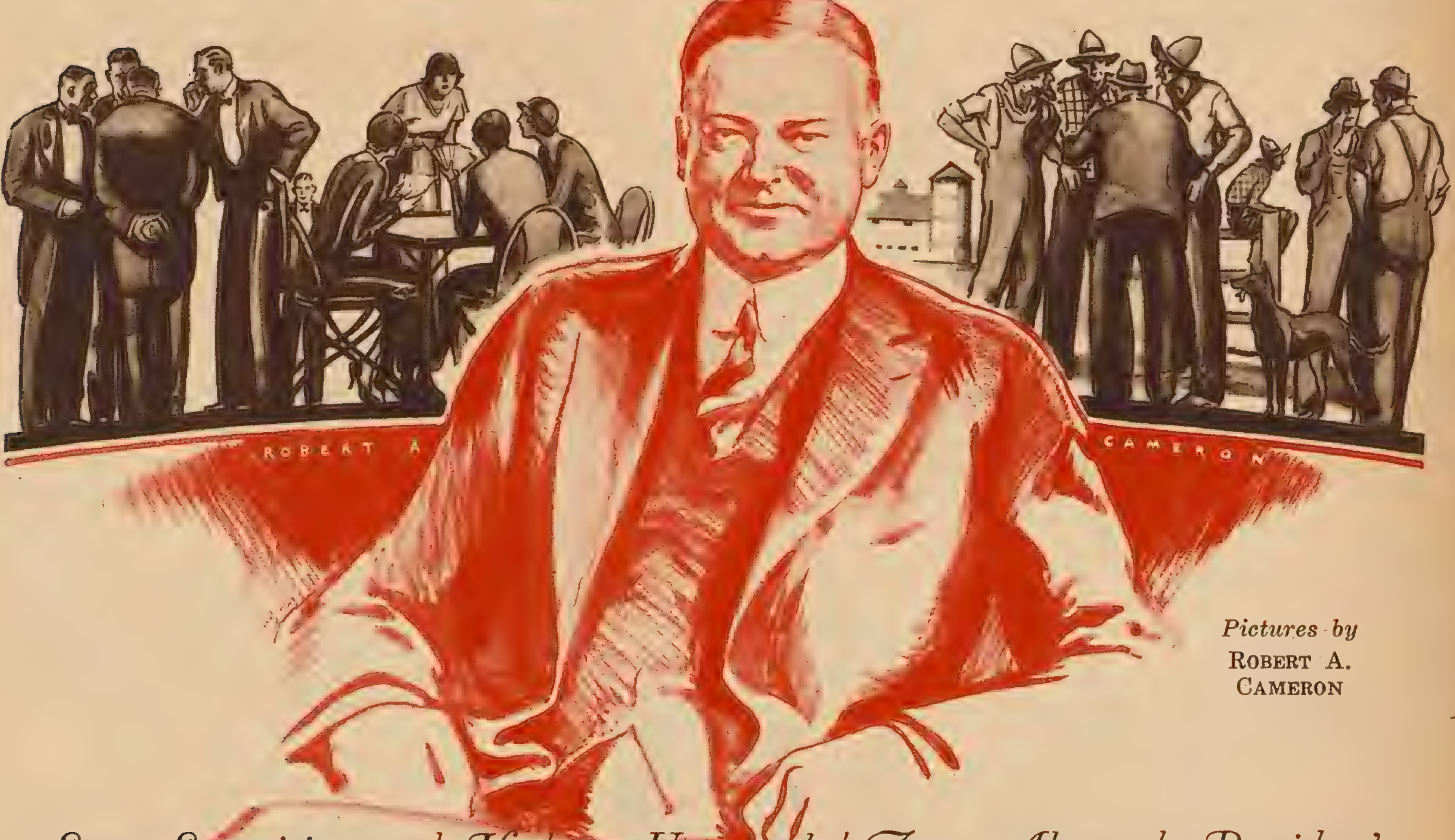
And he—he had loved her. Love! It was a terrible thing. It poisoned you, and stabbed you, and knocked you down in the mud, and left you bleeding and mucky.

Love—God, he hated love! And with a cry of rage he pushed the door open, rushed in, saw Gwendolyn—saw a tall, thin-featured Italian. . . .

"Look out!" yelled the girl. "It's Johnny, Tim!"

The concluding installment of Happy Ending will appear in next week's issue.

These WHISPERS about Mr. HOOVER



Pictures by
ROBERT A.
CAMERON

Some Surprising and Hitherto Unrevealed Facts About the President's Attitude Toward the Malicious Criticisms that Have Been Heaped Upon Him

By WILL IRWIN

(Reading time: 19 minutes 55 seconds.)

GREAT figures are often obscured by artificial mists, even to their contemporaries. Sometimes the mist is incense. We shall never really know Washington, because in his age of formal intellectual fakery all who took their pens in hand to write about him felt moved to excessive, rhetorical praise of that godlike figure. His permanent fame has suffered for lack of a single unawed, realistic reporter to tell us what kind of man he really was. Sometimes, on the other hand, it is a kind of poison gas. As happens in the case of the man who holds now the seat of Washington. A faintly miasmic mist obscures Herbert Hoover, so that his friends are alternately irritated and amused by the contrast between the real man and the picture which many among our countrymen hold of him.

1. Has President Hoover a sense of humor?
2. Does he surround himself with "yes" men?
3. Does he read the attacks upon him printed in unfriendly newspapers?
4. What is his reaction to the slanderous books that have appeared against him?
5. Has he a human side?

These and other personal questions are here answered fully and frankly for the first time by a man who knows him as well as any other American writer.

In the beginning, partisanship filled the retort which generated that gas. An acute curiosity concerning personalities marks this epoch of America. In its most dignified form the tendency expresses itself through the rage for biography; in its most degraded form, by a taste for untrammeled, incredible scandal. Certain of his opponents planned their campaign to take advantage of this popular trend. Ignoring the public

[Cont'd on next page]

THESE WHISPERS ABOUT MR. HOOVER
Continued from page eleven

acts by which a statesman is usually judged, they set about, subtly and cleverly, to build up as the true effigy of the man a slightly invidious caricature. The process was well within the rules of their game as generally played. Nor was it exactly new; any expert reporter understands the trick. The novelty in this case, however, consisted in its systematic application from the very opening week of an administration.

Whoever had the bright idea in the beginning deserves credit for great tactical astuteness. He is not to be blamed if the force he loosed got out of hand—if the nameless forces of black journalism swung into action. A President, and a living President—what a subject for salable dirt! Before the accidents of war threw Hoover suddenly and dramatically into statesmanship, he had followed for twenty years, illustriously and usefully, the career of engineering, mostly in connection with mines, on a world-wide scale. It had been a dazzlingly complex life; always twenty irons in the fire at once, always twenty countries in mind. And it was long ago and far away. The scenes and conditions were unfamiliar to the American people; which rendered mendacity not only profitable but easy. Whereupon strange books about Hoover's past—one among them ranking with the most scurrilous matter which ever saw print in the English language—began to crawl to light between the chinks in our libel laws.

I am not assuming to answer these books; to attempt that, in this narrow space, would be futile—the Niagara of filth is too overwhelming. I shall mention only two of the simple devices common to all of them.

Early in his career Hoover was graduated into the higher ranges of engineering. He no longer sank shafts or built railroads or reported personally on bodies of ore. The men of the engineering world who do this may be compared to the colonels or brigadier generals of an army. The general in chief of any big project which involves engineering sits in an office, or makes quick dashes into the field, coördinating all the factors to the end of making it return stable dividends. Engineers have been inarticulate concerning their craft, so that the general public does not know all this. The authors of these scandal books take advantage of that ignorance to "prove" that because Hoover did little field work in his successful years, he was never an engineer—only a promoter.

The period between 1904 and 1914, which embraced Hoover's most active and successful years in business, was marked by great activity and much speculation in the mining game. Here and there it witnessed crooked work, as in the infamous Whitaker Wright affair.

Will Irwin, famed as journalist, war correspondent, and author, knew Herbert Hoover when both were Stanford undergraduates in the '90s, and has been his close friend ever since. Mr. Irwin served on the (Hoover) Belgian relief commission. In 1929 he brought out a "reminiscent biography" of the President.

NOW during those days it happened repeatedly that a company which had been mismanaged—often dishonestly or even criminally—fell into cleaner and more efficient hands, started to reorganize. And the directors would call in Hoover. "He was the great doctor for sick companies," says an associate of those days. They came to him not only because of his almost mystical ability to follow a thread through a tangled skein, but also because of his universal reputation for aggressive honesty. Hoover would look into the situation with his own astute thoroughness, and report. In some cases the cause seemed hopeless; he could suggest nothing but dissolution of the company. In others, he entered the directorate by way of acquiring authority, gave the enterprise those Hoover touches which so artistically straightened out an organization, brought it to stable and honest profit.

Just here comes in the best device of these slanderers. They tell the story of the company with imaginary trimmings of their own, adding, as the climax: "And Hoover was one of the directors!" They omit only the vital element of time. Hoover was one of the directors—but at the time when the company bilked the public or double-crossed its stockholders he was as far from having anything to do with its operations as I am from managing the Baku oil fields. He bore about the same relation to the crooked work as the policeman who arrests a burglar has to the burglary.

But I must check myself here. These slanders are so extreme that they defeat their own ends. There is no such animal as the Herbert Hoover of these gutter books. The public, with its sixth sense for truth, will in time perceive that. Like any other acquaintance and admirer of Herbert Hoover, I am less concerned with them than with that caricature which ingenious partisanship has managed to draw of him. Let me take some of its broad outlines and match them with the true image of the man.

"The trouble with President Hoover is that he lacks a sense of humor."

I am moved to exclaim in the vernacular, "Oh—yea?"

ONE day last winter he faced the reporters for his regular biweekly news interview. A week or so before, Ambassador Dawes had dropped in from London; he had been living ever since in great secrecy and privacy at the White House. It was all sudden and very mysterious. Speculation and "inside stuff" concerning Hoover's intentions regarding Dawes filled the newspapers. He was going to run for Vice President. He was coming into the Cabinet. He was earmarked for dictator of Chicago. He had consented to reorganize the Federal Reserve—

Hoover entered with a blank expression. It looked, the veterans remarked to themselves, like a "routine day." Coolly, and without raising his voice, the President read from a typewritten paper in his hand—the announcement of the proposed Reconstruction Finance Corporation! Dawes had come back from London to be its chairman. That created a vacancy in our delegation to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva; and Secretary of State Stimson himself was going to fill the hole. Up to that moment, the White House and those who dealt with it had kept the secret a hundred per cent. No such news—big politically, big personally—had come across that desk in two years. The President finished reading; silence for a palpitating second. Then a press-bureau man, ignoring all etiquette, broke for the door and the wire. It became a stampede.

The President gazed on their milling backs, smiled for the first time, let the Hoover twinkle come into his eyes.

"Gentlemen," he concluded, "I'm very sorry, but I have no further news for you today!" The crowd, still struggling for the door, took time out for a laugh.

Once, before he was President, he was motoring through a hill country where, according to a sound popular belief, the inhabitants manufactured much mountain dew. The car passed a beautiful corn patch. "I wonder," mused aloud a practical-minded member of the party, "how many bushels of corn that field raises to the acre?"

"If I were you, colonel," remarked Hoover, "I'd estimate the yield in gallons."

On the same tour he skirted a singularly ill-favored town—a combination of unpainted hovels and garish, tasteless millwork. "I like this sylvan spot best in the glad summertime," he remarked; "the foliage hides it."

When the Stanford '94 football team foregathered on the White House lawn for its thirty-seventh reunion, the President came out of his office and faced the moving-picture cameras with us. The posing over, he remarked, "Well, boys, I must go back to my regular job with this combination—the box office."

Once, owing to his interest in the conversation, a White House familiar so far forgot himself as to step out of the elevator before the President. "Oh, what have I done!" he exclaimed.

"Young man," said the President solemnly, "go back, turn around three times, and come out again!"

Call these flashes of wit if you will, or call them merely mild pleasantries. At worst, they are not the expression of a man who lacks a sense of the ridiculous in life and affairs. Further, let me draw the distinction between wit and humor; that's important to understanding President Hoover. Wit is well described in the modern term, "wise crack." At its best it has wisdom behind it; and it bursts with a snap. It is therefore readily quoted and requoted; it appeals in print, usually, as much as it does in speech. Humor is not a lightning flash, but a steady glow. Wit brings the instant laugh—either the belly laugh of vaudeville or wise laughter. Humor perhaps evokes only smiles, or laughter at its climaxes.

Now Hoover's special quality in familiar conversation is not wit, but humor. He is at his genial best when, among his familiars, he launches forth into narrative. It is quite impossible to quote such passages effectively without giving them in their entirety. Indeed, even a concealed stenographer would often miss the effect; such talk derives part of its flavor from gesture, voice, expression, the background of experience common to the group. So the reader must take my word for it when I say that I have often seen Hoover, long before his standing in the world could generate the laughter of flattery, keep his dinner table in a steady chuckle for fifteen minutes at a stretch. No man who worked on the "Belgian job" during the war can forget those luncheon sessions of the commission, when the "chief" came back to London from his eternal tours of the war zone. Sometimes he arrived in a deadly serious mood, to report another perturbing brush with those German militarists or British militarists who were forever trying to grind us between the upper and nether millstones. Just as often, however, he broke into a racy account of his humorous troubles; of the tricks which the Belgian people were playing on their conquerors; of the quaint devices of the French for getting on with a war.

I should like to quote here in full his story of what happened to the first ten thousand dollars he ever saved up, his story of his shipwreck off the China coast, his story of the struggle to introduce western European culture in the Kyshtim district of eastern Russia. But I could give only the skeleton of these tales; it is the flesh on them, the side comments and turns of expression, the illumination on the tiny ironies of life, which render them humorous. And finally, this denied sense of humor stands on record in print. His speech to the Iowa Society concerning his prairie childhood, his Remedy for Disappearing Game Fishes, his speech at Madison Court House upon the opening of the Rapidan Camp—if these are not humorous, then I have no sense of humor myself.

When we speak of a humorless man, we see in mind a person who never even perceives the ridiculous. That is the picture of Hoover which the professional goat-getters have been trying to imprint on the public mind. "He never laughs," one of them has remarked, "or if he does, he doesn't mean it!"

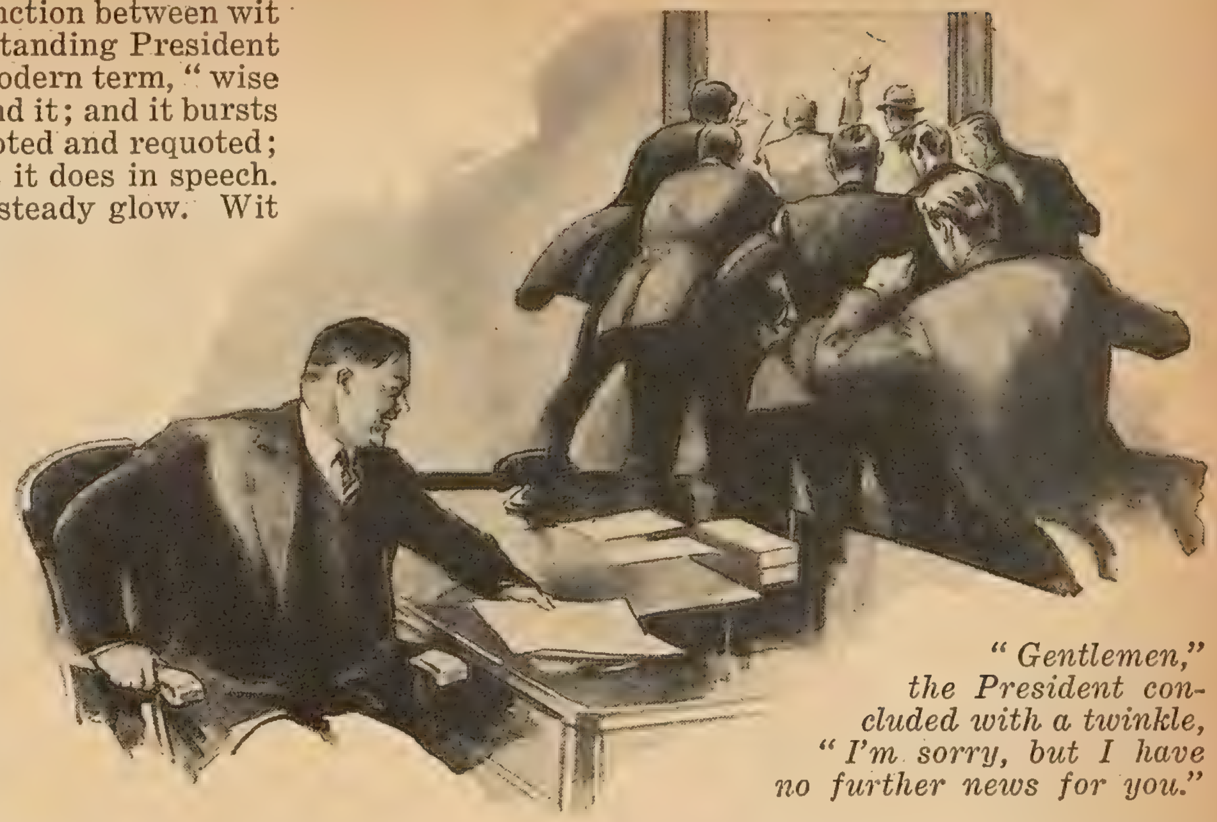
Oh, doesn't he?

IN these difficult years, when Presidential luck has forced upon him a situation involving all the peril, stress, and anxiety of a major war with none of war's balancing compensations of excitement and drama, laughter has served him, as it serves most of us, for both a stimulant and a let-down. His familiar friends know that; they save for him between visits the stories, episodes, and jokes of the sort most likely to amuse him.

Lincoln, like many a lesser man with the humorous faculty, used it as a tool of his trade. Hoover does not work that way. His habit of concentration, his ability—rare even in able men—to turn on thought as you turn on water from a tap, seems to inhibit in him the lighter qualities when he is working. Nevertheless, his sense of humor is one of those Hoover traits which make his friends such fanatical adherents.

"The trouble with Hoover is that he surrounds himself only with yes-men."

Again—oh, yea?



"Gentlemen," the President concluded with a twinkle, "I'm sorry, but I have no further news for you."

Anyone who thinks that Hoover doesn't know just what has been said about and against him during these trying, dismal times has a ridiculously distorted picture of him and his job.

To begin with, he is perhaps the "readingest" President of our times; not even Wilson or Roosevelt absorbed more wordage through the eye in the course of a month or a year. He reads history, biography, science, economics, fiction, poetry; and, most consistently, the newspapers. At the preliminary cup of coffee after his early-morning bout with the medicine ball, at his more formal breakfast afterward, he runs through the Washington and New York morning dailies, the unfriendly with the friendly. Any especially significant news story or editorial from the interior press comes to him later almost as a matter of routine.

HE has read the personal attacks, from the polite detraction of the opposition party, through the unfair perversions of The Washington Merry-Go-Round, down to the unprecedented scurrility of the garret books. He has taken them about as any other normal human being would—with indignation that such things should be written about him, with sardonic amusement when they go on into the realms of the fantastic. Even if he were surrounded by yes-men, this would serve as a splendid corrective.

Most great men of affairs have their chums and familiars to whom they confide their embryonic plans, with whom, in discussion and argument, they thresh out their ideas. Hoover is not an exception to this rule. I doubt if he ever made a major decision in his life without discussing it, pro and con, with some familiar. He did that even in college; he does it now in the White House. And when he swings into such discussion it isn't just because he wants flattery and confirmation. He seems to welcome friendly opposition. Once, years ago, I remember, he was laying out to me some forgotten policy when he stopped short in his talk and said with a little irritation: "You don't agree with me. Why don't you tell me what you think?" And out of these discussions comes often a change in his plans—even their abandonment or entire revision.

Yes-men? I remember an able individual who worked with him and under him before he became President. Every day they held a regular fifteen-minute conference. Two times out of three they disagreed, sometimes genially, sometimes violently.

"I've come back to him after one of our spats and found him scarcely on speaking terms with me," he remarked once, "and again I've had him grin and say, 'Well, Bob, I guess you were right.'"

This particular yes-man left the government service of his own accord, but he is still a valued private adviser to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THESE WHISPERS ABOUT MR. HOOVER
Continued from page thirteen

the President and, like most men and women who have worked for him, his friend for life.

Also this anecdote filters out of the White House: One morning in the very depth of the depression, the President chucked across the table to a guest a newspaper featuring that old, familiar phrase, "surrounded by yes-men."

He gave his low, agreeable chuckle.

"Last Sunday," he said, "having a little time to myself, I applied the scientific method to this burning yes-man problem. I reviewed the events of the past week, and I found that only three men who came into my office had anything agreeable to say to me!"

. . . . .

"The trouble with President Hoover is that he's just a blue-print expert. He hasn't a human side—like Jimmie Walker."

I repeat—oh, yea?

The trouble with President Hoover, if there be any trouble in this regard, is that, in an age when exhibitionism stands at a premium, he has almost a complex against exploiting his inner character and his private life. Just the Quaker prejudice of an old-fashioned gentleman, if you want to look at it in that way. He was always so. When in 1914 he came out of private obscurity to take charge of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, he became the most desired "personality sketch" in the range of American journalism. To the disgust of the reporters, including this one, he would not stand for that at all. The object, he said, was to feed Belgium, not to advertise the man who happened to be directing the job. "Play up the work for all it is worth," he used to say; "leave me out of it."

In next week's issue—

In the Midst of Death

By

Ben Hecht

The Japanese Juggernaut

By

E. Alexander Powell

Also stories and articles by Margaret Kennedy—Leyla Georgie—William Inglis—Agnes Christine Johnston—Achmed Abdullah—Bert Green

I am personally aware, when I say this, that the author of the next among those garret-published scandal books will adduce this as proof, out of my mouth, that he guarded his personality because he had something to conceal. Of course he had nothing to conceal. He was not asked—nay, most insistently urged—to take on this unprecedented job of feeding a nation until the three or four governments most closely involved had gone over his record with the fine-tooth comb of their secret services and found it flawless. Indeed, as I can testify personally, having been a minor actor in these events, the factor which stampeded them all in his direction was his justified reputation in the international mining world for one-hundred-per-cent, rock-ribbed integrity.

BUT that is parenthetical. This defiance to a fad of his age has tended to draw a veil between Hoover and "his public"; and a certain Quaker reserve has done the rest. He is humorous, as perhaps I have proved above. He is also infinitely tender—most tender perhaps when he turns on his protective mechanism and seems momentarily a little gruff. It is not through any accident of history, but through the conscious, benevolent will of this one man, that some hundreds of thousands of young Poles live and thrive and work today who would be dead but for Hoover's insistence on feeding the children of eastern Europe.

I am perfectly aware that a great impulse toward philanthropy is not always associated with personal likability, charm, and grace of manner. Leaders there have been who loved ardently all humanity and loved no one man. Perhaps Wilson belonged in that class. But Hoover most decidedly does not. His work in feeding the beleaguered during the war, his constant efforts for child welfare and for home ownership since he came into our government, are merely the expansion of private qualities which all his life his friends have known and admired. Even his critics admit, often with a sense of puzzlement, the ardent loyalty which he inspires in those who work under him or with him. No man I ever knew has had so many ardent friends and none has ever lost so few.

And, at that, it is rather hard to give the reason to one who does not know him. Perhaps admiration constitutes one main element in this sentiment. He has such a smoothly controlled dynamo of a mind! Seeing him solve a practical problem gives a pleasure akin to that which you experience from a work of art. Respect enters into it—respect for his perfect integrity, for his disposition to pay always a little more than his allotted share to life, to friendship, to his obligations.

Beyond all this is his unfailing kindness. Since he is somewhat reserved, since his emotions lie deep down, his associates often need time to perceive this last quality. It is likely to dawn on them through some sudden revelation—a burden which he has lightened, a lift over a hard place, for which Hoover himself never took the credit. Or it may come in some chary sentence of praise which seems drawn from him against his will but which conveys whole volumes left unsaid.

ONE of his associates remembers how he worked for six months on a difficult and thankless task and never heard from Hoover a word either of praise or blame. Then one day, when they were alone together, "Jim," said Hoover, "that's a great job you're doing." He paused, as though the rest came hard. "You always do a good job, Jim," he said.

Beyond that, he is eminently though deceptively a social being. He who understands Hoover knows that association with him involves long passages of splendid silence. That hundred-horse-power mind has to let off its energies in just so much thought during the course of twenty-four hours; and when he thinks, he goes into the silence, Quaker fashion. But even when he is most taciturn, he wants people about him. Chief of his recreations, now as ever, is good conversation, preferably round a dinner table. In some moods, he just sits listening and absorbing; one of those individuals that every close and congenial circle knows, who, without saying a word, do their part by an emanation of conviviality. In other moods, he launches forth into the conversation with his own simple eloquence and humor. But always—people. Old attachés of the White House will tell you that more guests have passed the night there, week-ended there, than in any other administration of this century. His liking for people is one reason why people, given a chance to know him, always like him.

These are some of the broad lines. But the salt of human character consists in the little, individual peculiarities. Franklin Fort was first to call attention to one of these which does much to explain Hoover's individual charm. He has about him, even in this period of gray hairs and facial lines, a boyish touch. That is perhaps why he loves and understands children and has the art of winning them. And topping it all off is an all-pervading spiritual quality.

His mind, with its thoroughbred quality of endurance at speed, its ability to work by incredible flashes of insight, belongs to the genius type; and in brief spurts he has the irritability of genius. He has been called modest. Perhaps that is not exactly the word to describe his relation to his ego. The quality is rather a detachment, which enables him to stand aside and see Herbert Hoover as merely one factor in a problem. His notable plainness in dress derives not, as some have thought, from his Quaker background; it merely expresses an instinctive denial of all personal vanity.

He likes children, as I have said; and dogs, and all young and wild animals. He likes to watch baseball, the only formal game at which he has ever played much, and all amateur athletics, especially football. When he opens the Olympic Games next summer, he will be one of the most interested spectators. I imagine that he would have liked golf; but he could never find time for that leisurely sport.

His reading embraces almost the whole range of literature. Naturally, he must "keep up" on world politics and economics—that is a part of his job. In reading for diversion, he seems most fond of biography, next of history, and next of fiction. Beside his bed is always stacked a small, diversified library so that when he wakes at night, as he sometimes does, he may choose according to his mood.

Everyone knows that he is an expert, incurable fisherman. He has not hunted much since his childhood. He loves music; and those who appreciate this art tell me that he has a sure taste for the best. That perhaps is one reason for his early and steady interest in the development of the radio.

In the past he never cared much for the theater. But he had often to see moving pictures; and they, as they took on voice, seem to have developed dramatic appreciation in him.

He cannot long live without contact with the wilderness or some imitation of it. The touch of the good brown earth is his great restorer. That is the real reason for the Rapidan Camp, where, contrary to general opinion, he throws off affairs and simply does as he pleases.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is called the garden state?

2—How many letters in the Greek alphabet?

3—What is a board foot?

4—What is the capital of Chile?

5—What are the only mammals capable of true flight?

6—What mountain chain is between Spain and France?

7—What two celebrated poets were man and wife?

8—In the reign of what Egyptian monarch was the greatest of the pyramids built?

9—Who is president of the American Red Cross?

10—What is a semester?

11—What is a road runner?

12—What are the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn?

13—What is cochineal?

14—What is the trachea in the human organism?

15—What is another name for the Battle of Bull Run?

16—What fish, for the purpose of defense, stains the water with an inky emission?

17—What celebrated poem did Oscar Wilde write while he was in prison?

18—With what are the names Chippendale and Sheraton identified?

19—Which extends farther south, Africa or South America?

20—What were the rulers of ancient Egypt called?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

WEARY WITH WORK AND WORRY?
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BEDTIME AT HOME

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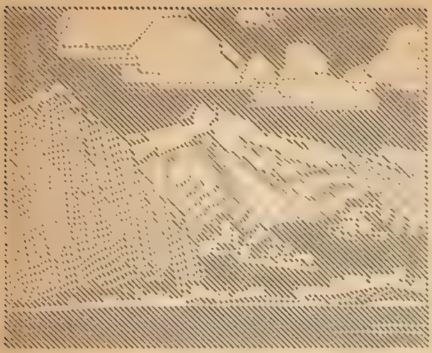
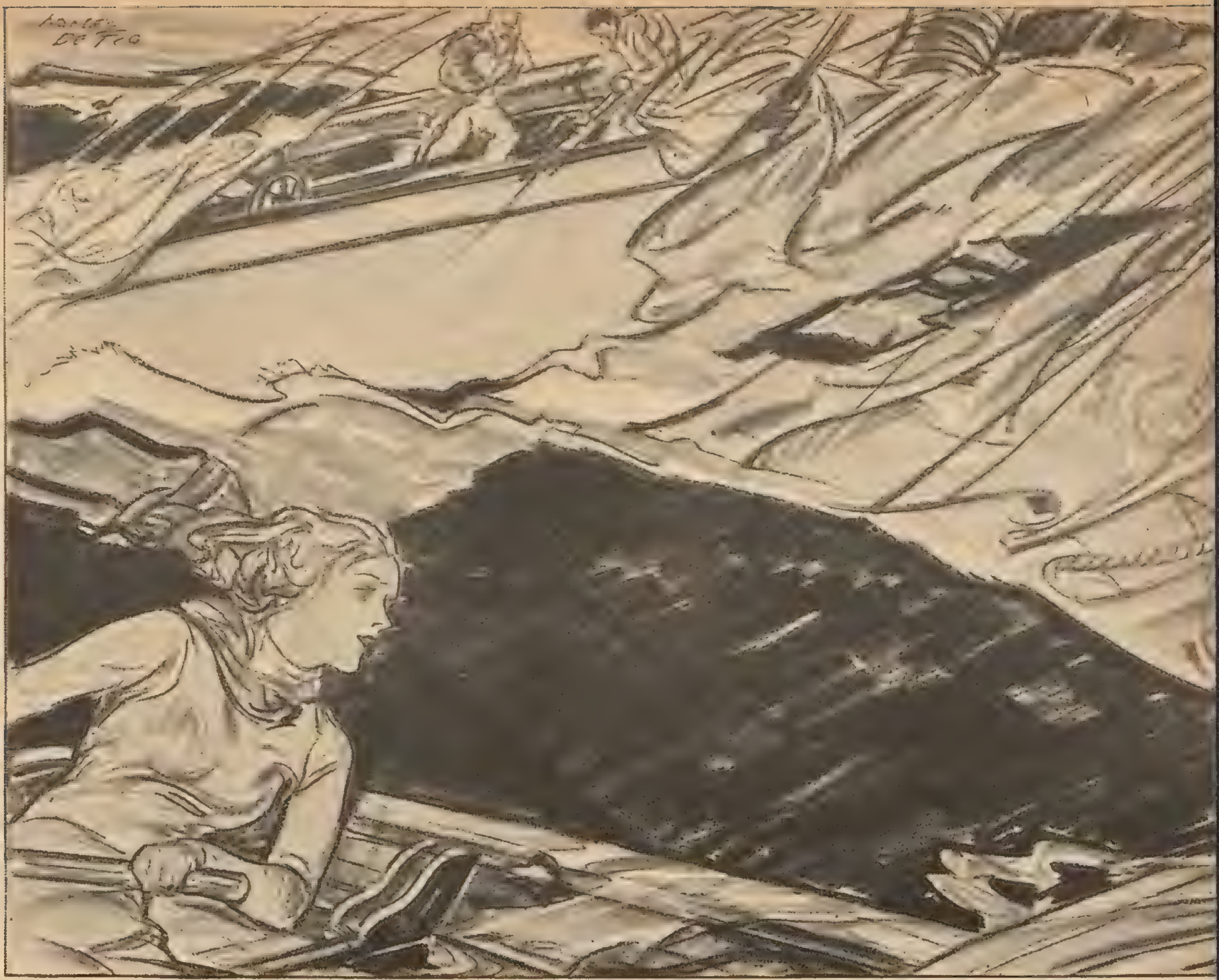




Pictures by
CHARLES DE FEO

The WAY

From a Storm-Battered Yacht off
More Terrifying Than the

By DIANA

(Reading time: 27 minutes 20 seconds.)

HEARING the American language, Harvey stepped back quickly. (The movement had become so much a habit that it was unconscious.) From the dark cellar shop of Lorenz Tous, net and sail maker, he watched the tourists go by. Americans. *His* people.

Sudden nostalgia swept him. A longing to be able to step out, a free man, and speak to them, that was like a physical ache.

Must be a Mediterranean cruise in, he supposed. Odd. When they first came here there had been no tourists. Now the island was alive with them. Might be dangerous. Or had it been long enough for even Americans to forget?

Three years! Three interminable, racking, God-forsaken years. Seemed a lifetime, but it wasn't really long. And just over three years ago he had not even known Greta!

"The beautiful Mrs. Warburg" she had been then. Greta Johnson that was. He had never seen her on the screen. Must be almost the only person in the world, he supposed.

She was beautiful. Blonde and lovely and gracious. With some rare quality that would still be hers when beauty faded. A marvelous companion.

At the height of her career she had married Warburg. "For his money," said the wiseacres. And so Harvey had thought until he met her. And then—not because he was a famous author and a good psychologist, but because no one who knew her could have believed her mercenary—he was puzzled.

Asked her at last: "Why did you marry Warburg?" The question was a tacit admission of intimacy between them.

She didn't pretend to misunderstand, or to resent it. "Have you ever been in Hollywood?" she asked.

"No."

"If you had I think you'd understand. I was a child actress, you know." (He hadn't.) "I never knew anything but the artificial life of the studios. I was used to *little* men, who looked in the mirror when they put their hats on, and earned their living prancing about with paint on their faces. . . . Do you begin to see?" He saw. The rugged, compelling quality of Hugo Warburg—financier, politician, manipulator of lesser men. She wouldn't, of course, have known then of his cruelty, his utter unscrupulousness, his insane drinking spells. Very few people did.

That day he told her that he loved her.

"I know," said Greta. "We'd better go in."

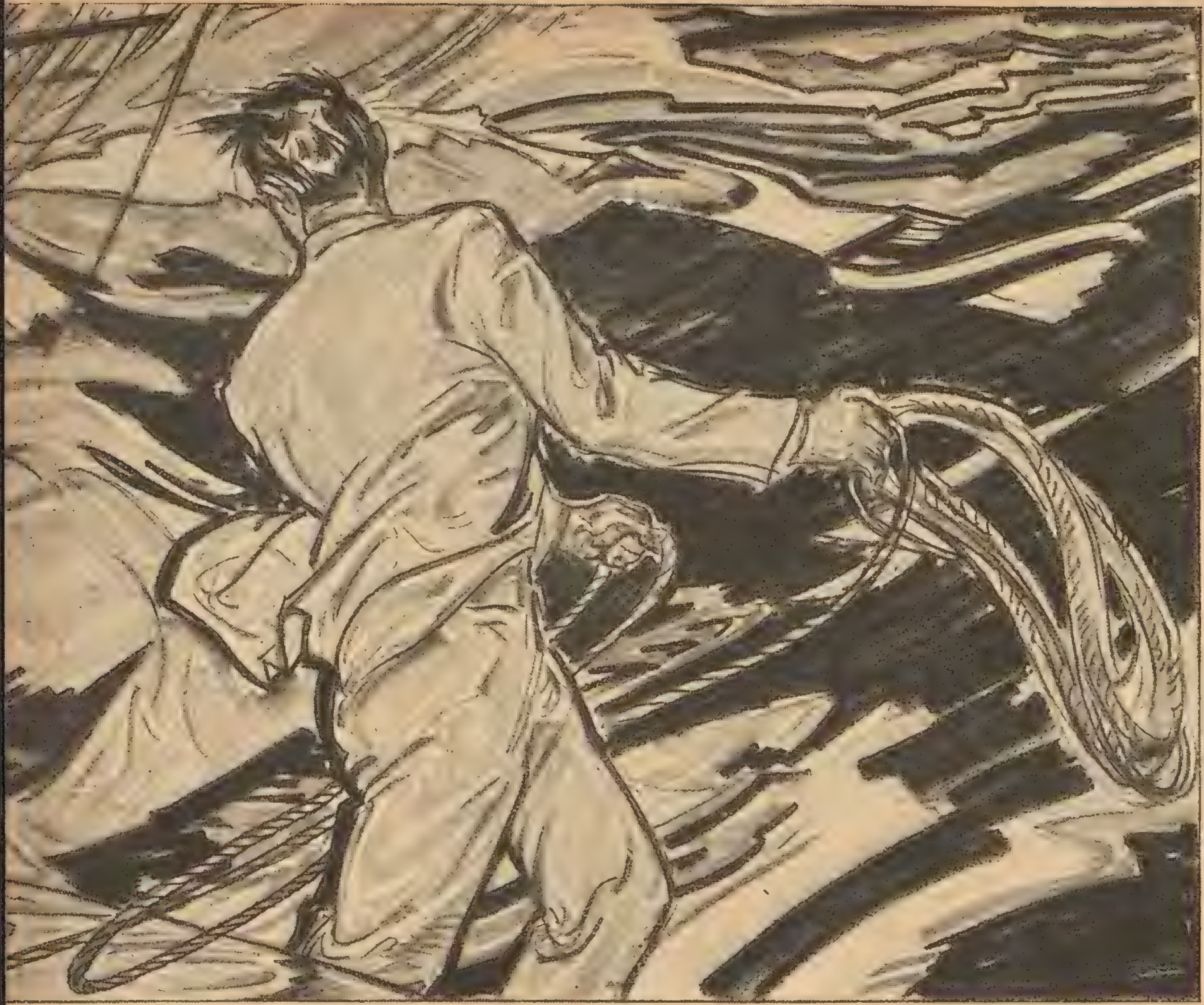
. . . . .

THAT fall he had gone up to the Adirondacks because *they* were there. Just that he had to be where Greta was. The steady procession of visitors to the Warburg camp had suddenly ceased. The place had taken on much the atmosphere of a fortress under siege. Chance callers, like Harvey, from neighboring estates were turned away with sullen looks and the information that Mr. and Mrs. Warburg were in town for several days. They weren't. Often he had seen Greta walking with her dog, a cocker spaniel of which she was inordinately fond, somewhere on the farther reaches of the reserve.

He knew the signs. Warburg was on one of his drinking bouts, and as usual the world must be kept out.

It was on a Thursday that he heard from his guide of the spaniel's disappearance. Mrs. Warburg (the man had it from one of his fellows) was beside herself, and had been out all day searching the woods. Harvey, hastening round to offer his assistance, was met with the usual sullen denial at the door.

It was Greta who found the dog—on Sunday morning.



STEADYING himself, Harvey stood, the coil of rope in his hand.

HOME

e Spanish Coast Came a Menace
ury of the Hurricane

OURBON

Harvey came on her suddenly, kneeling in a little path near the edge of the estate, and knew that the search was over. She heard his footsteps and looked up, her face white and tear-stained. There was blood on her hands.

She drew the muddied, clotted mass of fur a little farther on to her lap. A red-gold tail wagged feebly, twice.

Harvey dropped down beside her and smothered an exclamation of horror. " Someone hit him over the head with a loaded stick, or the butt end of a gun," he muttered, inspecting the smashed skull. " Who on earth—"

" Three days! " said Greta. " Think of it! Three days he's been crawling about like this—in agony. Trying to find help. If I knew who did it—I'd *kill* him! I'd—" her voice rose; her face was a distorted white mask.

" I'll get some water," said Harvey.

" No use, I'm afraid." He leaned nearer. She was right. The dog's eyes were glazing. Greta caught her breath with a little sob.

HARVEY straightened up and saw Hugo Warburg standing looking at them.

He was a huge man, powerfully built. And—even as he stood there, swaying slightly, face bloated and scarlet, eyes bloodshot and breathing heavy—a menacing figure.

" Just as I thought! " he articulated thickly, taking a step nearer his wife. " You and your lover! " And then he saw the dog. His face changed subtly. A mottled pallor succeeded the alcoholic flush. Looking at him, Greta stiffened suddenly. Her hands clutched the heavy stick she had been using in the search.

" *You* did it! " Her eyes never left her husband's face. " *You!* You always hated the dog—"

For a moment Warburg stared stupidly at her. Then, unsteadily, his right foot shot out and he kicked at the dying animal.

" Don't you touch him! "

Harvey sprang forward with a cry. Too late. Warburg, taking careful, drunken aim, made to kick again—and Greta's stick caught him just across the chin.

There was a sickening crack as it struck. A fraction of a second's pause, while the big man struggled to regain his balance. Then he fell back like a stone and lay still.

Minutes later: " You'd better get away from here," said Greta.

" Are you mad? Do you think— It may be serious. His head hit that stone an awful crash."

" That's just it. I must get help—have him carried in; send for the doctor. And you mustn't be here. You heard what he said. I didn't want you to know, but now it doesn't matter. *He* thought we were lovers. He'd been having us followed for months. God knows who he may have told his suspicions to. That brother of his, certainly. If we're found—like this—way off in the woods, and Hugo hurt—"

" I can't leave you."

" I tell you I've got to get help. *One* of the guides must be somewhere about."

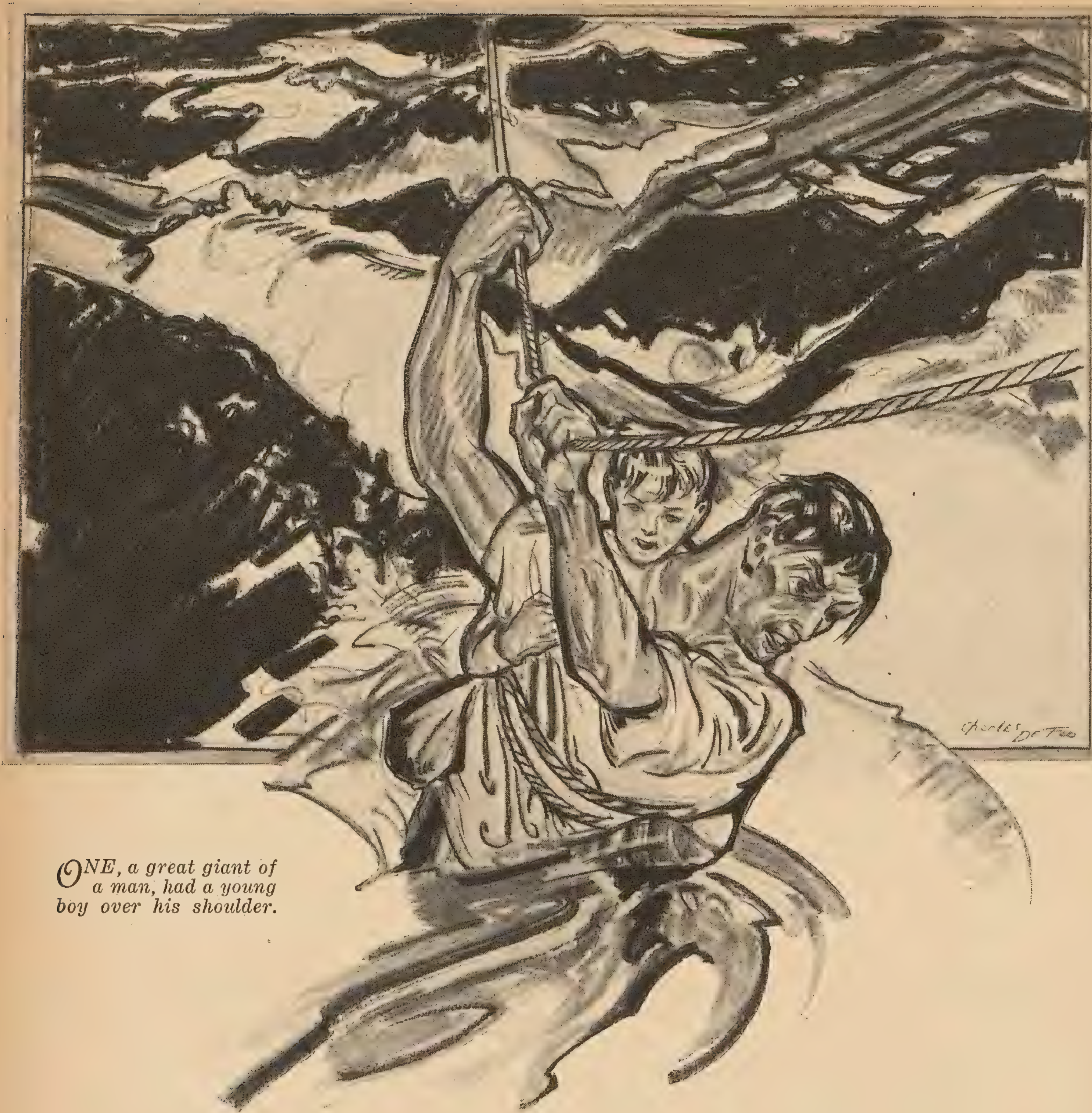
" It's you who don't understand, Greta. Suppose there's trouble. You know Justin Warburg'll make it if there's a chance. Anyone can see that he hates you."

" I know it." Feverishly she was mopping at Hugo's brow with a wet handkerchief. " Harvey! Harvey! Don't you *see?* As long as I'm alone, it's all right. He was drunk and he fell down. But the minute *you* come into it, everything changes. You've *got* to keep clear."

" That's senseless. *He* knows I was here."

" He's drunk. He won't remember. *You weren't here this morning.* You were on your way to—New York! That's it. Go to New York and wait there till you hear from me. I may need your help, and as long as you're

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



ONE, a great giant of a man, had a young boy over his shoulder.

THE WAY HOME
Continued from page seventeen

not mixed up in this, you *can* help. Harvey! You're the only friend I've got." There came a confused muttering from the prostrate man. "Oh, hurry, Harvey. *Please.*"

It was five days before he heard from her in New York, and then it was a local call.

"I've got to see you. Are you alone?"

"Yes, come right up. What's the matter?" Sudden fear tore at him. "Greta—" But she had hung up.

Five minutes later she was in the apartment.

"Hugo died this morning," she said, and gave him a white, scared look. She fumbled for a cigarette and lit it with trembling fingers. Ground it out again almost immediately. "What does that make me, Harvey? A murderess?"

"Stop it! You're hysterical. You know it was an accident."

She crumpled abruptly, clinging to his arm. "It was, wasn't it? Just an accident. I didn't mean to kill him, did I, Harvey? I didn't mean—"

"Of course you didn't. Will you get hold of yourself?" He spoke roughly, knowing that he must jar her out of this. "You only wanted to stop him torturing a dying animal. And he was drunk. If he hadn't been drunk, he wouldn't have fallen—and it was the fall that did it. Hitting that stone."

"If I could only be sure." She spoke almost to herself. Went suddenly and sat in a low chair by the fire. "I don't *think* I meant to kill him, and yet I hated him when I struck. I'd have hated anybody who did what he did—to a dumb animal. It was the letting it crawl around for days, Harvey. Not even finishing it off." She covered her eyes. "And now—I've killed a man."

"No!" He came and knelt in front of her. "You hated him at the moment you struck, granted. Who wouldn't have, after what he did? That doesn't mean you wanted him to die." After a moment, stressing every syllable: "It was an accident. You know that's true, don't you?"

"I s'pose so. Yes—it was an accident. But I've got to prove that now. And I can't!"

"What do you mean?"

"There's a warrant out for my arrest."

"Greta!"

"It's quite true. Charge of first-degree murder. Justin's doing."

"But how did he— Did Hugo ever regain consciousness?" As she shook her head: "Well, then? Greta! You haven't been talking like this to anyone else?"

"No. But—remember what you said that morning about being my only witness? You weren't. One of the guides was there all the time. The half-breed. Denain."

"And he—"

"Was too far away to see who *you* were—you had your back to him. But he knows there was a man. And he heard what Hugo said: 'You and your lover!' He's trimmed that up quite a lot. Reade told me—Justin's secretary. He says Justin's out to get me. And that he'll find the man and get him too. As an accomplice."

"How much more," asked Harvey quietly, "does Denain know?"

"Enough to make a damning witness. He heard me say I'd kill him—they're putting in Hugo's name. And he saw me strike—"

"But you struck him kneeling down! A clever lawyer could make a lot of that. The blow wouldn't have force enough to kill anyone."

"IT fractured his jaw. You see? Can't blame that on the stone. *It* struck the back of his head, not the front. The fracture'll be all the confirmation Jack Denain's story needs."

"We must both go into court and tell the truth—"

"And it'll seem just the most obvious lie we could have thought up! They've even disposed of Kim's body so that we can't produce it to prove even *that* much of the story. Don't you see? If we mention the dog now, we're just a pair of slimy traitors trying to cover ourselves by blackening a dead man's name. What's more, *you* can't come into court. If you do, you prove the prosecution's most important point: that I wasn't alone in the woods that day. You make them a present of the one thing they haven't yet got: a strong enough motive."

"And if I don't come into court, I'll never be able to look myself in the face again."

"I don't care. You must keep out. That's what I came here today to tell you. Whatever happens—*keep out!*"

He interrupted: "But, great gods! If they try it upstate—"

"Justin'll be the prosecuting attorney? Yes. Hadn't you realized it?"

"We must apply for a change of venue. Trial in New York City—"

"Do you think they'd let me get away with that? Not for a moment. This means too much to Justin. Three birds with one stone, Harvey. *Big* birds! He'll get me—and he's always hated me. He'll save Hugo's fortune for himself. And (to give him his due, I think it's the most important) he needs a big case right now,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I DROPPED IN TO SEE YOU ABOUT THE WASHER YOU SOLD ME. I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY CLOTHES WHITE ENOUGH
IT'S PROBABLY THE SOAP YOU USE, MRS. GREEN. WHAT KIND ARE YOU USING?
DOES THE SOAP ACTUALLY MAKE SO MUCH DIFFERENCE?
I'LL SAY IT DOES. TRY RINSO NEXT TIME. THE SUDS ARE RICHER, MORE LASTING, AND THE WASH COMES OUT WHITE AS SNOW
LATER
I WAS TOLD TO USE RINSO IN MY WASHER. I HOPE I GET THICK SUDS WITH IT
I'M SURE YOU WILL. I'VE USED RINSO FOR YEARS—IT'S WONDERFUL
NEXT WASHDAY
YOU WERE RIGHT, MR. WALLACE. RINSO IS WONDERFUL! IT MAKES THE THICKEST SUDS I EVER SAW AND GETS THE CLOTHES SNOWY

WHAT'S THIS—A NEW SHIRT? IT'S SO WHITE IT LOOKS NEW
THAT'S AN OLD SHIRT, DAN. THE REASON IT LOOKS SO WHITE IS BECAUSE I WASHED IT IN RINSO, TODAY
C. A. Voight

"Use Rinso!" say makers of 40 famous washers

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Rinso *soaks* clothes whiter—saves scrubbing, boiling. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water.* Get the BIG box.

It's safe for your finest cottons and linens —white or colors

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most women buy the large package

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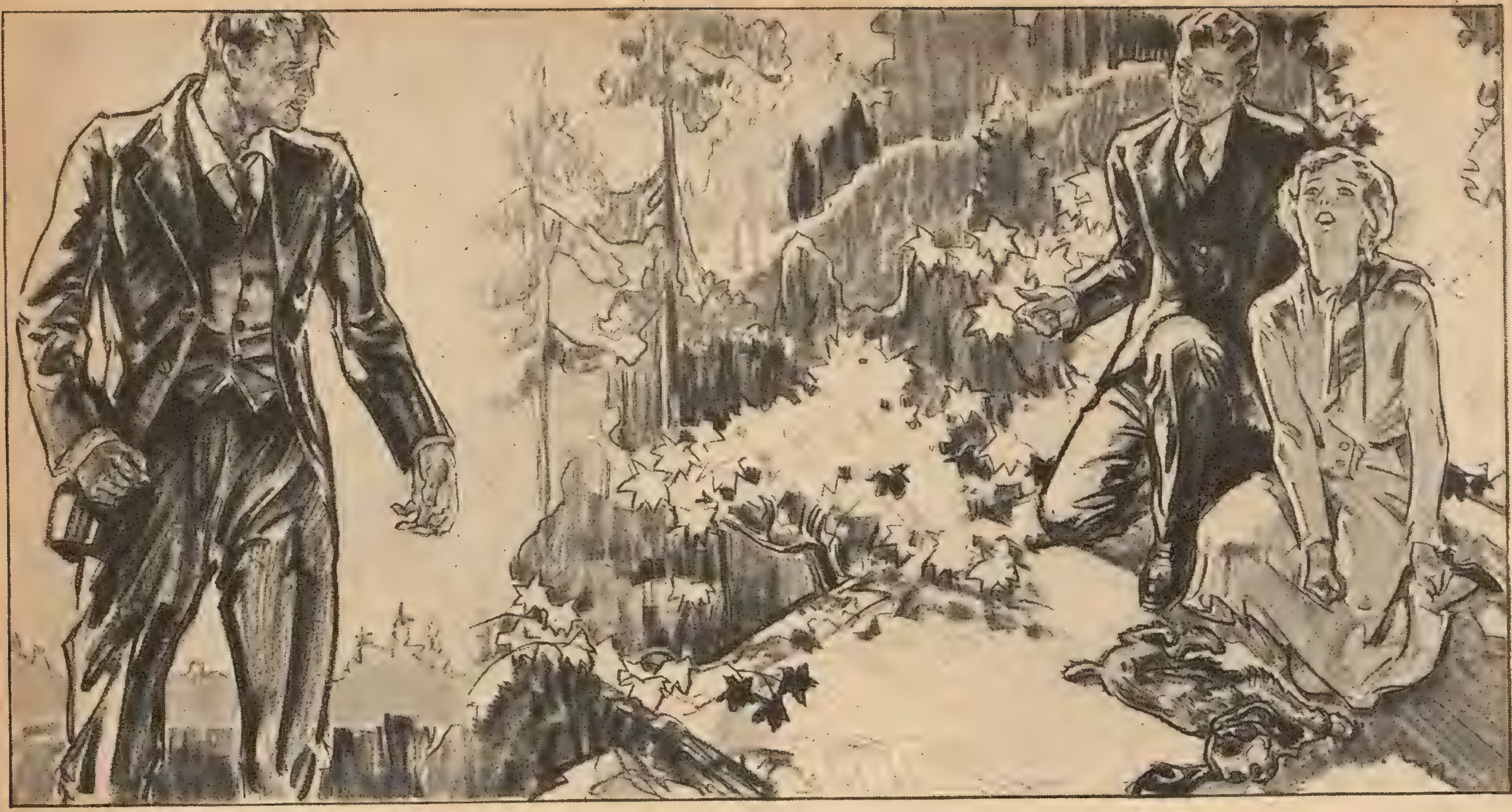

Harvey straightened up and saw Hugo Warburg standing looking at them.

THE WAY HOME
Continued from page nineteen

to advance his political career. This is made to order!"

"You *can't* be tried up there. You wouldn't have a chance—"

"Face it, Harvey. I haven't a chance anywhere in the state. Can you picture me being acquitted by a judge who owed his original appointment to Hugo? Answerable to an organization that was largely financed by Hugo? And with Justin standing over both of them cracking a whip? There's the jury, of course. *They'll* take care of the jury. Oh, Justin'll get his conviction all right."

"*No he won't!*" His voice was almost a snarl. He knew now what he had to do. Simple! Remove the accused from the jurisdiction of the American courts, and hide her till this whole hideous business was forgotten! Only, how did one hide a woman with a face as well known as Greta Johnson's?

And where? Canada? Mexico? Europe? That was it!

"Spain!" cried Harvey. "I'm almost sure there's no extradition in Spain. Here's what we do: You hide aboard my yacht. Now. At once. We must take care no one sees you leave here. Tomorrow I'll realize every penny I can lay my hands on, and as soon as it's dark we'll take the boat and slip down to the West Indies. Know a man in the rumrunning game there. Good sport. Sailed with him once to get material for a story. He'll help. Ship us to Europe if we make it worth his while."

AND then: "Oh, Greta, stop arguing! If you don't, I'll give myself up and say *I* killed Hugo. I'll get the chair too. I'm a man." He turned out the lights and crossing to the window pulled up the shade. "Got to hurry. Be light in another hour."

"Harvey, I oughtn't to let you do it. I oughtn't to run away. But, oh, my dear—I do so want to live, to be free, to love *you!*"

He took her in his arms then; held her close. And so began that long exile that was to lead at last to tiny Port of Andrach, nestling behind its hills on the sun-baked Spanish Mediterranean island of Mallorca. Andrach—where no wind stirred, this shimmering August afternoon, except the torrid, unrelieving one from Africa.

Tourists past now, Harvey stepped out into the heat. Savored the brooding something in the air. Needed a storm, probably, to relieve it.

He set out, passing the coast-guards' cottages on the other and lonelier side of the rocky bay; saw Greta standing above him in their doorway, and waved. She smiled as he came panting up the last bit of steep path, and followed him into the dark coolness of the shuttered house.

"I'll get you a drink." He sank down into the nearest chair, fanning himself. And watched her, grateful for her easy grace. She rested him. She was restful. "Did Lorenz say when the sail will be ready?"

"Sometime this week."

"I went down and tried the new engine. Simply purring."

"You didn't try to take White Lady out?"

She smiled at his swift alarm. As if she hadn't been handling boats as long as Harvey! "No. Just tested the engine."

"Good! . . . There's a storm coming up."

"*I* thought so too." She crossed to the window and leaned out. "Looks as if it might be a really bad storm."

. . . . .

IT was.

The rain broke round about nine o'clock. By midnight there was a gale blowing at nearly hurricane strength.

They watched it from round the point, soaked to the skin and exultant. And suddenly: "Listen!" cried Harvey. It came quite clear above the lashing of the sea and the wind. The terrible, persistent screaming that is a ship's cry for help. By common consent, they turned back and began to run, tripping over the rough ground.

By the time they breasted the hill behind which Port of Andrach hid, and came clambering down the rocks on the far side, the siren had stopped.

There were lights moving about on the sea wall. Nearly half the population had turned out to assist or watch the launching of the lifeboat, which, fully manned, now tossed irresolutely in the lee of the sea wall. An occasional rocket showed the position of the distressed vessel—a short distance from shore, off the far point of the bay, where the cliff dropped sheer into the water and there was not even foothold for a mountain goat.

A party of the younger fishermen had set out with life lines and other tackle for the top of that cliff nearly an hour ago. They were to find before morning that though they could look straight down on her, it was impossible to reach the wreck or anyone on her from the shore.

Outside the jetty the water lashed about the narrow, rocky bay with maniacal fury. Twice already the lifeboat had tried to put out, and had been driven back before leaving the harbor mouth; was to make a dozen more attempts in the course of the next few hours—all abortive.

Dawn found them still waiting—the anxious crowd on the sea wall and the manned lifeboat in its shadow. Putting out had become not so much a question of rescue as of suicide.

Now at last, in the faint gray light, they could make out the wreck. An exquisite little yacht of distinctive design, her mast snapped in two, her decks cumbered with a mass of water-logged canvas—tossing helplessly in the storm-swept waters, not a stone's throw from the cliff. All night the shallow reef had kept her off it. The reef against which she was now being pounded to pieces with every wash of the waves. Impossible to last out much longer.

Her crew were trying desperately to throw a life line to shore. Not the safe, impossible shore of the port and the sea wall, but the rocky, precipitous land's edge nearest them; and there—if they had known it—there was no hold.

"Greta," Harvey stood, eyes glued to the glasses, "it's—"

"I know."

A cry went up, for the line had caught. One of the men was trusting himself upon it. Going to make the attempt.

Unheard above the wind and the lash of the sea, the crowd on the jetty screamed its protest. He must see—it was certain death—

There! It had happened. Hardly on it, before the line broke loose under his weight. Still clinging to it, he went down into the frothing whirlpool. When the rope came up again, trailing limply along the surface of the water, he had disappeared.

And just then the wind dropped suddenly. The water, still lashing angrily, seemed to pause a minute. The exhausted men in the lifeboat bent to their oars. "Now!" The music of the oarlocks came steadily over the tumult. Another minute and they were outside the sea wall!

THE huddled group on the yacht—they had given up struggling with the line—fastened on this unlooked-for development with a passionate eagerness. Their last chance.

Then the inexplicable happened. A mammoth wave arose in the outer bay and came running at an angle right across it; caught the old, clumsy lifeboat under the bow, then along the side, and turned it over as though it had been a cockleshell.

Almost immediately its twin, starting from farther out, snatched at the helpless wreck and hurled it against the rock. It came slithering off, its port side completely stove in.

"Harvey! We can't just stand here and let them drown!"

"Come on then." Her cry had broken some spell of inaction. He was running along the jetty like a madman.

Leaped aboard White Lady! "If we can ride it," he muttered, tossing out loose gear, "there's just a chance. Anything heavy up in front?"

"Nothing. I just stripped her for cleaning."

He pulled on the starter. Rhythmic chugging answered him. "How much gas did you put in?"

"Plenty." She cast off, sat down in the stern, wedging herself securely, and grasped the tiller.

"Right!"

"*Holá!* Listen, there! You are not to go out. Do you hear me? I forbid it. It is certain death!"

Word of the attempt had just reached the harbor master. Arms outstretched, he stood now on the point of the jetty, facing them, fat, enraged, impotent. Harvey slid the gears home.

He raised one hand in salute. Greta bore hard on the tiller, and the little craft turned, to go skidding up the length of the harbor.

"Now!" They brought her about again, to face the mouth, the open sea. "Ready? I'm giving her all she's got. Our only chance—to rush it!"

He adjusted the accelerator and came climbing back to take his place beside her at the tiller. White Lady shot down the harbor toward the break in the sea wall. A wave caught her just as she went through, flinging her hard to starboard.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROBERTA ROBINSON

Permanent Loveliness

this season's wave must look natural

The success of the flattering, natural looking permanent so important this year depends largely upon a healthy condition of the hair. Why not put yours through a course of training for your wave? Before you get your permanent wave, give yourself regular "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatments before each shampoo. Apply the Tonic generously, being careful to cover the entire surface of the scalp. Massage gently with the finger tips, working round and round until the scalp feels alive and loose. If you can leave the Tonic on over night, so much the better, but spread a towel over your bed pillow to protect it. These regular Tonic treatments will inject new life into your hair, impart a lovely lustre, and make it much more receptive to a soft and natural looking permanent.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1932

THE WAY HOME
Continued from page twenty-one

Her side scraped the stub of the jetty from end to end—and they were by.

"Made it!" exulted the woman. And then, the engine straining almost to breaking point, they leaped wildly from wave to wave—now on the crest, now all but hidden in the trough.

"We'll never mind the lifeboat crew," shouted Harvey. She could just make him out above the din. "They've got a line now. The wreck is *our* job." (If we can make it, he thought.)

They bounded on. Water broke over them. Swept the little yawl from stem to stern. Several times it seemed that they must overturn. Once, for an awful moment of strained impact as they collided head on with a wave, so that they shivered and stood still, they thought that the engine had stalled. But luck and the shipbuilder favored them.

"I'll hold her alone. Get a line ready!" screamed the man, as at last they neared the wreck.

She brought the line, and took her place again, grasping the helm. Gingerly he transferred his grip of it wholly to her.

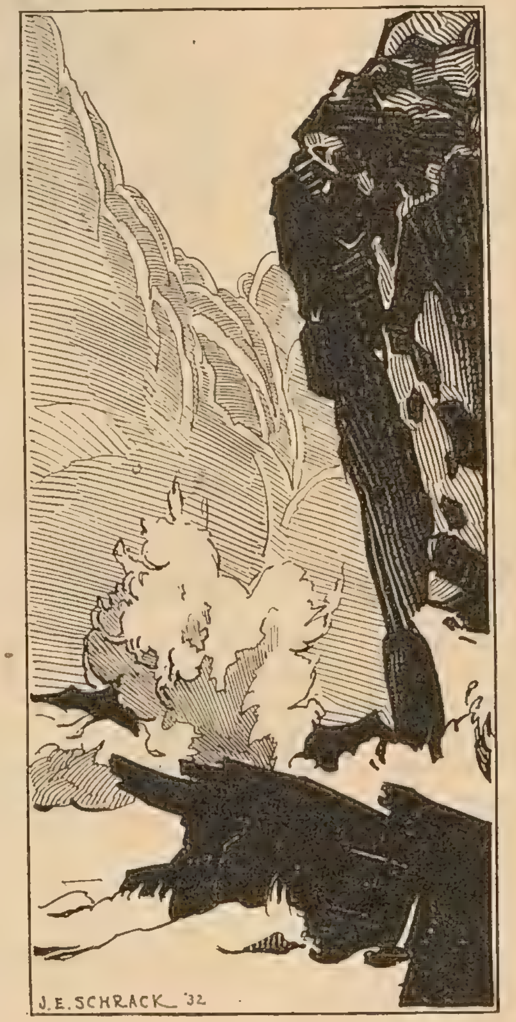
"Think you can manage?" (She couldn't throw a line, so he would have to.) She nodded, too tense to speak. It was going to be hard. She could feel it tugging already, like a live thing determined to escape. Braced herself. She had *got* to manage. Somehow, somewhere, find strength.

Steadying himself, Harvey stood, the coil of rope in his hand. Waited. Threw. The rope hit, and, quick as lightning, two of the crew had pounced on it. Made fast.

Hard round with the tiller now and the engine throttled down. Just sufficient pull to keep the rope taut. And for the lives of those six exhausted men, it *must* be kept—just taut.

"They're starting now," said Harvey, watching. Greta only dared look once. Three of them were on the line then, creeping slowly nearer—painfully—hand over hand, their bodies dragging through the water. One, a great giant of a man, had a young boy over his shoulder.

On they came. One by one reached safety. Clung piteously to the gunwale as though incapable of this last effort. Were helped—dragged—on board by Harvey. All on at last, and the little yawl lying perilously low in the water.



If the journey out had been dangerous, the journey back was just six times more. Overloaded. Shipping water. Every minute threatening to swamp the engine, to roll one of those inanimate lumps of painfully rescued humanity overboard. But they made it—somehow.

A CHEER was raised when at last they lurched back into the safety of the inner harbor. Eager hands helped draw them to their mooring ring. Lifted them out and on to firm ground. An eager audience ringed them as they stood, taking stock of each other on the quayside.

"I can't thank you," muttered the giant. Shoulders sagging, head rolling weakly from fatigue, he still convulsively clutched the half-fainting child. "It'd be a farce to try—there aren't words. You risked your lives—" Something choked him. "I'll never forget it. Never," he said, and held out his hand.

A moment Harvey waited. Then, taking off the visored cap: "I don't think you want to shake hands with me, Warburg," he replied.

The giant started. His head came up with a jerk. He faced his rescuer. "*You!*" Almost fearfully he looked round, till his gaze encountered Greta's and rested there. "You!" he whispered.

The atmosphere was electric. Something of its tension communicated itself to the inquisitive crowd, pressing closer, eying them. Brought even the child back to consciousness of his surroundings. He looked up. Then, with a wild cry of: "Auntie Greta!" catapulted himself into her arms.

"Darling!" She pulled him close, hiding his too-observant eyes in her damp jersey. Over his head, implacable, faced the father. "Well, Justin. Here I am. What are you going to do?"

The man's hands worked convulsively. "Do? What *can* I do? Now I've found you—"

"*We* found *you.* Saved you." Her hand strayed to the child's head. Rested there significantly. "Saved Jay. We could have let you drown—"

"Yes—I know." Another thought struck him. "Didn't you know the yacht?" he demanded. "Didn't you recognize her?"

"Of course. As soon as it was light enough to see *any*thing," she answered him.

"You knew who it was? And still you risked your lives?" At her cold, derisive smile: "I don't understand you, Greta!" he burst out.

"Never mind that. *What are you going to do?*"

"Think—I've got to think," gasped Justin Warburg. "Where can I find you later?" She pointed negligently to the cottage on the hill.

"You won't try to escape meanwhile?"

"We won't try to escape."

"I trust you," said the giant simply. "I won't keep you waiting long."

. . . . .

HE didn't. Came into the living room white and haggard, and threw a piece of paper on to the table.

"Copy of a telegram I've just sent—resigning my district attorneyship. I'm no longer an official of the State of New York, Greta. So far as I'm concerned—you're free to go. Irony, isn't it? You killed my brother and now you've saved my son—"

"Take that back! *She* never killed your brother, and you know it, you—"

"Harvey!"

She could stop him with just the note in her voice. "Justin believes what he wants to believe. He always has and always will. Thank you, Justin. Will you go now, please?"

"Very well." In the door, he turned. "Better get off the island in case the press get hold of this rescue. You can't stand publicity."

"We'd thought of that."

"Where will you go? Have you money? Can I get in touch with you later?"

"Better not, Justin. What's the use? Yes, we have money. . . . I don't know where we're going. Paris perhaps, first. Then, who knows? I long for towns."

Which is how it happened that when the representative of the Palma Gazette (a local correspondent of the Spanish press) arrived in Andrach on the afternoon bus, the hero and heroine of the night's adventure had simply disappeared.

And there in all probability the thing would have ended if Andy Borsage, star reporter of the New York Mercury (Paris edition) had not happened to be holidaying in Mallorca, and, scenting a first-class story from afar, descended on Andrach without waiting for any bus, in a hired car, commandeering the telegraph service and all eyewitnesses as he went.

"Daring Rescue of Noted Politician by Young American Couple in Mediterranean Hurricane," cabled Borsage in the longest message Andrach's postal authorities had ever had to handle—in a foreign language, too. "Heroic Pair Brave Nearly Certain Death at Hands of Storm but Flee Publicity."

The story was hardly exaggerated at all, and read like some old Norse saga.

Later that afternoon Andy wired his chief again:

AM SENDING BY EXPRESS SNAPSHOT OF YACHT RESCUE HERO AND HEROINE STOP OBTAINED SAME BY BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION STOP ONLY ONE IN EXISTENCE ON ISLAND SO SPLASH FOR ALL YOURE WORTH STOP YOU HAVE SCOOP

How big a scoop, not even he could have foreseen when, at the cost of some ten pesetas and a little cajolery, he obtained it from a sulky Mallorcan maid, left behind to shut up the cottage on the hill by the fugitives from publicity.

It left that night from Palma on the Barcelona boat, and next day was speeding across France. On the evening of the day after, it lay on the news editor's desk in the Paris office of the Mercury.

"Good, clear snap," said the latter, drawing it out of its envelope for inspection.

And then suddenly stiffened; sat goggle-eyed, staring at the bit of pasteboard in his hand.

"Boy!" Smartly he struck the bell at his elbow. "Get me the pictures and clippings on the Warburg murder. Hey! Scrap your lead story, Morris, and give me four columns, splash, on the front page, and a runover. Hold the cables to New York!"

The Paris-Bayonne local was just starting on its interminable, leisurely course across France.

. . . . .

THE journey had been tiring. Safer, though, to travel by cheap local train than by tourist-frequented express. Safer, too, to go that devious way round. Even so, there had been curious glances—reminiscent, wondering, needing to be thrown off the track by voluble conversations in Spanish. Greta Johnson, obviously, was not forgotten yet.

Approaching Paris, with the compartment to themselves at last, they fell into a moody silence, broken by a sudden impulsive cry from Greta. Leaning forward, she grasped Harvey's hand:

"Darling, I can't go on! This hunting, and hiding, and wondering what's in people's minds whenever they look at us. Harvey—I want to go home!"

"You're mad. How *can* we?"

"We can if I give myself up."

"No!"

"But yes. I want to. Face it out. Take what's coming to me. And then be free again. Really free. Harvey, it may not be so bad now Justin— Well, anyway, I'll risk it. I want to go. Darling, darling," tears welled in her eyes. "You've been so wonderful. I love you so. But I want to go home."

At last, very calm, into the silence: 'Sure?" he asked.

"Quite sure."

"We'll go together then. Always together, little dear one! But, mind, they may not believe—"

"I have to chance that."

"If it's what you really want to do."

The train clattered over points, lurched ominously, and drew into the Gare d'Orléans. Windows flew open, porters clamored.

Standing on the carriage steps, ready to descend, Greta started. "Harvey, look! Over there. Under the light—"

"Justin!" (He towered head and shoulders above the crowd.) "What does *he* want?"

"I don't know. He's seen us."

The younger Warburg was pushing his way toward them, waving a newspaper in one hand. "You've seen?" he cried, as he came nearer.

"No. What?"

"The story's broken—the rescue—your identity. It's in all the papers."

She swayed a little, took Harvey's hand, and held it to her. Turned back to Justin. "How did you get here so quickly?" she asked mechanically.

"Flew. The minute I heard. I've been meeting every train."

"But why?"

"Why, I wanted to tell you. I thought—I mean—" It came in a rush then: "If you'd like to go back and fight it out, I wanted to offer myself—*for the defense!*"

THE END

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

5 Minutes to tilt her Hat! Never a thought for her gums, and she has . . .

"pink tooth brush"!

NO DOUBT about it! Many a heart has been won by the jaunty little tilt of a jaunty little hat!

But there may come a day when the smartest hat in the world won't distract his attention from the fact that you are no longer pretty when you smile!

White, bright, sound teeth are most terribly important to that appealing smile of yours—and sound, sparkling teeth are dependent on good, firm gums.

Your gums are *not* hard and healthy.

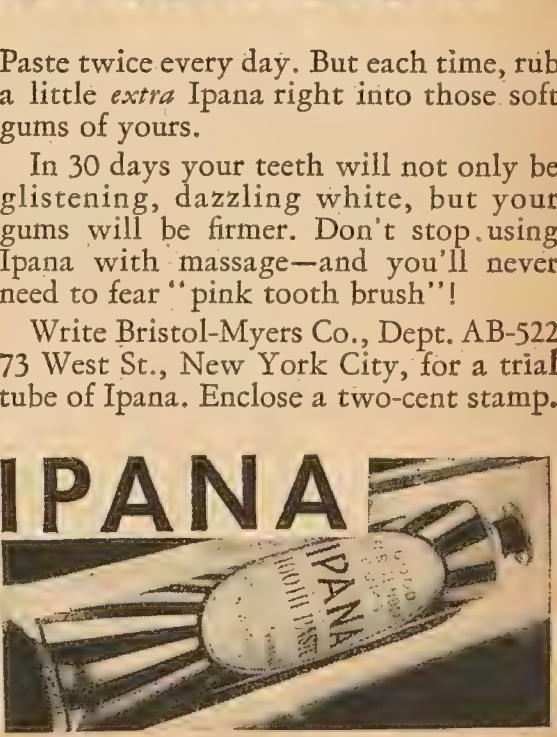
It's like this: Nature expects human beings to eat coarse, tough foods. But civilized human beings don't do it! While you eat soft, creamy foods, your gums simply sit back with nothing to do. They've become lazy, flabby. They tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush"!

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste twice every day. But each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana right into those soft gums of yours.

In 30 days your teeth will not only be glistening, dazzling white, but your gums will be firmer. Don't stop using Ipana with massage—and you'll never need to fear "pink tooth brush"!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-522 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.

IPANA



Should Kidnapers *be*

The Theft of the Lindber
Some Famous Cases

By EDMUN

Pictures by
HUBERT MATHIEU

YES!

Says
Senator Roscoe C. Patterson
of Missouri

ACCORDING to available statistics, there have been 286 *reported* kidnapings in the United States during the past three years. Thirteen victims have been murdered; forty-six have been transported from one state to another. There have been only forty-six convictions in cases of this character.

The growing frequency of this fiendish crime emphasizes the necessity of concentrating every agency of law enforcement, state and federal, upon it and blotting it out. In a number of states kidnaping is a capital offense. It is extremely difficult to obtain convictions, especially in those cases where the victim is transported across the state line.

Under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, Congress has a constitutional right, and it appears to me that it is the duty of the federal government to legislate upon this subject. It was this that impelled me to introduce a bill early in the present session of Congress making it a federal offense to transport a kidnaped person in interstate commerce. The bill provides that in the event of conviction the court may assess the punishment at death. The death penalty would only be inflicted in the most aggravated cases.

I am a firm believer in capital punishment in aggravated cases of this character.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 30 seconds.)

KIDNAPING causes more horror than murder. It is more rare and, as everyone realizes, more cruel. The murderer, if he is swift, is in one sense merciful. But the kidnaper trades in torture.

His object is to inflict agony—and coin it into money.

Moreover, it is now fashionable to invent excuses and explanations for the murderer. He acted suddenly, on "overmastering impulse"; he "couldn't help himself," and all the rest of the familiar phrases.

These theories go to smash when you consider the kidnaper. You cannot talk about "sudden impulse" when you consider a group of men who skillfully plot a kidnaping; calculate the human suffering they are going to cause, and how the price of it can be collected.

The apologists for criminals are apt to be silent in the face of this crime, or else they are reduced to lame explanations.

"Poverty is the cause of kidnaping," Mr. Clarence Darrow is quoted as saying in a newspaper interview. "Abolish poverty, and you will abolish kidnaping."

Mr. Darrow is very innocent. It was hardly "poverty" which induced his celebrated clients, Messrs. Loeb and Leopold, to try to collect ransom for the Franks boy. Nor is there any good example, in the history of kidnaping for ransom, in which the criminals were not after "easy money"; they lived on easy money, and often had plenty of it. They preferred, any day, to make a thousand dollars by crime rather than two thousand by steady work.

If you consider the notorious cases of kidnaping, to see how far there is any ground for excusing the criminals on the grounds of insanity or poverty, you will find that the crimes were practically all done by persons who were quite sane and fairly shrewd. They possessed money, or property in some form, and were not debarred from earning an honest living—if they cared to.

From the days of Charley Ross, whose kidnapers drove about with a horse and carriage, to those of the gang who, in 1930, stole Dr. McPhail of Detroit and carried him away in their motor car, the excuse of poverty is weak.

During a violent rainstorm on a December night nearly sixty years ago, two men died on the lawn of a house at Bay Ridge, New York. They had been shot down while engaged in burglary. One lived long enough to talk a little; he said that their names were Douglas and Mosher, and that they were the kidnapers of Charley Ross, who had been stolen some months before. This has generally been believed.

The story of Charley Ross, told and retold for many years and recently reprinted in almost every paper in the country, need not be dwelt upon now. But it may be said that although Mosher died instantly from his wound, while Douglas suffered pain for an hour or so, neither of them, had they lingered in agony for a week, would have deserved as much sympathy as did the innocent parents of the stolen boy.

Their anguish continued for years, and although Mr. Ross investigated 273 children reported to be his son, the real one was never found. It was the kidnapers of

Condemned to Death?

No!

Says

Senator Arthur Capper

of Kansas

I WOULD not inflict the death penalty upon any man. But if I did, I would inflict it upon the kidnaper. However, our natural indignation against such revolting crimes as the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby must not permit us to overthrow our entire philosophy of punishment. Experience has shown that the death penalty is more effective in brutalizing society than in preventing crime.

The tendency of modern civilization has been against murder—even by the state. Too many errors have occurred; too many innocents have been victimized by the law. Some states, like my own, have entirely abolished the death penalty.

Statistics show that in states in which capital punishment has been abolished the percentage of murders is by no means larger than in states which retain such barbarous penalties. The remedy against crime is not to increase the severity of punishment, but to enforce the law, such as it is. The theft of the Lindbergh baby should prove the starting point of a nationwide movement for law observance.

While opposing the death penalty for kidnaping, I am heartily in favor of any measure which will bring the crime of kidnaping under federal jurisdiction.

Baby Throws the Spotlight on he Past and Present

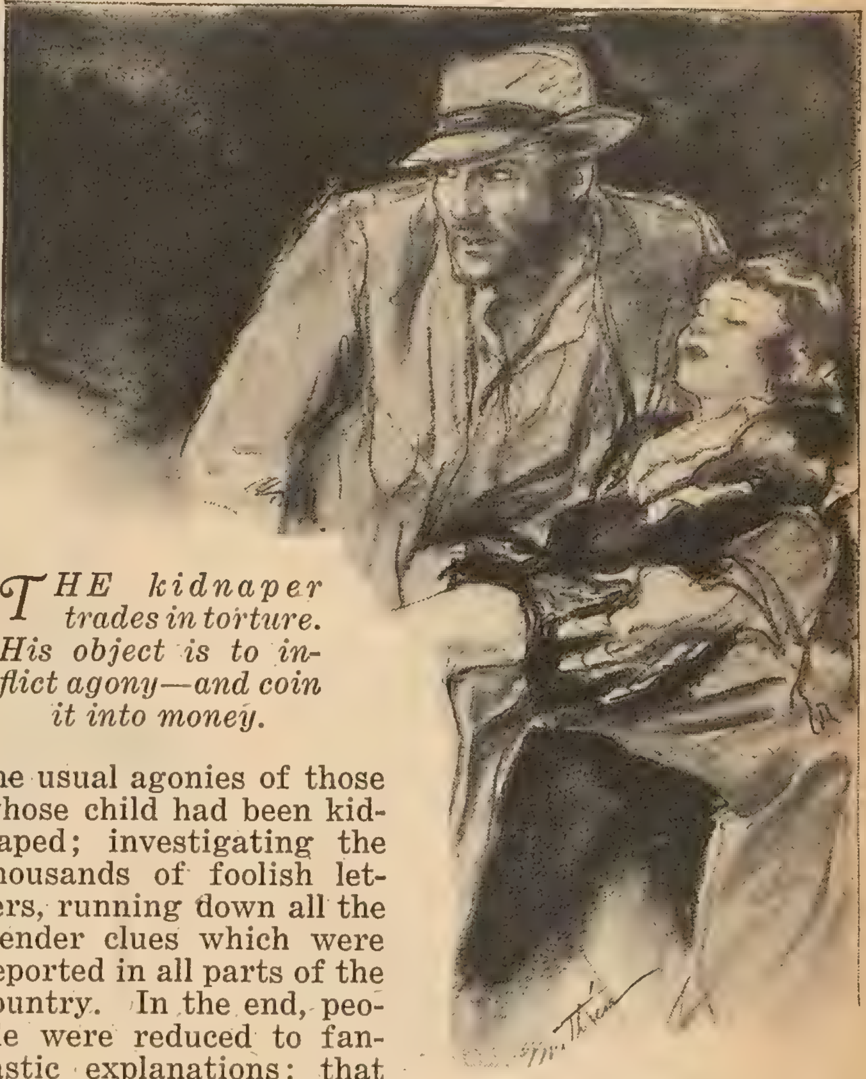
PEARSON

Charley Ross, by the way, who made the proposal that the ransom money should be thrown from a moving train, a device copied by Loeb and Leopold.

There have been mysterious disappearances of children, thought at the time to be kidnapings, and never wholly cleared up. One of these is found in the curious story of Jimmie Glass, in 1915, who vanished from a little place in eastern Pennsylvania. For him the whole country was ransacked. All the time, apparently, his body was lying in a lonely field near by, to which he had wandered, and where he had inexplicably died.

Similar to this was the drowning—if it was that—of Willie McCormick at Highbridge, New York City, in 1901.

A small boy named Wilbur Clark strangely vanished in the spring woods near his home in Beverly, Massachusetts. He accomplished something of a miracle, for both his parents were almost in sight at the moment, and neither was beyond the sound of his voice. He was hunted as lost; he was sought as kidnaped. Every leaf, every blade of grass, was turned up in the hunt, and a shallow pool was dredged and dredged again. His family endured the usual agonies of those whose child had been kidnaped; investigating the thousands of foolish letters, running down all the slender clues which were reported in all parts of the country. In the end, people were reduced to fantastic explanations: that the earth had opened and swallowed him, or that he had been seized and carried away by an eagle.



THE kidnaper trades in torture. His object is to inflict agony—and coin it into money.

Then there are kidnapings combined with sadistic murders, in which it is hard to say whether money or the desire to inflict a cruel death is the chief motive. The most notorious cases in recent times have been the killing of the Franks boy by Loeb and Leopold, and the murder of Marion Parker by Hickman in California. In both of these ransom was demanded, and, by Hickman, actually collected.

Marion Clarke of New York, almost exactly the age of the Lindbergh child, was stolen by her nurse, Bella Anderson, and carried to Brooklyn; thence to Sloatsburg, New York. The Anderson woman, under the assumed name of Carrie Jones, secured her position in the Clarke household without references, and was soon allowed to take the child in a baby carriage for airings in Central Park. This was in 1899. The nurse was acting under the direction of a couple named Barrow. From one of these outings in the park, only five days after her arrival at the Clarkes', neither the nurse nor the child returned. Mrs. Barrow had met them and taken them to Brooklyn. The Barrows sent the usual threatening note, demanding ransom, and pleading poverty. This plea was a lie.

THE plot failed: the child was recovered within two weeks, and the Anderson-Barrow trio went to prison for terms varying from four to fourteen years. The heavier sentence went to the man Barrow, worthless member of a good family, who had often tried to make money by criminal schemes. He was not in want.

A kidnaping which displays many typical features centered around the Whitla boy of Sharon, Pennsylvania. He was eight years old, the son of a successful attorney, and nephew of a man of great wealth.

Young Whitla was taken from school by a man pretending to act by authority of his parents. The teacher was told that Mr. Whitla had been injured. To get children

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

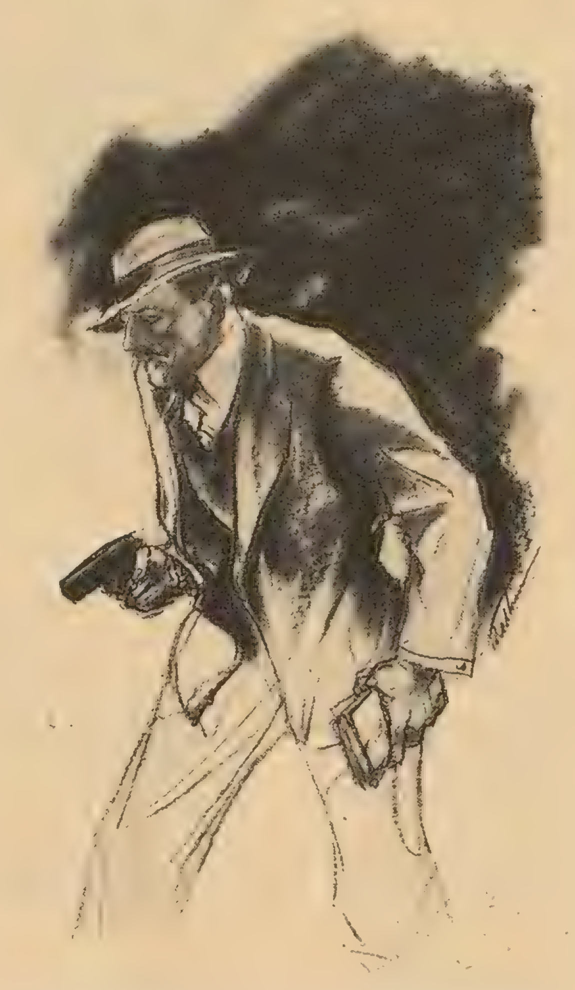
SHOULD KIDNAPERS BE CONDEMNED TO DEATH?
Continued from page twenty-five

away from school by some subterfuge, or to pick them up on the street, is the more usual method of the kidnaper. Actually to steal a child from its bed, with the family present in the house, denotes great boldness, and is one of the things which marks the Lindbergh case as extraordinary; in a class, almost, of its own.

The note received by the Whitla family demanded $10,000, warned against notifying the police, and suggested the insertion of an advertisement in the papers, agreeing to pay the money. This condition was fulfilled, and a further letter caused Mr. Whitla to go to Ashtabula, Ohio, with $10,000 in a bag. He left this, as directed, in a park, but nothing happened. Officious persons had informed the police, and the kidnapers were scared away. This first failure to make the transfer of money and stolen child is frequent in such cases.

The second attempt was successful. The ransom money was left at a small grocery in Cleveland, to be called for by a man named "Hayes," and a few hours later the Whitla boy walked into the hotel where his father was waiting. So far the plot had been successful: the kidnapers had their $10,000, in small bills, which would not easily be traced, although the numbers had been taken.

But the man and woman who were the only contrivers of the scheme were not able to refrain from a celebration. They went out to a saloon that night; drank and stood treat to everyone in the place. They spent a deal of money in a short time, and aroused the suspicion of good Patrick O'Reilly, the owner of the saloon. He notified the police, who soon arrested James Boyle and Anna McDermott Boyle. Sewed up in Anna's skirt was about $9,700, or the whole of Mr. Whitla's money minus the price of the drinks and a few other luxuries. Boyle was neither insane nor in poverty; he came from respectable folk, who had set him up in business. He preferred various forms of crime, including, as his final venture, the extortion of money by playing upon the distress of a father and mother.



The murderous tyrant of the present day is the gunman, the assassin, the kidnaper.

Kidnapers grew bolder in later years, as criminals extended their operations and increased their ruthlessness. It causes pain to many worthy people to have it pointed out that organized crime on a large scale has coincided with prohibition. They retort that there were kidnapers before the days of Volstead. That is true, and possibly it is also true that some of our best bandits and kidnapers are firm teetotalers. But the gangs of bootleggers and hijackers who were hatched by prohibition turn easily to other forms of lawlessness. And the brazen abduction of adult persons seems to be a development of recent years.

AN astounding situation was gradually uncovered in Detroit three years ago. The police received a tip that the kidnaping had occurred of some person unnamed, and that the ransom was to be paid that night at a certain street corner. Officers were posted there, in hiding. They saw one man hand a package to another man. Attempting to capture them both, they had to chase and finally shoot and wound the recipient of the package. He proved to be Joseph Laman, known to the police as a robber and gunman, just out of prison. The package contained $4,000.

As for the other man, he was Gerson Cass, whose son David, the police now learned for the first time, had been stolen and tortured. Mr. Cass, far from pleased at the arrival of the police, was almost in tears, since he now felt sure that the other members of the gang would kill his son. His fears were well grounded: Months later the body of his son was found in the woods. He had been subjected to shocking cruelty and finally murdered.

It is an inspiring picture for us to contemplate: this American citizen, knowing that the laws of his country were powerless to protect him, creeping out at night to pay tribute to a gang of thugs in a vain hope to save the life of his son. Next Fourth of July, when the school children and others are assembled to hear the Declaration of Independence, to become indignant over the offenses of King George III, and to admire the boldness of our ancestors in refusing to pay a few pennies of tax on tea, I wonder whether it would not be well to let King George rest for the day? Perhaps we could devote the time to a discussion, not of an old and dead tyrant, but of the live and murderous tyrants of this present year: gangsters, gunmen, assassins, and kidnapers.

THE abduction of young Cass was only the first to be discovered in a series of events which make us wonder how many successful kidnapings are accomplished; how many thousands of dollars are being paid to criminals who are going about scot-free, and keeping their victims in terror, under levy of tribute from time to time.

While Laman was still in hospital, a young man of twenty-four, Matthew Holdrieth, Jr., was found imprisoned in an apartment, blindfolded and chained to a bed. He had been there five days, having been captured by gunmen and taken to the house in a closed car. His father, like Mr. Cass, had been threatened by telephone messages and letters. The elder Holdrieth also had feared to call in the police, and he, too, had paid the ransom: $5,000. By chance, two men caught the day before, and recognized as Edward Wilds and Frank Hohfel, had this money with them when they were arrested. They were men with criminal records who had been *lately released on parole.*

With the cases of these three kidnapers awaiting trial, there came forward a man, the story of whose tragic persecution reminds one of something which might have happened in the Dark Ages.

This man was named Legeman; he lived in the suburban town of Wyandotte, near Detroit. In the preceding April he had been held up one night in his own garage, forced into a car, and taken to an apartment, where he was chained to a bed. He was kept there for six days and made to write letters to his wife and to a friend, asking them to pay for his release. At last he was liberated, and learned that the price paid was $5,100.

This, however, was only the start. Mr. Legeman began to receive threatening telephone messages, five or six daily, and as late as midnight. Like blackmailers and other bloodsuckers, the gang had only had their appetite whetted for this form of easy money. Legeman lived in terror, and still dared not tell the police. He managed to raise $1,900 more, which he turned over to his persecutors, in exchange for the privilege of being allowed to live. The telephone messages ceased the day Laman was shot, and he now dared confide in the police.

Taken to see Laman in the hospital, he recognized his voice as that of one of his original captors and the man who had constantly called him up, demanding more and more money. At the end of his torment the wretched victim had told his caller that his house was mortgaged, and that he had no more money.

"I told them I would go out on the porch and that they could ride by the house and shoot me, and get it over with. Instead, they telephoned my wife, and told her to leave the house, as they were going to blow it up. Sure enough, about two thirty the next morning my wife and I were thrown from bed by an explosion that wrecked the whole front of the house. Next day one of 'the boys' called me up again, and asked me how I liked it."

Mrs. Legeman died two weeks later from the shock.

As a result of the three kidnapings, five or six of Laman's gang were convicted and sent to prison. In addition to the deaths of young Cass and Mrs. Legeman, how many incidental murders and other crimes they were responsible for is not known, but as Michigan believes in keeping such delightful young men alive, it will be a satisfaction to the kind-hearted to know that all of them were happily spared. Unless they escape, or are pardoned, or paroled again, they will spend a term of years as the well protected wards of the state, sure of a bed and three meals a day—more than many of Michigan's poor can expect to have.

IF you happen to be one of the amateur detectives who read the personal columns in a metropolitan newspaper and wonder what some of those queer messages mean, you might have had a chance to test your ingenuity had you seen some cryptic sentences in the New York Times last August. One of them was: "Mrs. R. has returned."

Another, next day, read: "Mrs. R. has part of it."

That was an odd phrase! Ordinarily, nowadays, when we speak of a lady having "it," we refer to a quality supposed to be highly essential for moving-picture actresses. But Mrs. R., it seemed, had only "part of it"!

Now, as a matter of fact, Mrs. R.'s friends had been advised to say that: "Mrs. R. has it." But they did not care to go so far as that. Next day, August 21, some of the secret came out with the message: "Mrs. R. finds it impossible to raise entire amount; has less than half."

As the newspapers discovered the same day, Mr. R. had been kidnaped. He was Charles M. Rosenthal, a broker, twenty-five years old, and Mrs. R. was his mother. He was unmarried. His friend, Edward Nathan, had received telephonic and written messages informing him of Mr. Rosenthal's close captivity, and of the price of his release: $100,000.

The first advertisement in the Times meant that Mrs. Rosenthal had hastily returned from a summer resort and was prepared to negotiate. The message which the kidnapers suggested, "Mrs. R. has it," meant that the whole $100,000 was ready. By advice, the Rosenthals and their friends decided to offer "part of it"—in fact, $50,000.

Other communications followed, and the kidnapers prescribed the sending of $50,000 in "a little bag," to 1195 Boston Road, the Bronx. Mr. Rosenthal had now been missing for thirteen days. A detective, disguised as a Western Union messenger, delivered the bag and the money, but the expected "Mr. Fletcher" did not come to get it. The next appointment was arranged for Cliffside, on the Pali-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Marlboro—
America's finest Cigarette
MARLBORO
Mild as May

In response to ... r request, Philip Morris announces a Third Contest

MARLBORO ... ES FOR DISTINGUISHED HANDWRITING

F... ontestants; and, maybe, a million friends h... joyed the natural association between ... ndwriting and America's finest cigarette.

Once again we are happy to offer for the most distinguished handwriting

$500 in Cash
(150 Prizes)

NO cost to enter this contest. There are no strings. No conditions. Simply write in your own hand: Marlboro — America's Finest Cigarette.

SEND AS MANY examples as you wish. Each will be considered separately, solely on its own merit. In case of any ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

CLOSING DATE — Contest closes midnight, Sunday, July 31, 1932.

JUDGES—R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris, Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist and K. M. Goode, Advertising advisor, will be judges. Their decision final.

WINNERS to be reproduced. Especially distinguished handwriting and, where available, portraits of winners, will be selected for publication in society magazines. No payments or fees, beyond prizes. We regret we cannot return samples nor undertake correspondence.

150 PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE
$100*
SECOND PRIZE
$75*
THIRD PRIZE
$50*
FOURTH PRIZE
$25*
5th to 19th PRIZES
$10*
20th to 39th PRIZES
$5*
40th to 150th PRIZES
A Special Library Package 100 Marlboro Ivory Tips

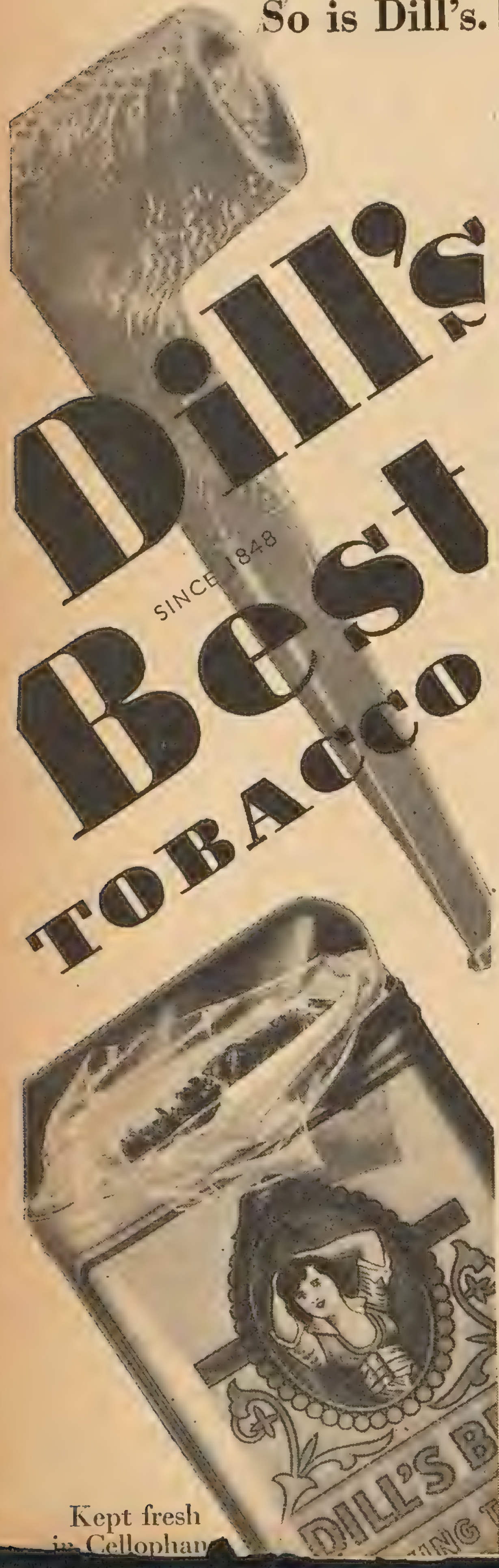
* **DOUBLE PRIZES** to Marlboro smokers. Anyone is eligible to win any prize. Believing, nevertheless, the cultured good taste which awakens an instinctive preference for Marlboros will reveal itself in the handwriting of Marlboro smokers, we offer in each and every case to double the prize when, as, and if, the winning answer is written on, or accompanied by, the front wrapper from a package of Marlboros.

Marlboro—Plain or Ivory Tipped. Successful cigarette of successful men. And smart women. Don't delay your try at double prizes. Send your distinguished handwriting to Philip Morris & Company, 119-X Fifth Avenue, New York City

Always fresh . . *. . Wrapped in heavy foil*

PLAIN OR IVORY TIPPED

"A healthy smoke for healthy men!" writes one fan. Men like this are the men Dill's Best Tobacco seems to fit. They're mighty good to know. So is Dill's.



Kept fresh in Cellophan

SHOULD KIDNAPERS BE CONDEMNED TO DEATH?
Continued from page twenty-seven

sades, across the Hudson from New York. Here "Mr. Fletcher" was to receive the bag in a garage. But this time an incursion of police prevented the transfer.

The third appointment was made for the Hotel Vendig in West Forty-seventh Street. Here the money was left, and hereabouts the police waited to see who took it, in its little bag, away with him. They never saw anyone, for the simple reason that the contents of the bag—the fifty grand—were being transferred to the pockets of the genial proprietor of the Vendig.

Mr. Rosenthal was released on August 28. His adventures had been simple but charming. On the eleventh of August he had taken out to dinner a young lady of much allure, called Bettina Stewart. She had been a stranger to him until that afternoon. After dinner she had suggested that they go to "a swell party uptown."

THEY drove accordingly to Hamilton Terrace, where she alighted. At this moment three young gentlemen appeared—with pistols—and took Mr. Rosenthal with them to an apartment at 68 West 144th Street, where they mounted guard over him for seventeen days. From time to time they prevailed upon him to write letters to his mother, urging her to pay the ransom. His confinement was not altogether without profit, since he played poker and rolled the bones with his captors, winning $50,000 from them, so that he reduced the amount of the original demand and saved his mother all that money.

A day or two after Mr. Rosenthal's restoration, a young man who called himself Jack Markham went into the Fifth Avenue branch of the Harriman National Bank, rented a safe-deposit box, and asked to change a $100 bill. Unfortunately for himself, "Mr. Markham," really Marcus Blumenthal, tendered a bill whose number was widely advertised. He was arrested. Soon he began to give out interesting information, with the result that the police picked up Miss Stewart, otherwise Bettine Green, at Atlantic City.

The proprietor of the Vendig, Nicholas Rutigliano (sometimes called Nicholas Green), was added to the bag, as were Albert Sileo and Theodore Adinolfi.

THE latter were found, I think, in Newark. They had $16,330 with them, and this was all that Mrs. Rosenthal recovered. The innkeeper had unjustly kept back $25,000 of the whole ransom, and Messrs. Sileo and Adinolfi, even at the moment of their arrest, were resenting this injustice and discussing plans for putting Mr. Rutigliano on the spot.

The trial was prompt. The prisoners tried to make the jury believe that Mr. Rosenthal was a party to his own abduction, for the purpose of extorting money from his mother. But they could not explain why, if that were true, the services of Miss Green as siren were required. On October 16 the jury went out, and spent three hours in their deliberations. Most of this time was devoted to the question of the guilt or innocence of Bettine Green. They finally decided to believe her story that she did not know it was a kidnaping plot. She was acquitted, while the men were all convicted.

Rutigliano, as leader, got sixty years in Sing Sing; the other three were let off with fifty-five years apiece, but were given five years each, additional, for threatening Mr. Rosenthal with pistols. And as Theodore Adinolfi already owes the state five years on a previous sentence, he will have to serve that before the beginning of his sixty-year term.

And that, as an Englishman might say, will take some doing.

THE END

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GAY LOVE

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 5 min. 45 sec.)

— By —

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

who is best known for his work in motion pictures; but he also paints, has written a book of poems and articles for magazines, and has appeared in several stage plays. He was born in New York in 1907 and is married to Joan Crawford.

PHIL was a most extraordinary girl. Her name wasn't Phil. It was Phyllis. "Phil" suited her much better, and as she was an inherently honest person she unhesitatingly did the thing that suited her. She swaggered like a sailor on leave, blushed frequently over things that she had no reason to, and never blushed over the things she should have (according to standards).

Phil had no standards. Her life was rather gay, but she looked so self-sufficient that one never worried about her.

She had but one frailty: she was human; so, in the natural course of what we are told is the majority of human events, she fell in love. His name was Peter.

Here was no attraction of opposites. They liked the same things and thought the same thoughts. They possessed that uncanny faculty of knowing each other's faults. They had that curiously vague charm described as "gallantry."

Phil and Peter would take motor trips down to the south of France. They had a peculiar delight in driving very slowly along the Corniche Road. On the way to Monaco they would stop at a little café overlooking practically the entire Côte d'Azur. For hours these two would sit saying nothing yet making each fleeting thought speak volumes. It so happened that the following took place during one of these times: Phil leaned over and took Peter's hand. Peter turned. "I'm very happy, Peter," said Phil. He kissed her hand and smiled. She loved his smile. It was a gallant smile—and slightly wicked. Phil loved a little wickedness in those she held close. "I'm almost gay," she added.

"It is rather gay," said Peter, "all this—this living business. Don't lose it—ever."

Phil never cried, but she felt like it now; just through sheer gayety, if you know what I mean. Peter wanted to become philosophical about life. He wanted to say that to live was to be gay; that love was far too chivalrous to confine itself to the dutiful boundaries of flesh; that carnal desire and sensual satisfaction should not demand any more importance in their life than other material necessities, such as eating and drinking; that a clean spirit was a far more enviable possession than a standardized conscience. But instead of saying them Peter merely kissed her hand again. Phil looked at him quickly and heard every word.

Then Peter broke the symphony of silence. "Phil," he said, "let's come here again." Phil smiled. "When?" "In five years from today we'll come." Phil never bothered to question. She was that way. She only nodded her assent.

Months afterward they were at a gathering that was humorously recommended as a party. They were dancing together. Peter turned to Phil and said: "I'm leaving tomorrow." Phil just said: "I'm sorry, Peter."

Peter had a glint in his eye that appeared strange to Phil. "I'm going to war!" he said. Phil smiled up at him. "Good for you. Let's go outside."

When they got out on the veranda she turned to Peter with a voluminous smile. Peter answered it. He asked her if she would carry on. The only answer that seemed to fit the occasion was to kiss him, and Phil, who unhesitatingly did the thing that suited her, kissed him.

The next morning she saw him off at the train. As they shook hands Peter said: "Don't forget—anything. Enjoy life—be gay. Because, dear Phil, ours is, after all, a gay love. Take all life can offer. Play high stakes and if you win—smile; and if you lose—lose gallantly. Nothing is really important except—except—" This time Phil came closer. "Except—the Corniche Road," she said. Then, for want of anything better to do, they both laughed.

A sonorous voice acquainted them with the news that the train was leaving and forthwith issued warning to all to get aboard. Phil fairly pushed Peter on board and called a deep "Goodby." Phil had a grand voice; very deep—very grand. There she was with one hand on her hip and the other waving. She had a dash—a certain *geste*.

Phil got into her car. She put all her weight on the accelerator and let her extremely short hair blow in a futile frenzy. She hummed some song very softly and slightly off key.

Peter's words had been indelible. They wrote each other spasmodically, as they hated, on principle, the business of writing. There was nothing to say that hadn't already been said and news was generally boring. He would tell her of French girls. She would tell him of English men. Even the fun of that would pass. Yet because of what they had in common there was no emptiness. Phil never felt that there was a separation. Peter was with her every minute. Even the locked doors of Bacchus' bedchamber could not exclude the spirit, words, and thoughts of Peter.

"Carry on—take all—lose gallantly—clean spirit—*be gay!*" All these things went through Phil's mind every minute of extremely short days. Or were they long ones? Could it have been four years? No! God! Phil laughed. It was almost five. Phil was going to a party this particular night with a young lieutenant on leave. Very handsome, this lieutenant. He had the casual wickedness that reminded her of Peter. He took her off in a deserted corner and kissed her. He took her home, and they made arrangements to meet again the following night. She was thrilled. She must sit down and write it all to Peter. He would love it because she was "carrying on."

WHEN she had finished she called to her maid to instruct her to post the letter with the afternoon mail. Phil lounged back and read the paper. She was humming softly to herself, being still slightly off key. Suddenly her eyes were focused sharply on a name in the day's casualty list. It was under the heading of "Killed in Action"—and it was Peter's. There was no sign of any emotion on her face. Just a silent intensity.

As she called to her maid her voice was unusually deep. "Never mind mailing that letter," she said. The maid was one of those annoyingly inquisitive servants that can't resist asking: "Why?" "Because," continued Phil in a very, very deep monotone, "a very gallant gentleman was killed yesterday—in action!"

That night Phil put on her most striking outfit. The young lieutenant noticed something ominous in her gayety. Phil satisfied his curiosity without being asked: "I'm going away tomorrow." The young lieutenant was not very intelligent. He began coaxing. Phil only smiled and said: "I've a very important engagement."

Two days later found Phil driving like mad around the treacherous turns of the Corniche Road. Eventually she came to the little café where one could see the heroic panorama of the Côte d'Azur. The road had no turnings at this point, but Phil, who was unusual, turned her careening car sharply to the right.

She had a dash—a certain *geste*.

Cashing *in on the* IOU's *of* ROMANCE

How Old Letters Written in Their Courtship Days Have Happily Reunited Clashing Couples

By JUDGE CHARLES A. OBERWAGER

(Reading time: 7 minutes 20 seconds.)

"IF I were running a preparatory school for brides," said the woman probation officer, "the first thing I'd teach my students would be to save their love letters."

She had followed a case before me with unusual interest because, she said, the young married pair were very much in love with each other.

There had been a row in a hotel ballroom the night before when the husband found his wife dancing with another man, an erstwhile rival.

"She lied to me, your Honor," said he. "She pretended she was going to stay with her mother—"

"So I was," retorted the bride. "I didn't tell him where else I was going, because he's crazy jealous."

"Is that an excuse," I said to her, "for deceiving your husband and going to dances with other men?"

"I have to, your Honor, in order to get a little diversion. All he'd like me to do is stay home and read. I love dancing and theaters. I'm young and I'd simply go crazy without some life."

"She always wants to be on the go," interrupted the man. "She married me knowing I objected to these frivolous diversions—"

"And he married me knowing my tastes," she retorted. "Your Honor, when he was paying me attention he used to take me to dances and theaters."

"I did that only to please her, as she knew. Knowing the way I feel, she'd act differently if she cared anything for me."

"Well," said the bride, weakening visibly, "that's his side of it. What made me sore was his idea that a wife has to obey her husband. He let me think he didn't object to these things in order to win me, then turns right around and is absolutely unreasonable."

"You once said you'd stop if I wanted you to," he said. "I remember, it was the night we got engaged."

"Maybe I did," she countered. "In fact, I know I did, from one of your letters which I found the other day. Your Honor, I'll show you that letter. He wrote it the next morning. In it he said he'd lain awake all night thinking how happy we'd always be—and he said that it wasn't fair for him to expect me to give up all my friends and stop going to dances. He went on to say he would always be willing to go fifty-fifty with me, and take me to shows and dances sometimes because I'd been so won-

"That couldn't possibly be," the husband declared, "considering the way I feel about such things."

Then the wife produced the letter, and in it was everything she had said, couched in the most endearing terms and exuding tolerance and generosity.

He was the most surprised man in court. He had forgotten all about that letter.

"Well, Judge," he said, smiling sheepishly, "I guess I can't go behind that. Right is right. I'm licked by a love letter!"

As a matter of fact, his wife's victory was only technical. He won just as much as she, because the love letter saved their marriage for him as much as for her.

That pair left my court smiling, having agreed that each would defer to the other's wishes just as they had done under the rosy spell of courtship.

It follows that such a love letter is a document to be cherished—a marital I O U that can be cashed if the writer tries to default on his ante-marital promises.

I don't believe there is a country on earth where it more behooves a girl—or a boy, for that matter—to hold on to love letters than here in the Land of the Free. And surely there never was a time when this applied with more force than at present.

In almost every other country marriage agreements are the custom, defining what each is to bring to the partnership. Here in "practical" America young people rush headlong into matrimony, every thought of the future smothered under the romance of the present.

All normal lovers make concessions under the spell of courtship, putting aside for the time being their inhibitions, habits, inclinations. The man particularly is prone to make all sorts of extravagant promises; later—exactly like the man whose spree is alcoholic—he comes to his sober senses, his mind a blank to all the rosy protestations he has made.

The promises of courtship usually concern unimportant matters. Yet as starting points for discord they lead to a thousand marital smash-ups as against one due to serious offenses.

"He drinks and gambles," said the young wife tearfully. "I beg him to stop and he won't."

"Does he drink to excess?" I asked.

"Well—no. But I love him and I'm worried thinking what it may lead to."

"I'm tired of her constant preaching," interrupted the husband. "I say a man is entitled to the kind of diversion he likes, provided he doesn't interfere with his wife. She knew I drank and played cards before we were married. We grew up in the same neighborhood—"

"But he promised to stop!" she cut in. "I've letters he wrote before we were married saying he would."

"Is that so!" said the man. "Well, that reminds me I've a couple of love letters of hers in which she says that if I will only try to be moderate in my habits it will be O. K. with her."

Here was a case—not unusual—in which the love letter flaunted by the wife reacted as a sort of boomerang, bringing forth forgotten letters of hers which altered the whole picture and toppled her from her pose of righteousness. The pair accepted my decision that responsibility for their dissension was equally divided. They left court happily.

In the scrimmages of early married life, hurt pride is at the bottom of much of the resentment.

"It isn't that I dislike my mother-in-law," said the young husband. "But I maintain that the husband is boss in his own home, seeing that he pays the way."

"I'm sick of hearing that," said the pretty young wife. "A wife has just as much right as a husband—"

"That," I interrupted, "is pretty well established as a principle now. Neither has a right to try to be boss."

"It wouldn't ever have come up," the husband said, "except that when my wife spoke of having her mother come to live with us I happened to say I wondered if it would work out. She jumped right off the handle. Said she'd show me where I got off. Said her mother was her mother and, work out or not, she was coming. So I made up my mind I'd show *her*. I've got some self-respect!"

"He's a hypocrite, your Honor. That's what makes me so mad! Before we were married he agreed that I could have my mother to live with us."

"It isn't true, Judge. I may have agreed that she could come for visits, but not permanently."

I went into the matter at this juncture, pointing out to the wife that, as a matter of law, a man isn't obligated to permit his wife's relatives to join his household unless it can be shown positively that he has entered into a prenuptial agreement to that effect.

The wife waved a folded piece of paper.

HERE in "practical" America, the young rush headlong into marriage, all thought of the future smothered under romance.

Picture by
CHARLES DE FEO

"Then that's settled, your Honor!" she said. "This very morning I came across something that proves the truth of what I say. It's a love letter he sent me.

"I worked before I was married," she explained, "and lived with my mother, who is a widow. She has enough income to support her, but I was afraid she would be very lonely if I left her. That's why I refused my husband's first proposal. I told him the reason. Next day I got this letter. He'd gone straight home and written it."

> Don't forget, darling [ran the letter], that anything you wish will always be all right with me. Why should you and your dear mother be separated? I'm fond of her. Why can't she come and live with us? . . .

"Well," said the young husband, embarrassed but smiling, "my wife was right and I'm glad of it. I'm ashamed of the way I acted. I really had forgotten. To tell the truth, I'm really glad the old lady is coming with us. That's settled, if my wife will forgive me."

Now, except for that revealing letter, it is a hundred to one that this young pair would have gone on battling until they ended their disagreement by divorce.

I wish I could say truly that where alienation has reached the point at which the married pair are seeking divorce, the old love letter may be depended upon to restore the same state of devotion that existed when the missive was written. Nevertheless, it often has a definite value.

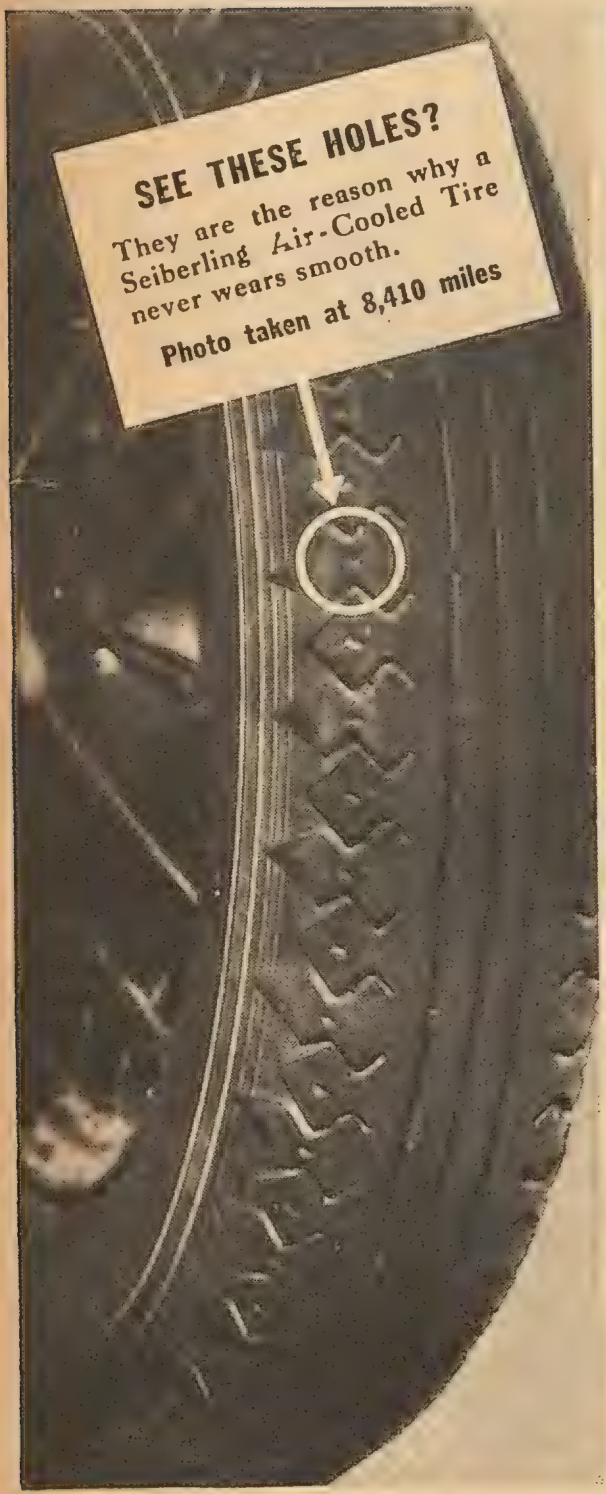
Nor is it very effective where the pair has been married long enough to have reached marital sophistication. Indeed, an attempt to utilize an old love letter in an untactful way may make the matter worse. But there are tactful ways, even in these cases.

THE END

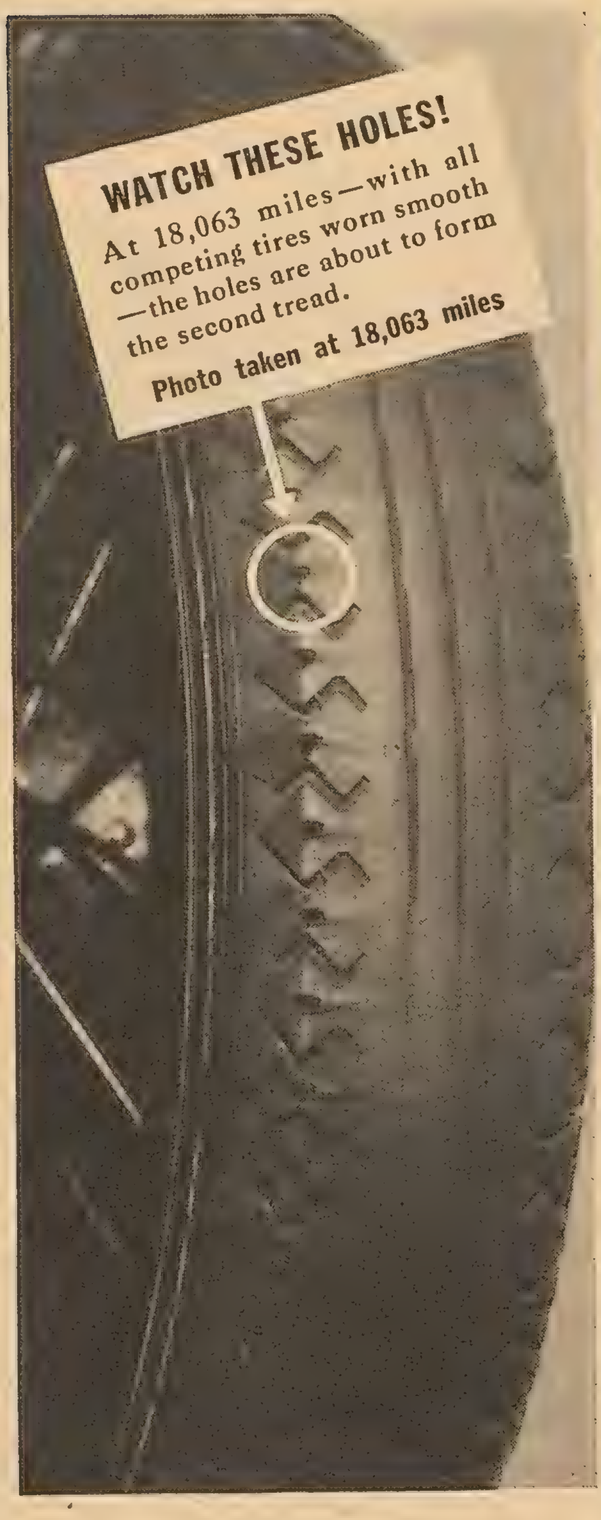
★ ★ ★ THIS TEST PROVES THAT... ★ ★ ★

The tire that never wears

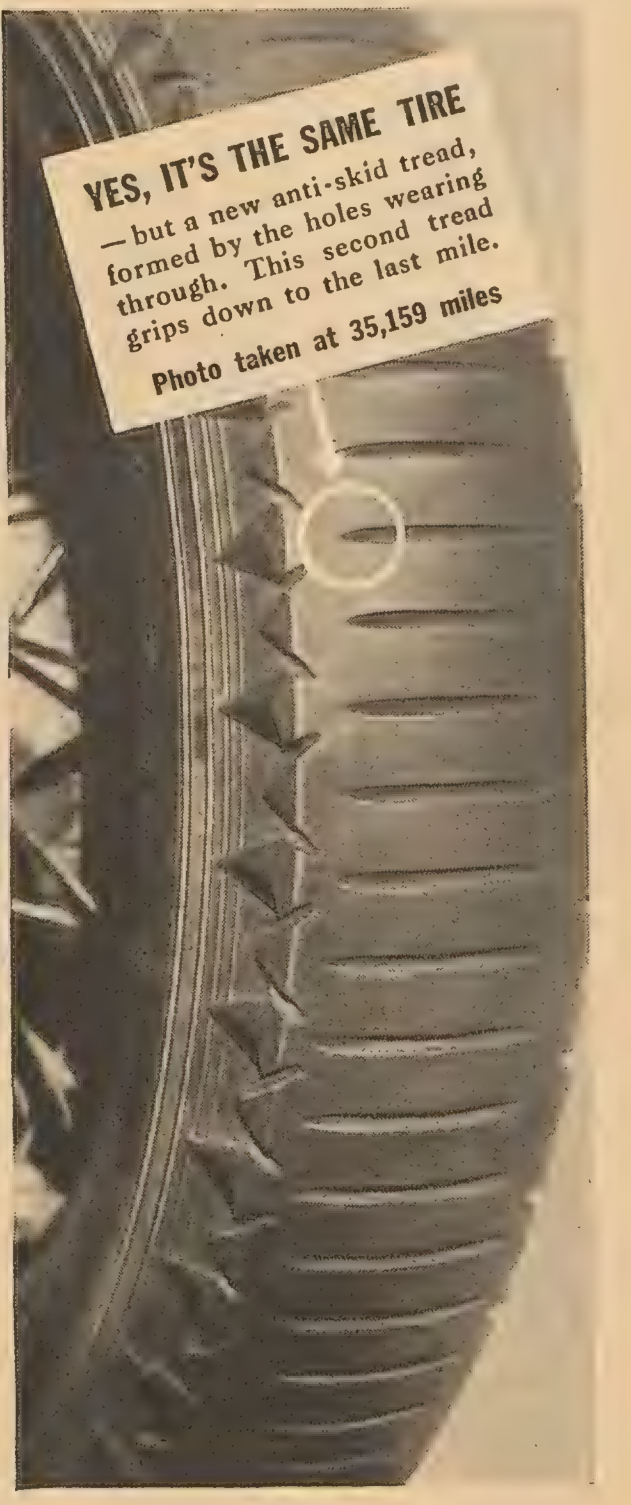
...*on mileage!*



SEE THESE HOLES?
They are the reason why a Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire never wears smooth.
Photo taken at 8,410 miles



WATCH THESE HOLES!
At 18,063 miles—with all competing tires worn smooth—the holes are about to form the second tread.
Photo taken at 18,063 miles



YES, IT'S THE SAME TIRE
—but a new anti-skid tread, formed by the holes wearing through. This second tread grips down to the last mile.
Photo taken at 35,159 miles

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smooth BEATS 'EM ALL!

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The test was conducted by Harry Tucker, Professor of Highway Engineering of North Carolina State College—and widely known in the engineering world for his knowledge of road construction and its relation to tire wear.

In the test, were the first line 6-ply tires of the seven largest-selling brands, including two mail-order tires, and the Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire. The results are shown in the letter on the right.

The Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire ran 39,025 miles! And every one of the 39,025 miles was an anti-skid mile! There was a safe tread right to the end. This test proves that the Air-Cooled Tire is the only tire in the world that never wears smooth!

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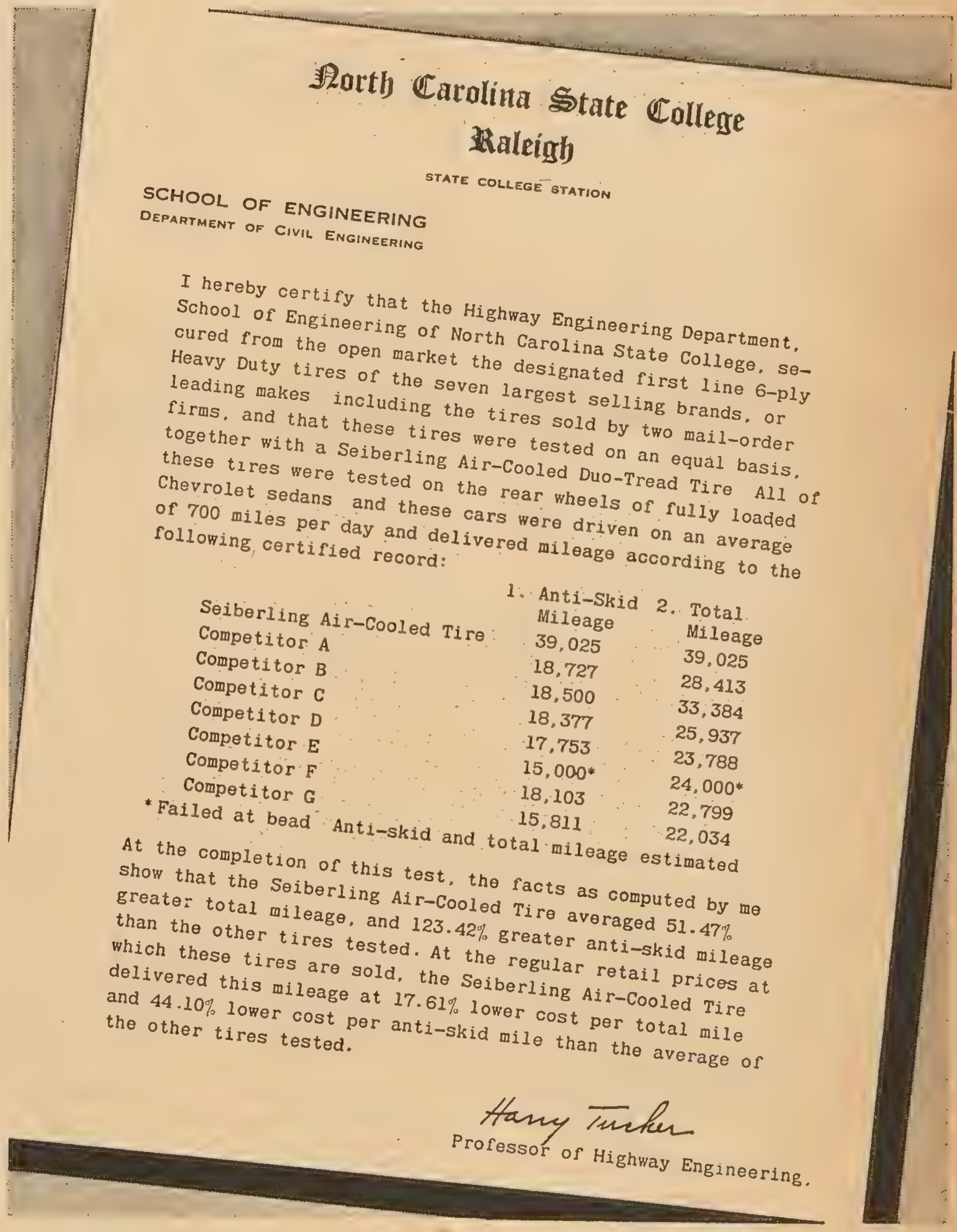
See this patented tire—write Seiberling Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, for name of nearest Seiberling dealer.



North Carolina State College
Raleigh
STATE COLLEGE STATION
SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING
DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL ENGINEERING

I hereby certify that the Highway Engineering Department, School of Engineering of North Carolina State College, secured from the open market the designated first line 6-ply Heavy Duty tires of the seven largest selling brands, or leading makes including the tires sold by two mail-order firms, and that these tires were tested on an equal basis, together with a Seiberling Air-Cooled Duo-Tread Tire All of these tires were tested on the rear wheels of fully loaded Chevrolet sedans and these cars were driven on an average of 700 miles per day and delivered mileage according to the following certified record:

	1. Anti-Skid Mileage	2. Total Mileage
Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire	39,025	39,025
Competitor A	18,727	28,413
Competitor B	18,500	33,384
Competitor C	18,377	25,937
Competitor D	17,753	23,788
Competitor E	15,000*	24,000*
Competitor F	18,103	22,799
Competitor G	15,811	22,034

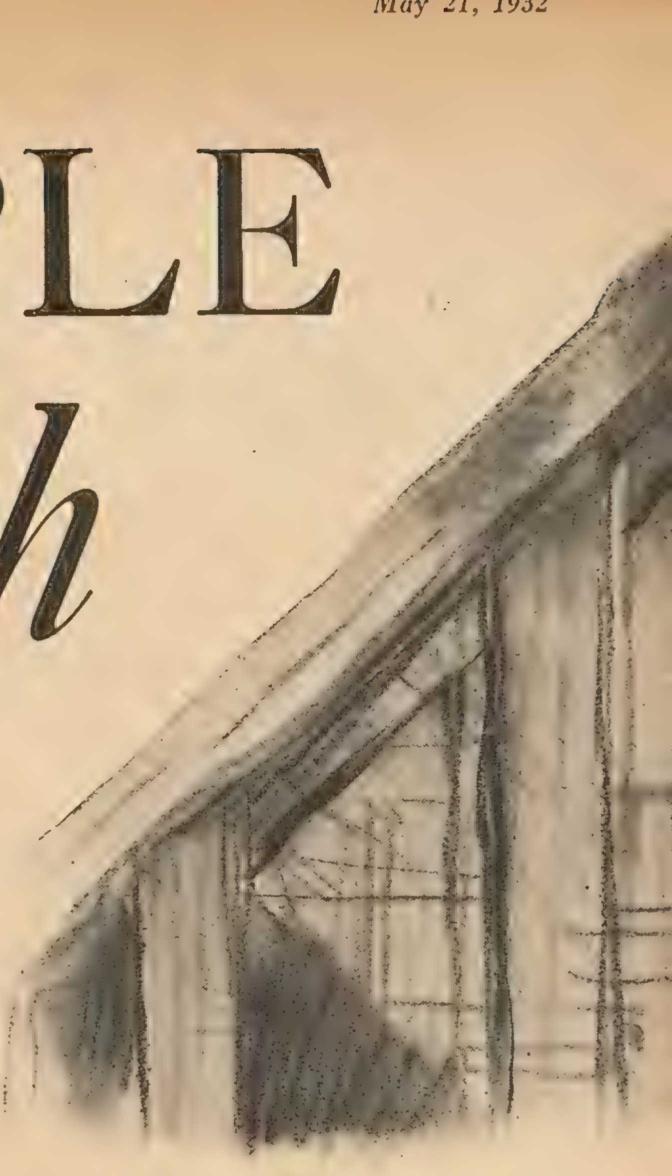
*Failed at bead Anti-skid and total mileage estimated

At the completion of this test, the facts as computed by me show that the Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire averaged 51.47% greater total mileage, and 123.42% greater anti-skid mileage than the other tires tested. At the regular retail prices at which these tires are sold, the Seiberling Air-Cooled Tire delivered this mileage at 17.61% lower cost per total mile and 44.10% lower cost per anti-skid mile than the average of the other tires tested.

Harry Tucker
Professor of Highway Engineering.

AIR-COOLED TIRES

Her PEOPLE *of the Patch*



The Story of a Young Woman's Sacrifice and a Blessing in Disguise

By CONRAD RICHTER

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

(Reading time: 36 minutes 10 seconds.)

OUTSIDE was Mahantango Street, the high avenue of the anthracite city. Inside, the room might have been Overbrook or Montclair or Brookline, except that the housegirl's shoes creaked as she came limping in.

"A person's down to see you, Miss Duffy. It's a woman. She came to the back door."

"Perhaps she's hungry," Anne Duffy said from her bed. "Did Mary talk to her?"

"Yes'm. She don't want to see Mary. She said she knew you when your father lived at the Patch."

Anne looked up instantly. How long had it been since she had heard the word, Patch?

"Did she give her name?"

"Yes'm. She said she was Mrs. Cameron."

Anne's eyes flew wide.

"About this wide and so high and talks as if she just came from Glasgow?"

"That's her, yes'm," grinned Olga. "She talked kind of foreign like."

"Heavens! What in the world could she be wanting?" Anne said to herself. She thought for a moment. Her eyes fell on the fresh linen and polished silver service of her breakfast tray. She remembered that Mrs. Cameron, with true Scotch housewifeliness, liked nice things.

"Show her up here, Olga," Anne said aloud. "She's an old friend of the family."

Olga was staring, half incredulous.

"Did you live with her at the place she called the Patch, ma'am?"

"That's Irish mining lingo, Olga," informed Anne. "You haven't been in this hard-coal country long enough to get it. It means a village or commons."

When Olga had nodded uncomprehendingly and creaked out into the hall, Anne seized her hand mirror. She smiled as she did it. She realized it was something of an unspoken compliment to Mrs. Cameron to be making sure she looked her best to a miner's wife. Anne's white, slightly freckled hands pressed back her hair. Her hair had been fiery red in childhood. Now it was lustrous copper. The face that looked back at her from the glass was oval Irish with daring eyes. Her father used to say they could have come from nowhere over the seven seas but from Ireland. They were dark slaty blue flecked with reddish brown.

She laid down the mirror and returned to her breakfast. Last night she had stepped out as usual at the Coalton country club. All she hungered for this morning was grapefruit. Doubtless she needed the black coffee, but it had tasted no better than the cocktails the previous night.

Olga poked her yellow head into the bedroom doorway. "Here's Mrs. Cameron, ma'am!" Her voice changed to a genteel air. "You can go in now and see her!"

Olga's superiority was wholly wasted on the figure that came walking briskly through the doorway, not over five feet high and built like a barrel of old-fashioned New Orleans molasses. She was dressed in aged black skirt, coat, and hat, but the drabness of the garb could not detract from a pair of shrewd, unabashed eyes. So far as her matter-of-fact ease was concerned, no one could have told that she came from a miner's shanty in the heading-riddled hills.

"Weel, weel!" she greeted cheerfully. "You're not sick, are you, Annie?"

Anne smiled and held out her hand in a gesture that showed the slender loveliness of her arm and the blue-silk folds of the robe that hung on her shoulders.

"Don't shame me, Mrs. Cameron! But it's good to see you. Sit down and make yourself comfortable. Olga!" And when that yellow head had appeared in the doorway, "Bring Mrs. Cameron a large cup of coffee and a plate of hot rolls and butter."

"Lass, lass!" protested Mrs. Cameron. "You wouldna need go to aw that!" But as she pulled up a small rose-upholstered rocker as freely as if it were her own, Anne could see that she was pleased.

"Well, what's new out in the Patch?" Anne inquired.

The first expression of soberness crossed the Scotchwoman's face. She shook her head.

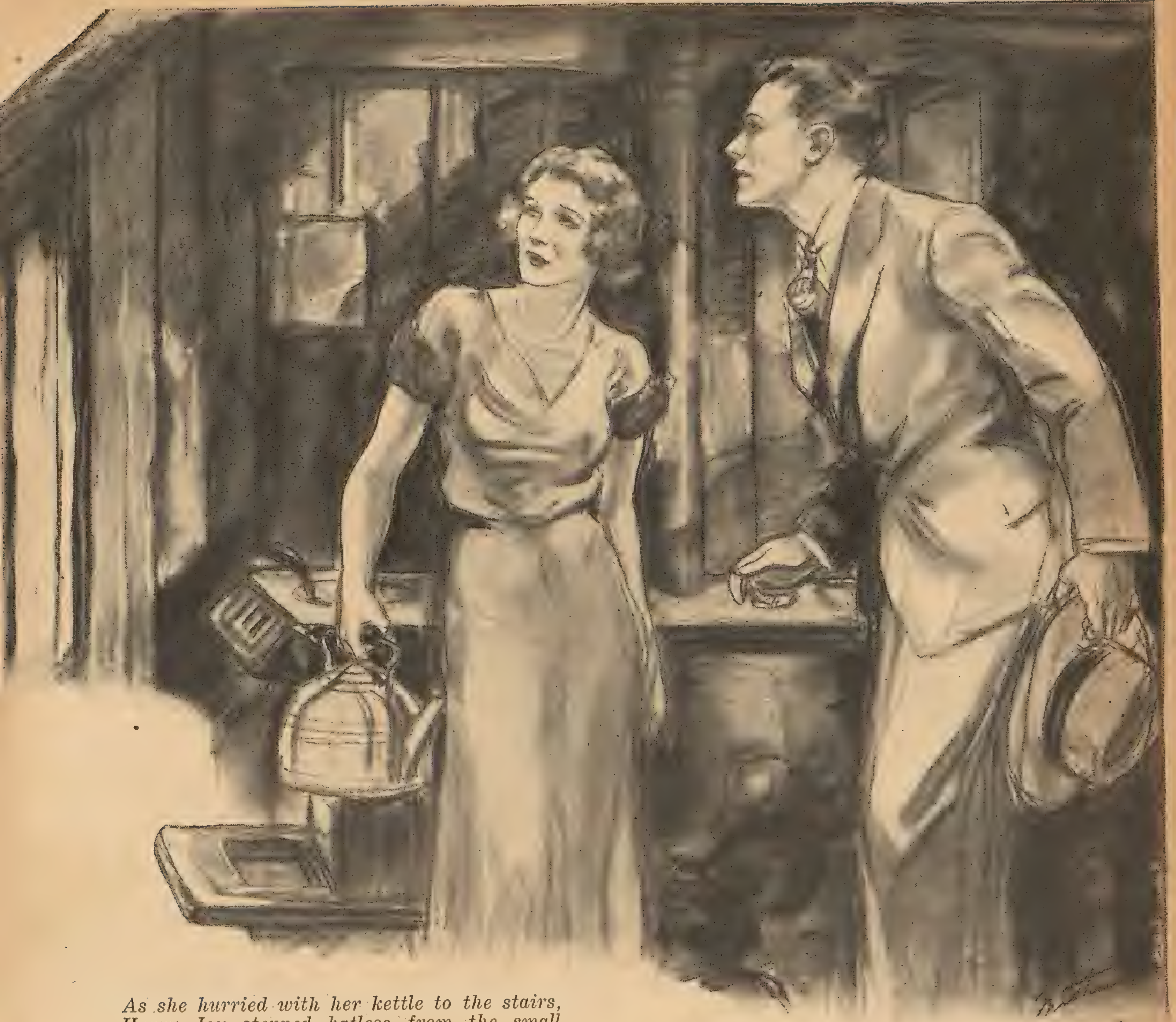
"Verra bad, Annie. It's what I come to see you aboot this day. Ruthie's verra sick. It's not me that expects the lass to walk oot again."

Anne sat up quietly behind her tray. She felt a strange emotion.

"Ruth! What's the matter with her?"

Mrs. Cameron rocked the floor for a few moments.

"I dinna want to say what's the matter with the lass, Annie. I think it's her father aucht to tell you aboot her. But I canna tell you hoo much I been thinkin' aboot the twa of you. I sit in my rocker of an evenin'—sure, it's not the fine chair this is—and canna get oot of my head that just next door is Ruthie, lyin' bad. I can see the both of you when your father, Tim Duffy, owned the North Fork colliery. I can see him and his big cigar. Sure, he was Irish and Catholic, Annie, but there wasna better. And you and Ruthie stuck together like twa ber-



As she hurried with her kettle to the stairs, Harry Joy stepped hatless from the small front room.

ries on the same rowan tree. No sisters stayed closer."

Anne said nothing for more than a minute. She knew Ruth had married and that her mother had died. And yet, had anyone asked her about Ruth Evans yesterday, the memory would have been no more than that of a dozen girls she had known at college. But now, with Mrs. Cameron's familiar body rocking before her, with her inimitable Scotch lips pursed and her thick brogue pronouncing the names of Ruth and her own father, it was almost as if she were a girl again back in the Patch, listening to the steady puff of the fan-house engine and the dull roar of the dark breaker while Ruth's black eyes danced at her and the incredibly great culm bank simmered in the sun.

"I'M only tellin' you, Annie. You'd better come verra soon if you want to see Ruthie."

Mrs. Cameron's strong Scotch lips closed with compression.

Anne stirred unhappily. As usual, things had to happen at the most awkward time.

"I'm terribly sorry to hear about Ruth, Mrs. Cameron," she said. "And I'm still sorrier I can't come and see her. But I'm leaving town today."

"You will no doot hurry back and see her," spoke Mrs. Cameron confidently.

Anne stirred with unease. What could she say? With her quick Irish impulse, she decided to tell the truth. There was no other woman with such check on her tongue as Mrs. Cameron. Why, she wouldn't even tell what was the matter with Ruth, by which Anne knew it was something not complimentary to someone.

"You'll keep a secret if I tell you?" she asked, flushing.

"Ay, and why not?" The Scotchwoman showed no surprise.

"Tomorrow a party of us are sailing from Pier Twenty-nine in New York." Anne's eyes glowed. "We're to be gone all summer—France, Switzerland, England, and perhaps Norway. If father were alive, he'd be shocked that Ireland isn't on our itinerary."

Mrs. Cameron's eyes were unreadable.

"Noo, it's Scotland you canna miss, Annie! But then I'm thinkin' you must gang where the party gangs."

"You'll not say a word to anyone, Mrs. Cameron!" Anne reminded.

"No, I ken full weel," said the Scotchwoman placidly. "With all the starvin' and sufferin' in the coal fields, people would talk."

"I knew you'd understand." Anne felt relieved. "People would attack us bitterly here in Coalton. Some merchants are nearly bankrupt. The idea of us spending

[CONTINU[illegible]

HER PEOPLE OF THE PATCH
Continued from page thirty-five

all this money for luxury and gadding around while the depression's on. Oh, I'm sick of all this depression talk, Mrs. Cameron! I can't get away too quick."

"I ken full weel," said the Scotchwoman again. This time Anne thought she detected a glint in the shrewd, bright eyes.

"Whose fault is it, here in the coal fields, Mrs. Cameron?" Anne defended warmly. "The miners' themselves! How many times I've heard father say the miners made the biggest wages and spent every penny before the next pay. You're Scotch, and you know it's true. Why should people who didn't squander all they had—people who provided against the future—have to go through all the misery of those who didn't?"

"Ay, it's a verra big problem," agreed Mrs. Cameron.

"My nerves have become wretched," Anne confessed simply. "Dr. Jenners says the sea voyage will do them a world of good."

"No doot aboot it," asserted Mrs. Cameron. "Just bein' where you canna hear aboot starvin' miners' families will help."

Anne threw the Scotchwoman a sharp glance, but this time could detect nothing in those stout pursed lips. But she had had warning. Discreetly she kept silent about other attractions of the voyage—the gay promised parties on shipboard, and the presence in the group of Harry Joy, the young president of the Penn Coal and Ore Company. Every girl in Coalton had been trying to interest him. Mrs. Cameron might approve of his dodging social events with the plea of business, but she would never have sanctioned a girl chasing him halfway around the world where he would have no such excuses.

Olga creaked in with the tray of rolls and coffee. Mrs. Cameron thanked her briskly. Anne had never seen the Scotchwoman devour food and drink with such rashness. She tipped the emptied cup high, and at last peered into it with keen regret. Her short fingers kept picking persistently at the crumbs that fell on her lap.

"You'll be having some more, Mrs. Cameron!" Anne begged.

THE Scotchwoman rose and stood the tray across a corner of the dressing stool. There were faint touches of pink in her cheeks.

"Despite all the jokin', Annie, we Scotch have our pride!" she reminded. "But I'm thankit for the piece. A body's stomach gets empty frae comin' so far, especially with breakfast by candle." She took a step toward the door. "I'm hopin' it'll be a michty grand trip for you, Annie. I wouldna keep you up the day you're gangin' awa'." She smiled her thick Scotch smile which to Anne had always seemed as if face and lips were breaking.

Anne recalled the miners' trains. They had not been running into North Fork now for more than two years.

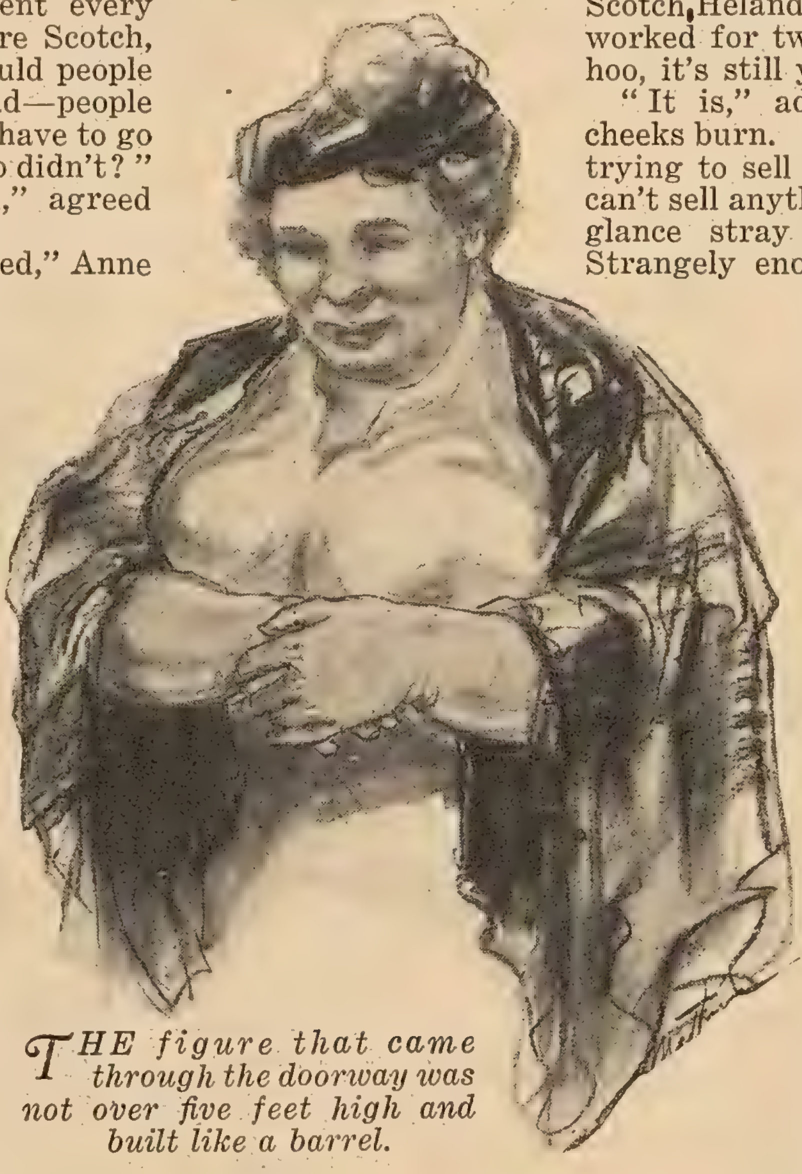
"How did you get down today?" she asked.

"Hoo?" repeated the Scotchwoman. "Ay, verra easy, Annie. I just walked."

"Walked—twenty miles!" breathed Anne. "And you're walking back?"

"I dinna ken," answered the Scotchwoman. "I hear 'at sometimes if you walk the highroad, some kindly gentleman in an automobile gi'es you a ride."

Anne lifted aside her own tray, and slipped white feet into a pair of slippers waiting on the rug. Pulling the blue-silk robe about her, she went to her bag lying on the [illegible]



THE figure that came through the doorway was not over five feet high and built like a barrel.

"You can get a bus as far as Minerstown," Anne told her, holding out the money.

"Na, na, Annie!" The Scotchwoman drew resolutely back, although her eyes remained glued to the crisp note. "I'm takin' no money frae you, Annie. And if I did, I'd walk back just the same and spend the money for a doctor for Ruthie."

"Mrs. Cameron!" Anne exclaimed, horrified. "Ruth's surely had a doctor!"

"You ken Tom Evans," answered the Scotchwoman. "Ay, the Welsh is sometimes prood and michty as the Scotch, Helander. You ken the colliery hasna worked for twa years noo and more. Anyhoo, it's still your ain colliery, isna?"

"It is," admitted Anne. She felt her cheeks burn. "A Philadelphia firm has been trying to sell it for me, but you know they can't sell anything these days." She felt her glance stray about the luxurious room. Strangely enough, everything she saw for the moment shamed her—the hangings at the plate-glass windows, the soft rugs on the waxed floor, the faintly green crêpe-de-Chine sheets on her bed, the door ajar to gleaming white bath and another to closet packed for ten feet with garments on white hangers.

"I'll be gangin' noo," said Mrs. Cameron apologetically.

"WAIT a minute!" Anne begged. She climbed back into bed and lifted the telephone. Dr. Jenners, she found, was at the hospital, but she finally reached him. "This is Anne Duffy. I have just learned that a girlhood friend is very ill at North Fork. She's a miner's daughter. Her father has been out of work, and she hasn't had a doctor. Could you run out there for me? This morning? I must know today because, you know, I'm leaving tonight. . . . Thank you, Dr. Jenners. When you get there, ask for the New Patch. Her father's name is Tom Evans." She hung up and rang her bell.

Mrs. Cameron was standing in the doorway with a look of accomplishment and pride on her sturdy face.

"The Lord gied you the same good heart like your father, lass!" the Scotchwoman told her. "I'll be gangin' noo."

In the moment that Anne hesitated she remembered clearly the four years with Ruth at high school. The first two they had come together to Coalton on the early miners' train. When Anne had been allowed to drive a car, Ruth had shared it. Only after Anne had gone to Washington to college did their intimacy lag. Ruth had stayed in the Patch and Tim Duffy had given her a job in his office which she had held until the mine had closed.

"No!" Anne spoke suddenly. "I'll run you out. I haven't been to North Fork for a long time."

"But you're gangin' awa', lass!" protested Mrs. Cameron. "Maybe I could ride out with the doctor if he has the room."

"I'm not leavin' town till tonight," Anne answered. She started toward her bath. "I want to see for myself if there's anything Ruth needs."

She thrust her head out of the partially closed door as the maid came creaking in. "Olga, take Mrs. Cameron to the living room. She's waiting for me. Then come back. I'll need you."

It was less than an hour later when Anne backed her long tan roadster out of the big garage. Down on Center Street she stopped at the curb. Mrs. Cameron, sitting somewhat stiffly on the edge of the seat, glanced across the sidewalk and saw smart show windows piled with fruit. Her strong lips closed resolutely for a moment.

" It's none of my business, Annie," she ventured, " but if it's a little money you'll be spendin' on the lass, a juicy piece of beef would be the thing. And a big bag of potatoes wouldna go bad. I promise you 'twill be the prettiest thing Tom and Ruthie and her man has seen this long time. But cut off your tongue afore you tell Tom Evans it was me told you! "

" It can't be that bad, Mrs. Cameron! " protested Anne, shocked.

" Ay, but it can," nodded the Scotchwoman.

They left the state highway at last for a dark dirt road winding through a gap in the mountain. The road was full of holes, and Anne had to put her car into second gear to avoid bouncing the Scotchwoman through the top. Presently they crossed a stream thickly lined with rhododendron.

" Why, the fork isn't black! " exclaimed Anne. " I never saw it like this."

" And you never saw the colliery idle two whole years, lass! " reminded Mrs. Cameron.

Anne drove for a time in silence.

" I always thought, as a girl, it was terrible for father to make the water so dirty. Now I wonder if it wasn't better than this."

Mrs. Cameron nodded sagely.

" Ay, it's what I've heard others sayin'."

THREE miles, and a sudden turn in the road brought them out into the little three-cornered valley. On the other side of the stream the railroad curved to the huge black bulk of the silent breaker. Beyond, rose the gigantic pile of culm, shining in the sun.

" Nothing ever looked so high to me when I was a little girl," confessed Anne. " I thought my father was the greatest man in the world for getting all that slate out of the middle of the earth."

" Ay, he was the great man! " stoutly insisted Mrs. Cameron. " I can still see the man with his cigar in his mooth. Jamie said he threw away enough half smoked to keep him in chewin' tobacco till he died."

" We used to slide down on barrel staves," Anne went on. " Ruth and I never went up so high as the Donahue boys. They used to start from the top, and before they got to bottom they were often rolling head over heels."

" Them black Donahue lads! " The Scotchwoman shook her head. " And they say the wee one's a policeman on a horse now in Atlantic City."

" The laurel's in bloom! " breathed Anne slowly. From around the breaker a round hill was slowly coming into view, its sides and crown buried under clumps of bright pink and white. Against the grime of the breaker it was like some delicate miracle.

" Ay, and weel I mind," said Mrs. Cameron grimly, " the time I told you lasses hoo the goats died if they ate of the leaves. Didna the both of ye have to sneak up that day yet and nibble it like sheep! Ruth, you mind, had a terrible pain, but you never felt a stitch, and your father said you canna kill the Irish."

The road was dull black now. The car swung around the breaker, and there was the Patch! How dreary and utterly desolate it looked! The paint on the company houses that had once been a heavy red had faded and peeled. Anne felt a strange emotion when she saw the house in which she had been born—not in a row like the others and easily as big as three. Once upon a time that house had been a palace. Ruth used to open her eyes wide when she entered it. Returning to it from the tiny Evans company house, Anne had felt herself a princess and her father the king.

The road was better now. Here lay the Green Patch where the boys had played ball. Only a few goats ranged it today. There was the house of Will Pengelly, the most famous man in the Patch in his day. He had dropped into an air hole one night while hunting coon, and had lain there four days and nights with a broken leg until Tim Duffy had thought to take out the dog that had come back to the house alone. Afterward the Donahue boys had secretly taken Anne and Ruth to see the air hole. They

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe, 1931

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HER PEOPLE OF THE PATCH
Continued from page thirty-seven

had found it drifted with leaves but the center dropped away into a deep black pit. When the fearless Donahue boys had thrown stones, it seemed an eternity until somewhere down in that blackness she could hear them strike bottom.

She passed the small shanties where miners from across the mountain had "batched" from Monday to Saturday. Most of the Patch boys used to boast that here they were going to live some day—no wife or family—just themselves, to do as they pleased. In the old days these small one-man shanties had been covered outside with tar paper and lath. Most of the tar paper was gone today. Some of the doors stood open to wind and weather.

The big tan roadster swung slowly around the great curve of the culm bank, and there against the far side of the mountain was the small cluster of dull red houses known as the New Patch. Vines still climbed over the front porches scarcely larger than train platforms. An air of homy seclusion rose from its nest against the green of the mountain. It seemed separate from breaker and mine.

"The doctor's come," observed Mrs. Cameron, her eyes solemnly peering through the windshield at a car standing at the first small house.

Anne halted her roadster by the doctor's car.

"Perhaps you'd better take these things around the back way, Mrs. Cameron."

"Ay; you rap on the front!" nodded the Scotchwoman. "That'll take Tom out of my way in the back." She gathered up the bundles.

Anne knocked on the front door. A tall, gaunt man opened it. He stared at her with deep, dull eyes.

"I'm Annie Duffy, Mr. Evans," she said, and held out her hand.

The rugged face of the miner, disfigured with the blue marks of his profession, did not soften, but a cloud rose in his somber eyes. Anne felt a long arm reach out and around her. It seemed strange to be hugged by a stern, relentless miner like Tom Evans. It was the last thing she had expected. Just for the moment, here in this place, she had the feeling the embrace was her father's.

He took her into the small front room. A rush of forgotten sensations came over her as her eyes fell on the familiar ingrain carpet with the yellow flower design, the little brown organ with its white stops, the old Welsh open grate for burning coal, empty and clean now as the yellow woodwork, the same V-shaped device on the wall for newspapers, and the printed card which said, "God Is the Unseen Head of This House."

"I guess it's not the same here!" stammered Tom Evans.

"I'm surprised," Anne told him, "how much is the same."

BEFORE she could ask about Ruth, Dr. Jenners appeared from the yellow door which, Anne knew, led from the foot of the steep, sharply winding stairs to the modest second floor. She had never seen his young face so professionally stern.

"How is she, Dr. Jenners?" she begged.

"She'll be all right," he said, "when she has real food inside of her and hope in her head." His eyes flashed. "I know times are bad, but it's a crime against helpless women and children when a mine like this is left idle for two whole years. If it would work only two days a week, it would keep up life and courage. I just told her husband, when I get back to town I'll see what I can do. If nothing else, I can at least blister up a few backs. Maybe you can tell me, Mr. Evans, who owns this colliery?"

The sunken eyes of the tall, spare miner stared at him.

"I'm not so well posted, doctor—" he stammered.

"You mean," said the physician grimly, "you're staying here and don't even know—"

"Certainly he knows, Dr. Jenners!" interrupted Anne quietly. "The North Fork colliery belongs to me."

"You!" Dr. Jenners' eyes widened and burned on her. Then he turned on his heel and went out.

"I'm sorry, Annie!" faltered Tom Evans.

Anne Duffy scarcely heard him. She had stepped entirely aside from herself. She let clamoring Irish impulses take charge.

"I don't know how long it will take to get the water out of the mine, Mr. Evans. But when that's done, we're starting work two days a week. I insist upon you taking this small pay in advance." She laid a note on the organ. "See that Ruth has what she needs. I'll be back to see her when she's stronger." She turned from the surprised miner and hurried out to her car.

Once in Coalton, away from the spell of the Patch, the silent breaker, and the little red company house where Ruth lay, it was harder to cancel her rosy plans for the sea, Europe, and escape. Those of the party who had not yet gone on to New York coaxed and argued over the telephone. Anne held her ground with all the sharp insistence of her dead father. Business matters had turned up in regard to her North Fork colliery, she said, and she couldn't possibly get away.

WHEN the train bearing the others had gone, she felt her first relief from the strain. Her overnight reservations on the train were canceled by telephone, those on the boat by wire. There should be refunds on both. She would need all her resources to help finance the colliery until sales could be made of coal. God knew when that would be. She was aware that the storage yards of the Penn Coal and Ore Company at Morristy were piled high. It would be cheaper, of course, to establish a free kitchen in the Patch. But she knew the miners would rather work one day a week. So would her father, if he were living.

Despite the droughts, plenty of water had accumulated in the lower gangway and headings. The great centrifugal pumps kept spouting their streams of sulphur yellow. It was good once more to see heat waves rising from the stacks of the boiler house, and when the slope was open again, and the second level sending up coal, Anne stood near the solitude of the fan house to watch and listen. She had forgotten that the sounds of a mine could be so satisfying—almost beautiful—the patient, ceaseless puff of engines, a sound she had remembered from childhood, the ring of cables on the hoist drum, the familiar roar of loaded wagons bursting out from the dark slope, and the crash as they were dumped into the top of the breaker.

Oh, secret longings for France, for the open blue sea, for gay parties on shipboard, and for dancing in the open moonlight had come aplenty the first weeks. But here at the colliery they never lasted long. Most times she would not have traded the dull continuous thunder of the breaker for the hoarse whistle of tugs or the deep resonance of Alpine horns. She missed the scent of the sea and strange ports, but here she had the wine fragrance of freshly sawn mine ties and prop and lagging timber still green from the woods. She couldn't see the horses running at Longchamps, but she could see the North Fork running black again, and grimy-faced miners, tin bucket and coffee bottle slung over shoulders, running for home and supper down the side hill after work in the custom of anthracite miners which has never been explained and perhaps never will.

It was good to let her mind rest on the pleasant thought that Ruth was better, that the baby coming had a good father—a boyish Welsh miner with glasses, a singing voice like a bell, and a great reader. He had long since sold all his books to buy flour and cheap cuts of meat, but Ruth had told her she would see that he bought his books back again. It was a great responsibility, Anne told herself, to have these men and women, lads and lassies, dependent on her for bread and for a little happiness in life.

She dared not fail them. If her father were alive, she'd have had no fear. But alone! And soft from city living! Of course, she had her bosses who assumed all the responsibility of mining but none of financing and marketing. Right now, instead of the brittle clatter of coal into freshly constructed bins beside the breaker, she should be hearing the sharp clang of coal chuted into waiting steel ready to be railroaded to the markets of the East.

When enough tonnage had been mined to figure costs, she took a list of her father's old customers and left for Philadelphia. She did not hurry. She wanted to be fresh and rested for battle. At nine o'clock next morning she was waiting in the anteroom of the buyer of Fleming Brothers who ran a full twoscore of retail yards in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. As she sat there waiting for the signal to go over the top, she suddenly knew why her father had chewed a cigar. If only she were a man and could chew one now!

THE first thing that caught her eye when admitted to the office was a huge lump of coal on a yellow pedestal. The big man behind the buyer's desk received her gently—too gently, she told herself. Of course, he had known her father. He admitted that North Fork red-ash coal had always given satisfaction. But the coal business was shot right now. Oil furnaces had cut into it terrifically. The depression had squeezed the home buyer. To top it off, they had had the warmest winter in years. They sold less red ash than formerly on account of the price. It was bought from a large producer whose entire line they carried at all yards.

"Red ash has always cost more than white," Anne said. "But my prices are less!" She read off her figures for broken, stove, egg, nut, and pea. "That's delivered. Of course, I expect you to pay the freight and deduct it, as you did for my father."

"It's better than we've been paying," admitted the buyer, unhappily it seemed to Anne.

"It's net cost," she confessed. "Not counting a penny for taxes and what overhead I have to stand for whether the mine runs or not. All I want is to give the men two or three days' work a week—so they have enough to eat."

The buyer seemed uncomfortable. If hers were the better prices, Anne asked herself, why didn't he jump at them and give her some orders? Some business men were very curious.

"Can you come back at eleven?" he asked at length.

Anne could, and did. But she reached the building much too soon. After walking twice around the block, she was still five minutes ahead of her appointment. She took a chair and asked the girl not to announce her until eleven.

The door opened and a figure burst out. It was not the heavy, leisurely form of the buyer, but an athletic,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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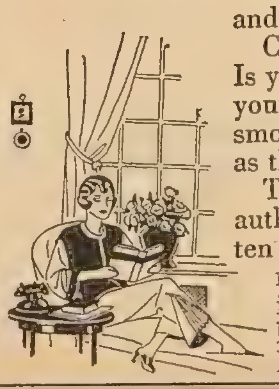


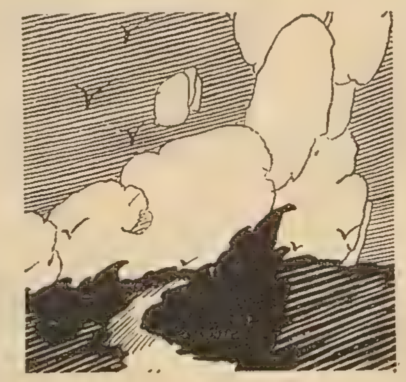
HER PEOPLE OF THE PATCH
Continued from page thirty-nine

well groomed chap in his early thirties. Anne stared at him. There were pink spots in his well tanned cheeks, and his eyes kindled with a sort of resolute business anger. For the moment they lighted on Anne they flared like twin forges.

“Hello! Miss Duffy! Well, this is a surprise!” He spoke with an irony that Anne's sharp Irish ears did not miss.

“A double surprise,” she confessed cheerfully. “I expected by this time we'd both be climbing the Matterhorn or seeing the midnight sun.”

“Yes?” he mocked her.



“BUSINESS made me change my plans at the last minute!” She looked him straight in the eye.

“It was too good business to let slip, wasn't it?” he agreed sarcastically. “Your only red-ash competitor, outside of the Susquehanna Coal, gone to Europe for a few months! What a chance to cut prices and steal his business!”

“As if I'd be afraid to steal your business in front of you!” scorned Anne. Was this, she asked herself, the person she had wanted to run halfway around the world after? Her father used to say that the older presidents of the P. C. & O. seldom left their big office building in Coalton except for their equally big offices in Philadelphia. When she had heard of this new young president going burrowing around into collieries three weeks out of four, asking more questions than a general superintendent, talking even with mule drivers and slate pickers, she had thought the modern, human type of business man had arrived. And here he was, every whit as hard-boiled and apoplectic as the old war horses her father had fought with.

“Perhaps after the Penn Coal and Ore gets through with you,” he smiled, “you may wish you had kept your mine closed down.”

“Is that a threat?” she asked coldly.

“A prediction.” His eyes had grown hard as her voice. “Please remember you started this war!” He started away.

“Yes?” called Anne. Her Irish blood was boiling. “Well, next time don't say you're going somewhere you aren't. Then you won't have to accuse a little independent of trying to take advantage of the big, powerful P. C. & O.”

He whirled.

“I never said I was going. All I told them was I'd like to get away—and I'd try to. If any of those high-flying friends of yours had ever earned their living, they'd know the active head of a live concern can't get away to Europe when his business is in the red.”

“Isn't it funny,” agreed Anne, “how rude a man can be when his business goes in the red! Isn't it fortunate you've had no wife to take it out on the last two years!”

He stared at her, choking with anger. Then he left, slamming the door.

When Anne turned, Mr. Crosswaithe, the buyer, was standing uncomfortably in the doorway. He took her into his office and closed the door.

“I'm distressed about this, Miss Duffy. I'll lay my cards on the table. We buy the full line of the Penn Coal and Ore—millions a year. The relations between the Fleming boys and the P. C. & O. are very close. You understand, we couldn't throw them down without giving them a chance to meet your prices. That's what I did. Unfortunately for you, Mr. Joy was in their local offices. He rushed right over. He claims they're losing money at the old figures, and your new cut prices made him wild. I'm afraid your coming in here's only got you in deeper water.”

“I'll be satisfied with a trial order for a few cars!” Anne's eyes met his steadily.

“I wish I could,” he groaned. “The truth is he's met your prices on red ash. His office is writing and telephoning the cut to every dealer he thinks you'll reach. He's offering extra tonnage discounts on the whole line. That means no dealer can buy from you without cutting off his own head.”

Anne sat looking quietly at the buyer. Her white hands lay clenched in her lap. At last she rose.

“I'm sorry not to land you as a customer. But I'm not licked.”

“You can't produce coal and not sell it!” reminded Mr. Crosswaithe kindly. “I'd close down the mine until business improves. The fact that Joy won't take orders at the new cut prices for future delivery shows he knows you can't last long.”

“And how would you have my miners eat until business improves?” Anne asked without bitterness. “I appreciate your seeing me, Mr. Crosswaithe. If you ever feel you owe me anything for getting you lower prices on your red ash, send me a few orders.”

ANNE spent a week in the big city. She returned to North Fork with orders for only a few cars, and those for September delivery, subject to cancellation. All the way home her Irish impulsiveness sagged.

Approaching the colliery next morning, she showed none of her feelings. Young Williams, Ruth's husband, doffed his black cap to her from the tipple, and Old Man Donahue, the outside foreman, lifted the pipe from his mouth in salute.

“They think I've brought back a briefcase full of orders,” she said to herself. “And for the present I'm not going to tell them anything different.”

She put in a hard morning. Her desk was piled with scale sheets, letters, figures from the timekeeper, bills for mine timber and powder. She ate the lunch Mary put up for her daily in the kitchen of her yellow house on Mahantango Street. After that she walked up to her sanctuary of the fan house. She wanted to pull herself together. If it were fall, she could deliver coal retail to Coalton and even as far as Reading by truck. Sooner antagonize home dealers than let her people starve. The

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They recommend Nyal products for your safety

Miners National Bank, to whom she had applied for a loan, advised that they were sending up an investigator, but gave little hope for the loan. Running an anthracite colliery, she began to realize, was far more extravagant than going to Europe.

She stayed more than an hour. Halfway back to the office she met Bobbie, aged ten, the youngest of the Cameron clan. His face looked worried. He was panting as if he had run all the way from the New Patch.

"You're to call up the doctor, Miss Annie!" he stammered. "Ruthie's awful sick. Mother's thinkin' the baby'll be here before she thought."

Anne gave only a second glance at the young Scotch face, and hurried to the office. Dr. Jenners was out on a call, but his office nurse was sure he would telephone or come in within a few minutes. She would send him out at once.

As Anne hurried down to her parked car with the boy, young Williams leaned anxiously from the tipple.

"Nothin' wrong, is there?" he shouted.

Anne waved her hand reassuringly to him, and drove away. When she entered the Evans house, Mrs. Cameron called immediately down the steep staircase.

"He dinna say he wasna comin'?"

"He's coming soon as he can," promised Anne, running lightly up the stairs.

"Ou, the man better!" informed Mrs. Cameron. "Mrs. McGonnel's gaed awa' for the day. Naebody's in the New Patch but what you see here."

Anne was busying herself about the tiny bedroom, trying to make Ruth more comfortable, when a knock came at the front door. She hurried down. It was Terry, the timekeeper.

"A man's at the office!" he sputtered. "He says I must let him have all the company books and papers."

"It's the investigator from the bank!" said Anne.

"Must I buckle down to him?" demanded Terry.

"No," said Anne. "But you must handle him carefully. Ask him please to wait until I get down. Tell him I'm engaged with an important business matter and will come when I can."

TERRY nodded. He looked unhappy. Anne watched him as he hurried away. "That's the black luck of the Irish!" she muttered. "They get all the bad breaks. If that banker finds I've run off from my colliery just to help a baby come into the world, he'll never loan me a dollar." A thought stabbed her. "I should have told Terry not to tell him where I am!"

A call from Mrs. Cameron sent her running up the steep flight again. The Miners National Bank would have to wait. There were more important things in this world than bankers and banking. She tried to calm the frightened and pain-ridden girl. In a few moments the caller was forgotten.

When the sound of a car came from the dark road, Mrs. Cameron bent down to throw a glance out of the low window.

"Ay, that doctor'd better come," she announced, "or he'll miss the bairn."

At the first sound of a foot on the front steps, Anne ran down. At the front door she drew back with dismay. It was not Dr. Jenners, but the athletic figure of Harry Joy of the Penn Coal and Ore Company. His lip curled a bit at her.

"I'm extremely sorry to interrupt the important business of the North Fork colliery," he began ironically.

The groan of a girl in pain, ending with a sharp cry of terror, halted him in mid-sentence. The mockery dropped from his face.

"Annie!" shouted Mrs. Cameron's brogue from upstairs. "Bring me my hot water! Ha'e the doctor come awa' up!"

ANNE rushed into the kitchen that served also as the Evans dining room. She tested the water in the teakettle, then lifted a lid and peered into the stove. As she hurried with her kettle to the perpendicular stairs, Harry Joy stepped hatless from the small front room. His face was grave.

"Anything I can do? Perhaps hurry up the doctor?"

"The doctor's coming," Anne shot at him. "But we forgot the fire. It's almost out. If you'd want to, you might find some wood in the back yard and get it going."

When she returned to refill the kettle and put it on again, she found a coat and hat lying on a kitchen chair while the sound of an ax echoed from the woodpile. She did not come down again for some time. When she did, the kitchen felt like a stove, and the young president of the Penn Coal and Ore Company looked at her with unreadable eyes.

"Your water's hot," he mentioned.

"Thanks," said Anne, but made no move to take it.

He did not speak for a stiff interval.

"How's the patient?"

"I'm hoping she'll be all right," Anne said slowly. "It's a baby."

"Oh, I see." He glanced at her. "Your sister's?"

"No."

"No relation?"

"None except friendship," said Anne coldly.

She found his eyes regarding her.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"What in the world about?" she inquired.

"Certain things I've been thinking about you."

"You don't need to beg my pardon for thinking my sister lived in this miner's house."

"I didn't mean that," he said; then, after a moment, "I still beg your pardon."

A foot struck the vine-clad porch steps.

"Sorry I'm late!" Dr. Jenners' young face was earnest as he entered without knocking and made for the stairs.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Is this failing confined to the feminine sex?"

SINCE WHEN?

chorus the women

A woman from California is the author of a rather scathing letter we have just received.

"I seem to be getting a little weary of the advice you heap upon us women about perspiration odor.

"*We* must realize the danger. *We* must not risk disillusioning the men. *We* must use something regularly, other than our daily bath.

"All right, we admit it. And most of us do something about it.

"But since when has perspiration odor become a failing of the feminine sex exclusively? Don't men perspire? Is there any good reason why *they* shouldn't do something about it?

"Call us unreasonable if you dare."

Well, we don't dare, do we, men? Why not look at this thing squarely—especially since perspiration odor is such an easy thing to avoid?

Just half a minute morning or evening when you dress is all you need. A little Mum rubbed under each arm and you *can't* offend with perspiration odor.

Mum is an instant cream deodorant. It's harmless to skin and clothing. It doesn't interfere with natural perspiration processes—just destroys body odor.

Keep a jar of Mum in the bathroom; take it in your traveling bag; it can't spill or scatter. Be safe *all* day *every* day—with Mum. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

USE MUM ON BURNING FEET. When your feet are hot and perspiring rub lightly with Mum. It is so soothing and cooling. Destroys every trace of odor and keeps hose fresher.

NOW $5.95

GENERAL ELECTRIC

HOTPOINT TOASTER DE LUXE

until now $8.50

gleaming chromeplate finish that lasts indefinitely and never tarnishes

Here is 1932's greatest value in toasters . . . and it's easy to see why! Graceful design . . . an ornament to any table...gleaming chromeplate finish that never tarnishes...Cool, Calmold turn knobs to raise and lower the sides, automatically turning the toast...Double capacity, toasts two large size slices at a time...And the finest of all heating elements: the same India mica core that we put into our most expensive models.

This is surely a toaster you can be delighted to own—especially at the new low price. Your electrical dealer has it, and will gladly show it to you. Wouldn't it be nice to use one at tomorrow's breakfast!

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Hotpoint

General Electric Company, Merchandise Dept.
Section E-515, Bridgeport, Conn.

Of special interest to women—Join the "G-E Circle"—on the air every week day (except Saturday) at noon E.S.T. For the entire family, "Just a Song at Twilight" Sunday afternoon 5:30-6:00 E.S.T. over a nation-wide N.B.C. network.

HER PEOPLE OF THE PATCH
Continued from page forty-one

Anne followed him. She did not come down until well after a baby's wail had drifted through the small house. Harry Joy was waiting.

"If everything's all right," he said respectfully, "we might run down to the office and straighten out our deal."

Anne stared at him.

"What deal?"

He gave her a sharp glance.

"I had a long-distance call this morning. Our Philadelphia office closed with your broker for the North Fork colliery. Not that we wanted to precisely, but our low red-ash prices were playing the dickens with the white. Hasn't your broker wired?"

"It probably went to my house in town," Anne thought aloud.

"We're taking the colliery over as of business tomorrow," he mentioned.

Anne Duffy felt the exquisite swim of relief—until stabbed by fear.

"I can't let you take it over and let it lie! I know the people here. They must eat and live—"

"That's all right, Miss Duffy." Harry Joy spoke in a curiously changed voice. "We'll not close it down more than three or four days a week." He stirred. "You don't suppose I'd help you bring a baby into the world, and then cut off its bread! Is it a boy or girl?"

"A boy," said Anne. Her eyes flashed for a moment like the sun on pieces of slate on the culm bank. "I've a notion to ask them to call it Harry."

"He'd probably survive it," said the young president of the P. C. & O. He looked at her. All the business was gone from his eyes now. "Perhaps," he added quietly, "you'd call me Harry too?"

Each drove his own car away. Halfway to the office they met young Williams and old Tom Evans cutting across the edge of the culm bank. Anne leaned out of the window and stopped the car.

"I saw the doctor go up!" the young husband begged. "I sent word in on the trip to Tom. He thought we better come up. Donahue's unloading my wagons."

"Sure, that's all right," said Anne. "Ruth and the baby are fine. It's a boy." Not for days did she forget the sudden light that illuminated both black faces.

When Anne stepped from the car at the office, she heard the breaker's deep, heavy hum. A trip of loaded wagons roared out of the slope. From the hill came the patient puff of the fan-house engine.

"I wonder if I'd let it go," Anne reflected aloud, "if I didn't have to!"

Harry Joy stood waiting for her. He did not speak, but his eyes held a curious expression. They seemed to say, "Perhaps you won't be letting it go so much as you think, Annie!"

THE END

DETECTOGRAM

BY H. A. RIPLEY

PROFESSOR STIGGINS is head of the department of criminology at a famous university. As assistant to the police in particularly puzzling cases, he has earned a reputation as a master of deduction and "alibi buster." These little problems, taken from his case book, contain every clue necessary for solution, and there is only one possible answer to each.

No. 10—Murder at Coney Island

INSPECTOR KELLEY and Professor Stiggins were seated in the former's office when Policeman Fanning and his charge entered. After Fanning's hurried explanation, Jasper told his story:

"I'm the ticket taker on a merry-go-round at Coney Island. This bein' Saturday, we had a big crowd. The trip was almost over when I reached out saying, 'Ticket, please,' and I see this woman sittin' up in the middle of the chariot with that terrible look on her face. She didn't answer, and when I shook her she slumped over in the corner. I screamed, jumped off, and ran for the manager. I got this blood on my hand when I shook her.

"Yes, sir, she'd ridden before—a couple of times—and I seen the man she was with on the two rides before. He jumped off just before I got to her. Just happened to see him."

"The doctor said she had been stabbed through the heart and had died instantly?" Professor Stiggins asked the policeman.

"That's right, sir."

"It seems strange, Jasper," remarked the professor, "that you can give such a good description of this woman's companion on two previous rides when you just 'happened' to notice him jump off. Does the merry-go-round ever make you dizzy?"

"No, sir; I'm used to it."

"Well, inspector," said the professor, turning to his friend, "I suppose you are going to hold this man?"

"Certainly," replied Kelley. "That's just about the weakest story of a murder I've ever heard."

WHAT JUSTIFIED THE POLICE IN HOLDING JASPER?

The solution will be found on page 51

Mata Hari's FATAL ERROR

Why the Famous Spy Was Willing to Die

By LEYLA GEORGIE

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

Mata Hari as she looked in the days of her glory, before the war.

IT was in the Blue Train rushing madly from Brussels to Paris that the man spoke to me. Traveling was dull, and so we had cocktails together.

With a kind, understanding look in his eyes, he asked why I seemed so depressed. I told him how my show had failed in Paris.

He smiled and took my hand.

"Little girl, don't be childish. You are so young, so many things can happen to you yet. Why, the life of a woman lasts as long as she is fascinating! Yes; just about as long as that."

. . . . .

Let me tell you [he continued] a story of one whom we all know of. I mean Mata Hari, the most colorful of spies, who in the end was court-martialed and shot.

Throughout Europe, before she was revealed as a spy, that glamorous creature—half Javanese, half Dutch—was renowned as a dancer and a charmer. She was in Spain when it became known in diplomatic circles that a warrant had been issued for her arrest.

She was just leaving the Palace Hotel in Madrid when the Dutch *chargé d'affaires* stepped up to her car and whispered in her ear that it would be safer not to go to France—now.

She laughed, her white teeth flashing, and put one of her jewel-covered hands on the young diplomat's shoulder. She looked into his eyes.

"My young friend," she said. "Tell me. What can happen to me?"

"Madame, they will arrest you. They will court-martial you," he insisted. "Please—oh, please don't go!"

She patted his hand.

"Don't be upset, young man. Explain. What does it mean—court-martial?"

"Madame, in your case it means death. They must already have the proof, to be able to arrest you. Nothing can save you. And—oh, you are so beautiful and young!"

Mata Hari's face became serious for a moment.

"Tell me, what is a court-martial like? Is it a trial? Is there a jury? Whom does the jury consist of?"

"Of twelve hard-boiled soldiers," he told her. "Twelve who think nothing of loveliness. All they know is duty."

Mata Hari lit a Russian cigarette. He awaited her decision with anxious eyes.

"Listen," she said at last, between smoke puffs. "Twelve *men*, eh? There are no twelve *men* in the world who would let Mata Hari be shot to death. Go back to your embassy and make your mind easy, as mine is. Mata Hari's life is always safe when it depends upon men."

The young Dutchman knew it would be useless to say more. His eyes glistened; perhaps there were tears in them. "Pleasant journey, madame," he murmured; and the car rolled off toward the depot.

The nearer her train got to France, the surer Mata Hari was of herself. Arriving, she hurried to her apartment, glad to be home again. She was about to plunge into a perfumed hot bath when her maid entered.

"Madame, there are gentlemen from the police. What shall I say to them?"

She calmly slipped on a brocade negligee and went in to receive these policemen. *Men*, were they not? Well, that was all that mattered.

At first, not even the stony-faced sergeant could utter the words to tell her she was under arrest. Finally they managed, among them, to let her know it.

She smiled graciously and bade the maid bring her sable coat.

She drove to the station in her own limousine, and was shown to a cell as if she had been a princess honoring some hovel with a visit.

She was going on trial soon, they said; just when, they did not know. All the time they were talking she, with her charm, was smiling.

The trial was postponed and the postponement was repeated. A year went by. Then came the day, at last.

The year in prison had left its mark upon Mata Hari. She was still beautiful, but the glorious light was gone from her almond eyes.

Throughout the trial she remained calm. The jury? The young Dutchman had been right. They were all hard, cold soldiers. But they were men. She knew her power over men. It had yet to fail her.

AND then the jury brought in a verdict. She was bidden to stand up to hear it. "Guilty." To be shot at sunrise!

She did not need the formal pronouncing of sentence to tell her this verdict meant that.

A roar of sympathy was heard—there were many men in the room. One juryman approached her. He gave her a handshake. He had been the youngest of the twelve; a young captain.

He whispered: "I tried to save you—"

She opened those lips that almost any man would have given much to kiss, and her voice was composed and cool.

"It's all right, captain. I don't mind dying. My life is ended, anyway, the moment that any twelve *men* can find *me* guilty. That is the real end of me; not what will happen at sunrise. I have lost something, something that was my life—my charm. But thank you."

. . . . .

"You see?" the man on the Blue Train concluded. "Her charm's failure *is* the real end of a woman. And don't you see how childish *your* tiny troubles are?"

"But how do you know her story so well?" I asked.

He smiled with resignation.

"Well, little girl, if you must be told, I was that man—that captain on the jury."

THE END

Lionel Barrymore and Joan Crawford, two of the galaxy of stars in Grand Hotel.

Rose Hobart and Charles Bickford head the cast in Scandal for Sale.

The ALL-

The Screen Version of Grand Hôtel
A Newspaper Talkie and

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 5 minutes 55 seconds.)

THE first of the all-star films has arrived from Hollywood.

It is Grand Hotel, boasting five stars—one Garbo, two Barrymores, one Crawford, and one Beery—as well as any number of lesser screen luminaries in minor rôles.

Since Grand Hotel is off to at least a substantial hit, you may count upon more productions featuring four or five Hollywood big names. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer started something with Grand Hotel.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ GRAND HOTEL

CAST

Grusinskaya, the dancer	Greta Garbo
The Baron	John Barrymore
Flaemmchen	Joan Crawford
General Director Preysing	Wallace Beery
Otto Kringelein	Lionel Barrymore
Dr. Otternschlag	Lewis Stone
Senf, the porter	Jean Hersholt
Meierheim	Robert McWade
Zinnowitz	Purnell B. Pratt
Pimenov	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Suzette	Rafaela Ottiano
Chauffeur	Morgan Wallace
Gerstenkorn	Tully Marshall
Rohna	Frank Conroy

Directed by Edmund Goulding.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Grand Hotel, Vicki Baum's swiftly moving novel and play of human passions working out their destinies within the ornate walls of a great Berlin hostelry, has been developed into what is, I am sure, the best picture of 1932.

Miss Baum built her story around five guests who meet by chance within the gilded, impersonal hotel walls and whose variegated fears, ambitions, and desires momentarily disturb the smooth machinery of the great establishment.

There is a famous Russian dancer, lonely, moody, and utterly tired of the world; a desperate baron, black sheep of his family, plotting to steal the jewels of the ballerina; a hard and ruthless textile magnate, face to face with ruin if he cannot put through a business merger; one of his old clerks, told by doctors that he has but a few months to live and bent upon spending his savings in one whirling taste of life; and a wise little stenographer, plaything of men and fate.

Actually the chief rôle is that of the hotel, " where someone else sleeps in our beds when we leave," for Miss Baum has used the hotel as a symbol of life with its transient guests. As for the guests themselves, nobody is going to agree as to the best performance.

My own vote goes to Lionel Barrymore. To me, he steals the picture as the shabby old clerk condemned to die and intent upon one fling at life before he goes. Barrymore invests the rôle with infinitely moving humor and pathos—this man marked for death and clumsily striving after the things he has longed for through all his years of struggle.

Joan Crawford gives a vibrant vitality to the rôle of Flaemmchen, the little stenographer who takes what she can with a shrug. This is Miss Crawford's best film performance.

Grusinskaya, the dancer, is not Greta Garbo's greatest rôle, but she brings to it the proper amount of romance, mystery, and inner tensity. John Barrymore (a romantic lead at fifty) does the baron with more charm and expertness, less affectation, than any part he has ever played in films. And Wallace Beery portrays the magnate with power.

There are minor rôles—Lewis Stone as a battle-scarred and embittered war veteran and Jean Hersholt as the harassed hotel porter waiting for news of an expected baby—that lend realism to the proceedings.

I believe you will find Grand Hotel tremendously compelling, thanks to the brilliant acting, the potency of the

Sally Eilers and Spencer Tracy in Disorderly Conduct.

Doris Kenyon and Tommy Conlon in Young America.

STAR *Parade*

naugurates a New Era in Films;
wo Others of Big-City Life

AMES SMITH

story, the smoothness of the adaptation. Edmund Goulding's direction is not to be dismissed lightly, for he brought the flashing acting of an all-star cast to its height and he admirably sustained the atmosphere.

This, movie fans, is the screen event of 1932.

★ ★ ½ SCANDAL FOR SALE

CAST

Jerry Strong	Charles Bickford
Claire Strong	Rose Hobart
Waddell	Pat O'Brien
Dorothy Pepper	Claudia Dell
Treadway	J. Farrell MacDonald
Transatlantic Aviator	Heinrich von Twardofski

Directed by Russell Mack.
Produced by Universal.

Tabloid Editor Emile Gauvreau wrote a novel of a small-city editor who longed for New York success. This man became editor of a Manhattan tab, tore the town apart in quest of circulation-building sensations, exposed a beauty contest, sent his best friend on a hopeless transatlantic flight, in order to sell more papers. It is this tragic flight that gives the otherwise disjointed story its punch, thanks to the swell acting of Pat O'Brien as the reporter and Heinrich von Twardofski as a stolid German airman.

★ ★ DISORDERLY CONDUCT

CAST

Dick Fay	Spencer Tracy
Phyllis Crawford	Sally Eilers
Tom Manning	Ralph Bellamy
Olsen	El Brendel
Jimmy	Dickey Moore

Directed by John W. Considine, Jr.
Produced by Fox.

Motorcycle cop Dick Fay finds that honesty does not pay when he arrests a big bootlegger's wild and pretty daughter for speeding. He is shifted to pounding pavements in an outlying district—and turns crooked. He decides to get his, along with the rest. This might have been developed into a sharp and bitter melodrama, but the producers have been afraid of the censors and the public.

A comedy cop (a typical Brendel Swede) is introduced to soften the shock. Spencer Tracy does the tempted policeman with raciness and realism, while Sally Eilers is the spoiled hooch heiress.

★ ★ YOUNG AMERICA

CAST

Jack Doray	Spencer Tracy
Edith Doray	Doris Kenyon
Arthur Simpson	Tommy Conlon
Nutty	Raymond Borzage
Judge Blake	Ralph Bellamy
Grandma Beamish	Beryl Mercer

Directed by Frank Borzage.
Produced by Fox.

Starting out to show what a sensibly conducted juvenile court can do to prevent boys from growing into gangsters, this story goes maudlin and then melodramatic. Here is a good idea gone wrong.

Do you know that—

Joan Crawford is being loaned to United Artists to play the leading rôle in the new talkie version of Rain?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma, The Champ.

★★★—The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet.

Vox

We're Glad It Clicked

ELIZABETHVILLE, PA.—Three minutes ago I finished reading an article bearing the title: "Murphy's Thirteenth Disciple."

Living, as I have been during the past decade, in the heart of a rich farming district of central Pennsylvania, the article held an especial appeal to me, because of the timely import of its truths.

My purpose in writing is to thank you for the publishing of an item wherein are found hope and cheer in strict contrast to the usual sobs and distress being unfortunately broadcast at every turn during these strenuous days.

MINNESOTA PLAN

I am sure you have the right idea of what is worthy of publicity.

It is obvious that Daniel Rochford, the author of the above-mentioned article, had the right slant on his subject and knew whereof he spoke.

I say: More power to Frederick E. Murphy and his Minnesota Plan! Seems to me he deserves a medal for his bravery and achievement.—*Miles V. Miller.*

Short Speech on Sports

KANSAS CITY, KAN.—Do you know that I have met many men who prefer other magazines to your Liberty simply because of sports?

J. A. Campner

Occasionally Liberty has a cracking good sport story. But it's a rare occurrence in your weekly.

If Liberty would put on a weekly sports department, similar to its movie reviews, many men would purchase Liberty instead of other magazines.

Don't forget that sport page! Yours in sport—*J. A. Campner.*

Tip for Mussolini

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—In a late issue of your magazine I noticed where Princess Catherine Radziwill told all about how Mussolini is trying to break up a royal love affair.

He can't get anywhere, the way he's going at it. A thing like that takes practice. It's hard enough to bust up a match between a roustabout and his moll, let alone tackling one between royalty.

Mussolini jumped in where it's over his head and I feel sorry for him. That's why I'm writing this . . . to help him.

I know all about how to handle a royal Cupid.

The first thing on the program is to send the man in the case away to a special school where he's taught nothing, for four years, but how to act like an average husband. If you can get him to knuckle down to his lessons and make good grades no woman would want him when he graduates.—*B. B.*

Why, Certainly, Mr. Levine

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Believe it or not! I have read your Liberty for the past eight years and just the other day I found out that it was a damn' good magazine.

If it took that long to find out, why, it must be good.—*Enivel.*

A Back-to-the-Soil Question—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your back-to-the-soil movement is a wonderful plan, but now, to help it along further, I think you ought to give some definite idea *how* to get back to the farm.

If a man is without work and without funds, how is he to get the capital to make the big change?—*T. H. Mischo.*

—Is Answered

CHICAGO, ILL.—Hundreds of thousands of families are eager to go back to the soil, but lack the capital to buy a farm and farm tools and equipment.

Now is the time for cities and states to step in, and, instead of furnishing temporary relief through bread lines and artificially "made" work, give permanent relief through sending citizens and their families out into the country, where they can become at least self-supporting, instead of remaining a burden on the community.—*J. Mott.*

This Business of Holding the Breath for a Week

NEW YORK, N. Y.—There's only one thing I don't like about you, Liberty. It's your habit of announcing, at the most interesting part of your best stories, that something thrilling and devastating is going to happen "in next week's installment."

Who knows? I may be dead next week and never be able to finish the story.

Besides, it makes me homesick. As a boy on the farm I used to read at night, after bedtime. Deadeye Dick would be just drawing on Three-Gun Pete when my father would come up from behind—and blow out the oil lamp!—*Herby Wadlin, Jr.*

Something Tells Us You're a Bright Boy, Jack

ST. CLOUD, MINN.—Just finished the short short story, "Wild Gosling," by Grace Lewis Shea. What a peach of a story! Grace sure knows her boys.

Jack Kemp

I am a sophomore 15 years old. My favorite authors are Grace Shea and Philip Wylie. I believe if you would have more stories like "Wild Gosling" you would have more readers of the younger set. Also believe more gangster stories would go over big.

I have been a reader of Liberty for about two years and have never found a really very bad story in it. That's a record you should be proud of, take it from me.—*Jack Kemp.*

The Wrong Dope

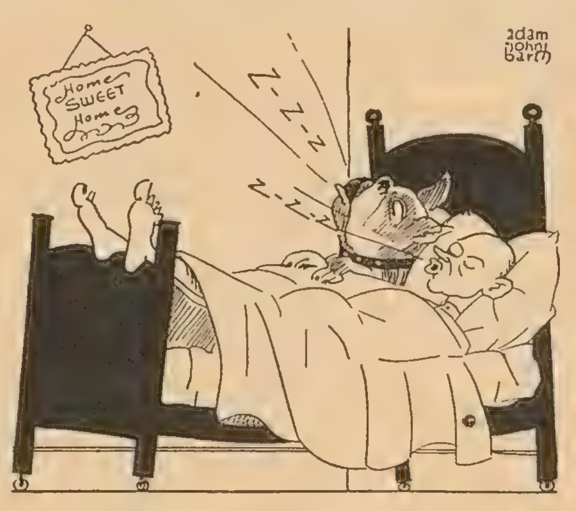
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Say! Quit giving us stories as improbable and unbelievable as "Pirates Three," by Konrad Bercovici.

I'd have to have a big shot of heroin before I'd believe in that plot, and even with that dope in me I think I'd laugh a dopey laugh at Mr. Bercovici's absurdity.—*Skeptical Male.*

Doggone!

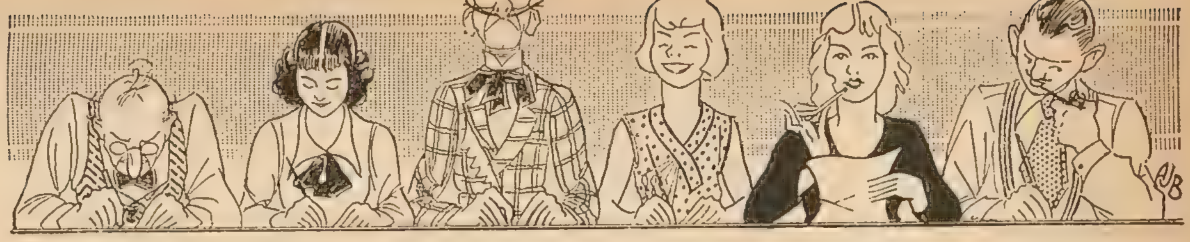
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—I see that, in your wise-crack contest for April 16, you asked the following question: "What is the most effective cure for snoring?"

What a silly question! Snoring is a gift, not a disease. I know nothing more conducive to deep, healthful sleep than the steady, monotonous sound of someone snoring.



My wife snores, thank heaven, and, usually, I am able to sleep like a log. But she went away on a trip, and, missing her snores, I developed a bad case of insomnia. The quietness of the room got on my nerves so that I was obliged to take our big bulldog into bed with me. Since he has a loud and satisfying snore, I've been sleeping well ever since I took him in.—*Man Who Likes Snoring.*

Pop

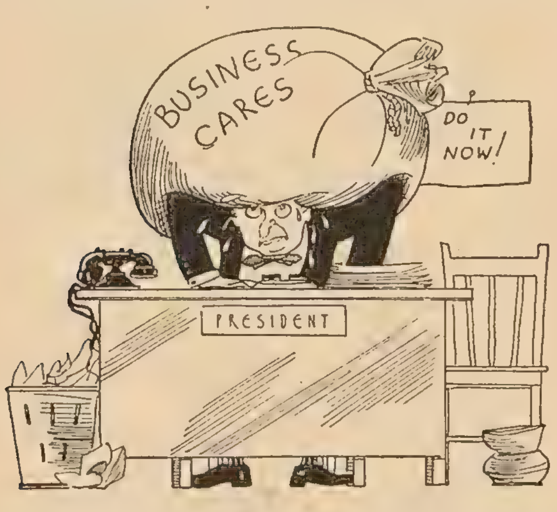


Are Rich Men Happy?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Keep on telling the truth with editorials like "Staggering Blows at Business." In it you said:

"This idea on the part of people everywhere that wealth can bring the calm content of a satisfying happiness is all bunk. If the time ever comes when a proper analysis is made, it will be found that men of wealth who are executives in great business enterprises are really self-driven slaves . . ."

I happen to know two wealthy men, both of them hard-working executives. One of them is, at present, faced with a nervous breakdown, for he has both overworked and overworried. The other seems to have no leisure time at all, usually working both Saturdays and Sundays, and several evenings a week. He has told me that he has got to keep his business going, as much for his employees' benefit as for his own.



Do I envy either of my two friends? Emphatically no! And this is the type of man that certain politicians and lawmakers want to make paupers of, in their envious and short-sighted campaign to "soak the rich."—*M. Johnson.*

But Big Business Is Everybody's Business

MADISON, WIS.—I am sorry to see you get the Wall Street complex and, in "Staggering Blows at Business," attack the so-called "soak the rich" policy of Congress. I presume you think it would help business recovery much faster to soak the poor.

When Congress was faced with a two-billion-dollar deficit and money had to be raised, Andrew Mellon said: Get it from the poor. Levy a sales tax. Put an added burden on business. Curtail the present vanishing buying power of the people. A fine way to restore prosperity, that! Those "communistic" Congressmen said: No. We'll take the added amount from those who profited from the years of prosperity and amassed fortunes. Let them pay the added cost of the lean years.

Call that communism? I call it common sense.—*William C. Dean.*

"Life Insurance or Death Insurance"

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Congratulations upon the splendid way you have handled the subject, "Life Insurance or Death Insurance," in the editorial in your April 16 issue.

The investment experiences of the average American during the past two years have been extremely unfortunate, and your article was, therefore, not only timely but written so that the layman could understand it.

Every man interested in the future (and who is not?) was glad to read it.—*Wm. J. Sieger, Supt. of Agencies, Bankers National Life Insurance Company.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Representing more than twenty thousand life insurance agents of the country, I feel very strongly a sense of appreciation for the fine editorial carried in your issue of April 16, and I want you to have my sincere expression of it.—*Roger B. Hull, Managing Director and General Counsel, the National Association of Life Underwriters.*

Youth's Rising Wet Tide

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Many war vets complain that they had no chance to express themselves on the Eighteenth Amendment. But what about us others who have reached voting age since the legislatures which adopted the amendment were elected? Haven't we as much right to complain against this constitutional attempt to regulate our appetites and our morals?

A. C. Sands

We have and we do! Fully eighty per cent of us younger voters resent and defy the Volstead law. Direct from the U. S. Bureau of the Census come startling figures which, to a large extent, explain the rising tide against prohibition.

Believe it or not, but in this U. S. A. there are now 27,000,000 men and women qualified to vote who were not twenty-one years old when the various legislatures which approved the Eighteenth Amendment were elected.

As the total vote cast in the 1928 national election was but 37,000,000, it is evident that the broader-minded, higher-minded, better-educated younger element now constitutes a vast majority of the electors who will go to the polls next November. It is the disillusioned older element that neglects to vote. Youth does all the nation's fighting and most of its voting.

Those who say it is politically impossible to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment are reckoning without these 27,000,000 younger voters who had no voice in its adoption.—*A. C. Sands.*

Here's a Big-Hearted Guy

CHICAGO, ILL.—For the past few days I've gone through mental anguish trying to decide whether to make a supreme sacrifice.

I tell you I've worried myself almost sick over that article, "An Apology for My Life," by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. It's easy to see that the poor fellow is in a terrible fix; and I've made up my mind to give him my most treasured possession. I'm going to trade names with him!

His plea for a different name was too eloquent for me to resist. I hope he'll be happy with mine. I realize that his moniker is going to force upon me all the unpleasantness of heiring millions, owning newspapers, accepting dinner engagements with kings and what not, and unwelcome front-page publicity.

I promise, Cornelius, to bear up under it as nobly as I can.

What's that? Reward? Ah, Corny, old man, martyrdom is its own reward. —*J. W. Shoemaker.*

Tribute to a Tragic Tale

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Not since "War Birds," which made me go Liberty, have I read anything as stirring and humane as the account of Mrs. René Harris' tragic experience aboard the ill-fated Titanic. You called it: "Her Husband Went Down with the Titanic."

Permit me to compliment Liberty in recognizing the splendid heroism, courage, and faith unfolded in her tale.—*Thomas Kostick.*

He Doesn't Come in Pairs

WASHINGTON, D. C.—"Can Mr. Hoover Be Re-elected?" was grand. Jay Franklin made a bull's-eye when he wrote that article.

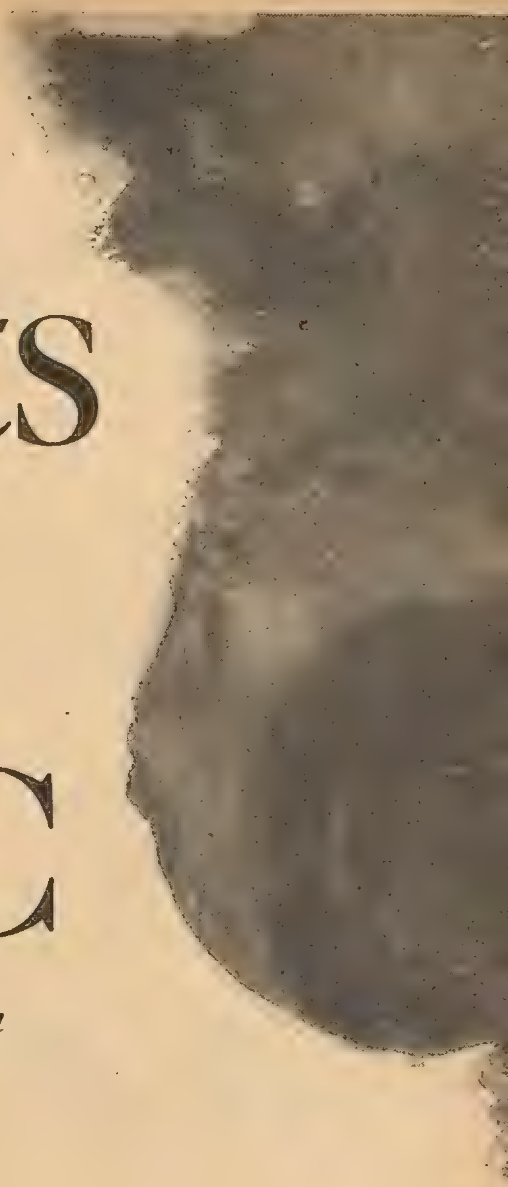
Yes, he hit the exact center of the target in his summing up of Herbert Hoover's record—which makes me, as a woman, wonder about Mr. Franklin's private life.

BULL'S-EYE, MR. FRANKLIN!

If he's as clear-cut as a man as he is as a writer, some girl has been, will be, or is darned lucky.

Tell me—has he a twin or something? —*Alice.*

Why I Believe Women Pilots *Can't Fly the* ATLANTIC



An Outspoken Warning to Her Sisters of the Air from the Woman Who Flew from Cape Town to London

By LADY MARY HEATH

(Reading time: 14 minutes 25 seconds.)

FOUR women plan and really hope to fly the big pond this summer—unchaperoned. It is plain suicide for any woman today.

I have worked out a test to prove the truth of my unkind remark. Lay out a course between New York and Los Angeles, some twenty-five hundred miles. Some fine day (when bad weather is due) load a good ship with all the gas she will carry. Put a good man pilot in the rear cockpit, with orders not to take the stick except to save the ship from cracking up.

Now let the ambitious woman pilot take the ship off, get up a few thousand feet, and lay her course for Los Angeles. Give her a hundred miles to "get set."

Then blindfold her cockpit completely. All she will have to do now for twenty to thirty hours will be to glue her eyes on compasses, air-speed and turn-and-bank indicators, altimeter, tachometer, gauges, thermometers, artificial horizon, radio beacon, if any, and a few other dials.

In her spare time she can figure fuel consumption and compute her courses, allowing for variation, deviation, drift, head winds, cross winds, tail winds, and the effects of such storms as will surely be met.

If this "veiled lady of the air" can cross the continent on a fairly level keel, and land within a few hundred miles of Los Angeles, she will be good. If she can return and strike anywhere near New York, then I would say she has some chance of flying the Atlantic safely.

No woman and few men can pass such a test. Yet it would be easy compared to an oceanic flight under conditions such as prevailed during several attempts.

You do not hear of such masters of weather and blind-flying as Jimmie Doolittle and Captain Frank Hawks planning to fly the Atlantic. The Lone Eagle himself rests on his laurels. Kingsford-Smith, called by some the world's greatest navigator, after fighting bad storms from the Fiji Islands to Australia, 1,700 miles, was 110 miles off his course when he struck the island continent.

Unless the woman ocean flier can keep close to her course, she may swing parallel to the continent she is aiming for, and thus might be lost at sea though close to her objective. That is where ability to navigate by sun or stars may save her life. Of seven women who have started across the Atlantic, but one made it. And she did no piloting. She had had much to do with weather study and knew what she was up against.

Most women pilots have no idea how impossible ocean weather may be.

The inspector at a large New York field tells me women have not figured in a serious accident there in two years. He says women are as cool in emergencies as any man, but—they do not go up on bad days!

Yet ocean flying is immeasurably worse than mere bad-weather flying.

I've been asked if I plan to fly the ocean ever. And I reply NO! Never! There are less expensive ways of committing hara-kiri. Also, I confess that I not only hate water in big pieces, but I fear it. F-E-A-R!

When I had to cross from Africa to Europe on my long flight from Cape Town to London, I lost much sleep. Also I wore out several maps. The shortest water hop I could find was from Tunis to the island of Sicily—about ninety-five miles.

But I did invent a way to stay afloat, even if my land-plane decided to become a submarine. When I waved good-by at Tunis there were draped nonchalantly around my precious neck *six* highly inflated inner tubes!

Thus insured against a watery grave, I began climbing. The higher I went the safer I felt. Ignoring pressures and altitudes, I climbed to 7,000 feet, when suddenly, POP!

An inner tube had exploded. Inner pressure exceeded that of the thinning air outside. I jumped, but my heart sank.

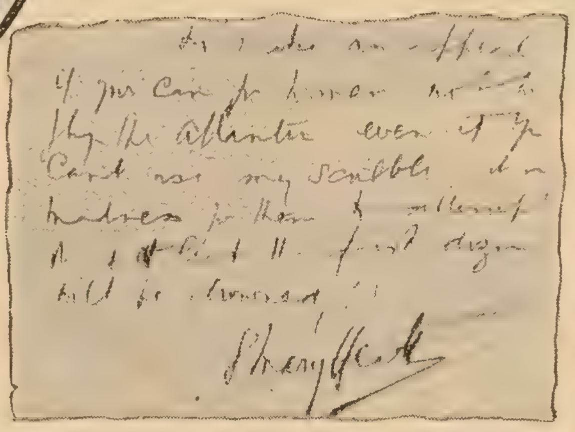
By 10,000 feet the sixth and last had blown up in my face. My heart was thumping and bumping. The blue sea looked frightfully wet and deep. Shreds of red rubber may have looked decorative, bizarre. But they lacked buoyancy.

Flying on at two miles altitude, I was soon reassured. I reached a point where I could see Africa behind and Europe ahead. The latter was within gliding range. I might crash, but I couldn't drown.

Mastery of aërial science calls for long study. I've

Wide World photo

Lady Mary Heath, author of this timely warning, which Liberty has rushed into print in response to her plea, reproduced at the right.



Do make an appeal
if you can for women not to
fly the Atlantic even if you
can't use my scribble it is
madness for them to attempt
it & at least the first dozen
will be drowned!

Mary Heath

" Do make an appeal if you can for women not to fly the Atlantic, even if you can't use my scribble. It is madness for them to attempt it and at least the first dozen will be drowned. Mary Heath."

Picture by Carl Pfeufer

smelled little smoke from midnight lamps in the rooms of women pilots. Women do hold three world's records for the moment, all for single-seater light planes. But I think the men are merely being gallant. The light plane, 440 to 771 pounds empty, is cheap, safe, and easy to handle, so it is the women's favorite, especially in Europe.

We may as well face the cold, hard facts: Men have flown half again as high as women's highest. They've gone twice as fast, two and a half times as far, stayed aloft five times as long. They have flown rings around the best efforts of our best women.

True, the men had special equipment, the best ships, and finest technical skill. But women could have all of these—except military ships and skill—whenever we have proved our ability to use them effectively.

In ability to read maps, forecast and plan against weather of all kinds, estimate fuel, locate tail winds, calculate courses, and fly as well as navigate with precision, the men have left us many laps in the rear.

Women figure so little in record-making that in 1930,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHY I BELIEVE WOMEN PILOTS CAN'T FLY THE ATLANTIC

Continued from page forty-nine

when a girl aviator—Winifred Brown—won the King's Cup race around Great Britain against eighty-eight men and women competitors, it was world news. In this year's air races at Cleveland women will be admitted in competition with the men. But it will be some years before they fly away with any important prizes.

Ruth Nichols, braving all kinds of bad weather from Los Angeles to New York, has made the only real threat to a man's record. Her time of thirteen hours and twenty-two minutes is faster than Colonel Lindbergh's best, and within an hour of Captain Hawks' record.

Not many years ago such pilots as Harriet Quimby and the Stinsons were as good as the best men. Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, a marvelous flier, founded an air school and an airplane factory. Mme. Hélène Dutrieu was sent by France to the 1910 American air meet, the only woman entered. Marjorie and Katherine Stinson trained Canadian war fliers, and there were none better.

Two Russian women were decorated for remarkable scouting flights. Adrienne Bolland made the first flight in history across the 20,000-foot Andes, an amazing feat in an early plane. In late years Laura Bromwell's 133 loops and Laura Ingalls' 714 barrel rolls were world records.

And who could forget Ruth Law's breath-taking exploits of standing on an airplane's wing as it looped? Or the time she set the American nonstop record of 590 miles in nine hours in an obsolete "birdcage"? Dressed in four suits of flying clothes because she sat out on an open seat, she beat a military biplane of latest design by 138 miles.

Acme photo Wide World photo

Two of the women who have already lost their lives in attempts to fly the Atlantic. They are Hon. Elsie Mackay and, at the right, Mrs. Frances Grayson.

She even planned a transatlantic crossing in 1919, soon after the Alcock-Brown flight. But fortunately she retired to the more important job of raising future aviators. Flying the ocean then was entirely a matter of luck in weather. It is not much better today.

In earlier times women could break men's records because skill in handling the plane was the chief requirement—plus nerve, cool-headedness, and courage. Women still have these qualities. But record-making today and ocean-flying require a knowledge of meteorology, the vagaries of winds, fogs, storms, high- and low-pressure areas, and so on, far above the best women pilots' heads. We simply haven't applied ourselves. We *could* if we *would*.

I'M certain that most women pilots do not realize what weather-flying means. Let me illustrate a bit from my own flying on three continents. I have flown through Scotch mists, and under black Irish clouds so low that spray from dashing sea waves wet my wheels. That was a "rocky road to Dublin," and when I got there I had to land on the beach, not daring to plunge into the fog to seek the field.

Once I was flying to Schenectady to talk with Commander Richard Byrd. I was anxious to keep my "date," for the charming commander, now rear admiral, was some 12,000 miles away, and I was to talk via radio.

Following the broad Hudson, the clouds began to push me down. All at once they were riding on the water. I about-turned hastily, went back fifty miles, and found the clouds there too. I had to sit down, and picked out a farmer's field. Willing farm hands helped get me to the railway station, and I kept my appointment with the explorer down there in the world's storm factory.

Africa, with its fifty-seven varieties, is the weatherman's paradise. Mine was the first rainy-season flight. I got everything from frosty nights on the plateaus to 120 degrees and no shade on the deserts. When it was wet, it was solid water. When it was dry—oh, my!

But it's when the air takes to moving off the high tablelands that flying becomes interesting; a real game of luck and skill. Cooled on the upper lands, the air starts falling over the cliffs just like water, only you can't see it. When you dash into such an aërial cataract you can only pray and hang on.

Your plane seems to leave you in mid-air. Roaring motor and whining propeller help you not at all. You just fall—down—down—thousands of feet. The rocks jump up at you. You recall all your past sins. . . .

After such experiences I thought the United States could hold no terrors for me. I was to learn otherwise. One day when my plane was headed for St. Louis, loaded to the windshield with me, 200 pounds of luggage, and a heavy mechanic, the head wind grew into a stiff sou'wester. Ground speed fell to barely twenty miles an hour. We might as well have been walking.

SUDDENLY a huge thunderstorm blackened the sky. It was thousands of feet high. Gray and black clouds were lit by vivid flashes. You've no idea how blinding lightning can be unless you've been tight against it, with magnetos ready to cut out at any flash, and nowhere to land.

The line squall, violent messenger of all thunderheads, whipped us about viciously. I thought of home and friends. Then I turned and ran before it.

I dived for a farmer's field. My mechanic jumped out and ran with me as I taxied for some haystacks. As I turned among them the line squall caught up with us again.

The solid wall of swift air picked up the little craft like a bit of paper, jerking it from Davis' hands. Up into the air we went. The ship stood on her tail. Then, with a rending and tearing crash, the rear end broke completely off.

Over we whipped, on our back. We had to take the plane apart, working all night in the rain, before it could be trucked to Terre Haute and reassembled.

I learned about American storms from that. They may be sudden and violent. It's best to meet them from the ground. They pass in two hours.

A few hundred hours of such experiences, and most women feel competent to cross any ocean. "Lindy made it—why can't I?" That's the really dangerous stage.

Soon you are calling on Dr. Kimball, mentor of oceanic would-bes. His first job is to talk you out of it. Failing in this (as usual), he will give you all the aid he can, explaining that money is scarce and reports none too plentiful. In short, it will be a long shot—especially for a woman. Said Dr. Kimball, in a moment of rashness:

"When weather is at all possible we *may* tell a good man that he might make it. To all women we say NO. Unless conditions are extraordinarily good. And that is very seldom."

In defense of this "discrimination" he analyzed the six failures of seven attempts by women. Most of these hopeful fliers had no idea of the stupendous obstacles before them. They tended to be fatalistic, each one certain she was destined to be the first woman to fly the ocean.

Mrs. Frances Grayson, Dr. Kimball said, studied chart after chart, covering the entire ocean. Hundreds of square miles were shown covered by storms, one after another. Fogs, low visibility, ice-forming conditions, existed day after day, succeeding each other rapidly.

"Studying these charts," he remarked, "she got into a dangerous frame of mind. Logic and reason gave way to strong desire to fly in spite of weather. She would say: 'Maybe it isn't as bad as it looks. Turn over another page.'"

Thus supreme faith replaced caution. With her overloaded plane and crew of three, she failed to reach Harbor Grace from New York. Her pilot had to fly low. He had little altitude in which to maneuver.

Nothing definite is known of the fate of the Hon. Elsie Mackay, a good pilot, flying with one of the best men pilots of Great Britain.

Lilli Dillentz, German actress, wisely turned back at the Azores.

Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim and her two able pilots may have crossed the ocean and come close to the American continent.

Beryl Hart and Lieutenant MacLaren, on the first winter flight from Bermuda, along a route largely free from fog, overtook a storm at night and were lost without a clue.

Ruth Elder and Captain George Haldeman, seizing perhaps their last opportunity of the year, also took off from New York between low-pressure areas. They, too, caught up with a terrific storm at night, and were blown far south of their course.

They would probably have made it through had not the buffeting strained an oil line. Only great good luck landed them beside a steamer near the Azores.

Amelia Earhart and her crew made the most careful preparations. They even had reports from vessels and from Europe.

They took off with a west wind, on the south side of a trailing low-pressure area.

"It was their best chance for some time," said Dr. Kimball. "But I was never so scared in my life. Weather was neither very bad nor very good. But in two thousand miles they had good following winds, then cross winds which counterbalanced each other, pushing them back on their course as Lindbergh had been.

"BUCKING cross winds used up their fuel, but luckily when they got into the storm area ahead, it was pulling away from them. Its circling winds thus aided their flight. But their gas was all gone when they landed in Wales, showing how close was their margin of victory, even with unusually favorable conditions as a whole."

Transoceanic fliers must choose what seems like "bad weather." For rains and clouds go with the tail winds which a rapid flight must have. Speed is the only hope, but with rain and turbulent air hour after hour, great stamina and flying ability are essential.

The urge to try and climb above the clouds is sometimes irresistible. Instruments are likely to be distrusted. A spin or dive into the water may result.

Women have the endurance, the will power, and the courage for a successful flight. But they lack experience, navigating skill, and the technical ability to plan against all contingencies. Some, too, prove rather sensitive. They are too anxious to take off in order to avoid ridicule or criticism, unwilling to wait until the last detail is right, even if it means waiting until another season.

Life or death may attend the final decision as to the moment for the take-off.

Women also have times when they are not up to par, likely to make them nervous and high-strung. They may even be subject to fainting spells at such times, and should remain grounded for a few days.

AT all other times, the Department of Commerce, Aëronautics Branch, recently pointed out: "To obtain any one of the various types of licenses, men and women applicants must meet the same requirements as to fitness, skill, and qualifications."

Examiners find their reactions to tests identical. Nor are women short on resourcefulness. When Elinor Smith lost consciousness at 25,000 feet, through the breakage of an oxygen tube, and fell five miles, she recovered and landed her ship safely. Yet she is still a young flier.

Wild weather does not stop all women. You remember that young secretary who left England for Australia. She had had but ninety-one hours in the air. Her longest previous flight was 147 miles. Yet her nineteen-day flight of 10,000 miles came close to the record.

A few months later this same Amy Johnson set out for Peking in midwinter. Snowstorms and fog stopped her at Warsaw. But the following August found her on the way to Tokyo. She has not yet tried to fly the Atlantic alone. But it is said that she may.

I beg of all women pilots who fondly pore over Atlantic charts, and of their friends, to give up their hopes. You can do more for your country, and for aviation, by safe, steady, reliable flying over solid ground. You will gain weather experience as you go.

And you're too pretty and desirable to be lost to the world.

Instead, marry those fine chaps you have your eyes on (unless you're already married), and become mothers to the new race of flying men. *They* are the privileged birdmen who in vastly improved ships will fly the oceans with tomorrow's air mail. They will cross as regularly and quickly and easily as we now fly from New York to Washington.

THE END

Solution of Detectogram on page 42

Jasper said he found the woman sitting *up* in the *middle* of the chariot. The doctor said she had died instantly. The motion of the merry-go-round would have made it impossible for a dead body to remain upright in the middle of the chariot. It would have slumped over before Jasper touched it.

NO MOUTHWASH WILL END SULPHIDE BREATH

Your best friends *should* tell you when you have *sulphide breath*—but they won't! No one is safe from giving this unpardonable offense. And try as you will, you simply can't *gargle* this condition away. Mouthwashes give only momentary relief. They can't remove the cause—which is faulty elimination. When food wastes are not properly cleared from the intestines they throw off sulphides which pass into the blood stream and escape through the lungs.

Only by removing the CAUSE can you end sulphide breath. There is a pleasant and safe relief—Milk of Magnesia and Mineral Oil have been combined in a scientific emulsion known as Haley's M-O. It is widely recommended by physicians.

Milk of Magnesia "sweetens" the stomach and intestines, neutralizing the results of fermentation. Mineral Oil lubricates the accumulated wastes. The two combined in Haley's M-O act gently to cleanse the digestive tract and freshen the system—sulphide breath vanishes completely. Ask your druggist for Haley's M-O. It is pleasant to take, being nearly tasteless. Normal doses cause no leakage. Full pint $1. *Sample sent upon receipt of 10¢ in stamps.* (Offer not good in Canada.) The Haley M-O Co., Inc., Dept. G-5, Geneva, N. Y.

HALEY'S M-O
An emulsion of Milk of Magnesia and pure Mineral Oil

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Phenyo-Caffein safely dispels the worst headache in 15 minutes, or money refunded. Doctors have prescribed Phenyo-Caffein for 43 years . . . it *must* be good! Also effective for breaking up head colds, and for periodic pains, backache, neuralgia. 30c, 60c or $1 at all druggists. Or, send 10c for trial size.

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Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

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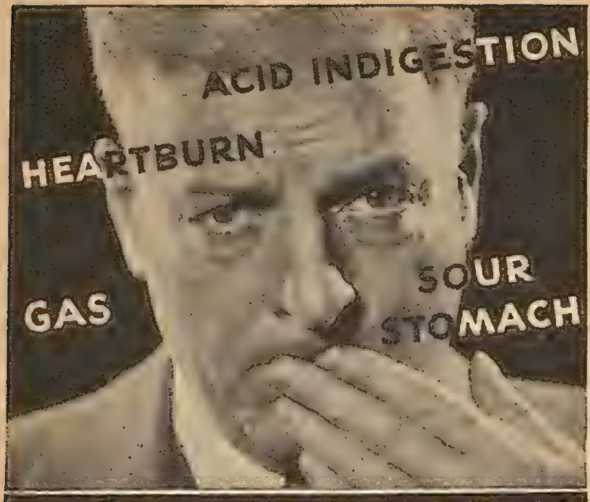

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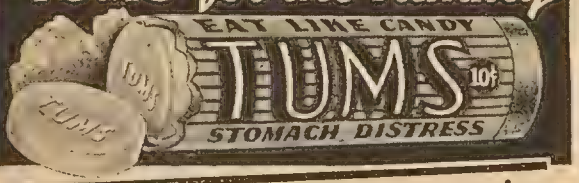
"TUMS" for the Tummy



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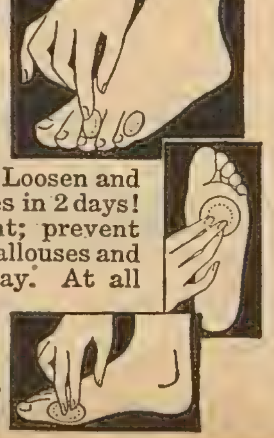

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

This Mother-in-Law Business

"WHY Is a Mother-in-Law?" was the query in the April 2 Wise-Crack Contest. Here are the answers that win the three major awards, and the complete list of prize winners:

$100 FIRST PRIZE

Just to "censor" her daughter's "male."
JOSEPH LOGAN, New York, N. Y.

$50 SECOND PRIZE

To take the "grin" out of Lohengrin.
MRS. BERNARDINE CONNELLEY, Lawrence, Ind.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

To knock the 'ell out of liberty.
C. H. MUELLER, St. Louis, Mo.

$10 PRIZES

Harold D. Kimmel, Harrisburg, Pa.
Captain James H. Oplinger, Walkerton, Ind.

$5 PRIZES

Regina A. Deming, Valdosta, Ga.; A. E. Hampson, Hamilton, Ont.; Robert F. McDonald, Schenectady, N. Y.; A. J. Lafranchi, Sacramento, Calif.; O. C. Little, Berkeley, Calif.; Donley M. Steele, Cayuga, N. Y.; V. C. Aurell, Richmond, Va.

$2 PRIZES

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ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 15

1—New Jersey.
2—Twenty-four.
3—A volume equal to that of a board one foot by one foot by one inch.
4—Santiago.
5—Bats.
6—The Pyrenees.
7—Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
8—Cheops.
9—The President of the United States.
10—One of the two terms into which the school year is divided in many institutions of learning.
11—A bird of the cuckoo family, noted for running with great speed.
12—Imaginary lines marking the northern and southern limits, respectively, of the tropics.
13—A red dyestuff made from the dried bodies of certain insects.
14—The windpipe.
15—The Battle of Manassas.
16—The cuttlefish.
17—The Ballad of Reading Gaol.
18—Furniture.
19—South America.
20—Pharaohs.

To the Ladies!

(*Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.*)

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

IF you don't believe that readers take fiction stories seriously, listen to James Montgomery Flagg, the illustrator. Everyone knows Mr. Flagg's drawings and lots of people write to him about them. "They know just how all the imaginary characters ought to look," he told me, "and if my pictures don't match their mind's-eye view they bawl me out by mail. The readers are much fussier than the authors who make up the stories."

Although only fifty-four, Mr. Flagg is one of our oldest living illustrators, having started doing it at fourteen. Has always had fun with his imagination. When a kid he used to walk around gazing into an upturned mirror; says it felt like living upside down.

At home Mr. Flagg wears a sky-blue suit with brass buttons. Very very very very very artistic.

Said recently that college girls are not good-looking. Won't take it back. Defends physical beauty against all belittlers. Says: "People who talk about mere physical beauty are hypocrites. There's nothing mere about it."

James Montgomery Flagg

BETTY HULTON had everything. She had youth, beauty, great wealth, great social position, a handsome young husband, and the sweetest of all expectations—a baby soon to be born.

She was a happy bride, radiantly happy; but there must have been thought deeper than happiness in her mind, as you can tell from *the letters she wrote to her unborn child.*

"Money," she wrote, "can buy you the keys to a hundred different doors of life, and if you have wisdom and true intelligence you will be able to open some of the doors, and find happiness, perhaps, along the paths they lead to."

Betty Hulton knew that her child would inherit millions from her father, a London newspaper owner.

I wonder what dark premonition can have come to her during those last bright days—can have inspired her to guide, by written word, the life of her child to be? From her strange letters it is clear that she tried to picture the world as it is today, so that her child might benefit by some of the truths she had learned—truths not always acquired or appreciated by wealthy children of fortune.

Betty gave birth to a son. Thirteen days later she died.

Her boy must grow up without her; but the time will come when he will read her letters, and will hear in them a mother's voice from the beyond. Read what she will tell him:

"It is the call of the world today. Money, money, and still more money! But money doesn't bring happiness. Money can only help to relieve unhappiness."

A WAR of wits—and calories—is being waged between a woman friend of mine and her maid. Both are inclined to plumpness. The lady of the house tries to keep thin. The maid doesn't. This is what the maid does:

"She plots against my figure," my friend says. "She sneaks butter into my food. She tempts me with cake and cream and all sorts of lovely fattening things."

The girl is honest about it. Brazen, for that matter.

"How," she asks my friend, "can I wear the dresses you give me if you get so much thinner than I am?"

AMERICAN bathrooms have become so magnificent, and their magnificence is so much talked about, that I decided to find out for myself how magnificent an American bathroom can be.

The grandest specimen I could locate belongs to a Long Island lady who spent $20,000 fixing it up. She could afford it.

Her splendiferous bathroom is painted to look like a pink tent with gold fringe—a Persian tent out of the Arabian Nights—fabulously Oriental. On every side are mirrors ornamented with copies of the rarest Persian miniatures. Flanking the mirrors are slender columns of lapis stone topped with golden capitals. The floor is lapis blue and gold. The perfume bottles, cosmetic jars, etc., have been specially blown and decorated to harmonize, and the linen specially woven to match.

The tub is pink, behind curtains of cut-crystal beads. All the hardware is on the gold basis. Real gold, if you please. Even the pipes! The golden faucets are shaped like swans. Plumbers, goldsmiths, miniature painters needed six full working months to complete this bathroom *de luxe,* so I was told by the woman who designed it.

If $20,000 seems too steep for your bathroom budget, I know where you can get quite a nice little bathroom for $15,000.

Marble pillars, alcoves, mirrors galore, and a seven-foot tub built up like a couch at one end, so that you can lounge there on rubberized red satin cushions, dozing luxuriously while you bathe.

Sweet dreams!

"CAT'S-TONGUE" cookies are something new to go with the ice cream or stewed fruit. Children love them. To make them you must use a little care—and a forcing bag. Sift a scant ½ cup pastry flour and mix with ¼ cup granulated sugar. With a little thin cream mix the dough to the consistency of thick cream. Flavor with ½ teaspoon vanilla extract. Pass through forcing bag, pouring the dough out in 8-inch strips on a greased baking dish. The strips should be ½ inch wide and should spread a little toward the end. Allow enough space at the sides for spreading. Bake 7 to 10 minutes in a hot oven. When the "tongues" are deep cream color with browned edges, take them out.

WILD HEARTS

Dangerous Men with Secret Motives—The Decision to Risk Death—Treason and Its Punishment—Black MacDonald's Woman—Life Takes Hold of Jane—A Sight to Chill the Blood

By VINGIE E. ROE

(Reading time: 32 minutes 25 seconds.)

THIS is a story of love and adventure on Sweet Waters Ranch. John Gleason had bought the ranch cheap. Later he learned why. Black MacDonald's band was terrorizing the region. The climax came when Jane, Gleason's daughter, was riding Gray Hawk, for she had to leap for her life when a bullet creased her mount. After packing the stallion's wound, Jane heard a horse squeal. When next she rode Gray Hawk she again heard this squeal. Bob Salters, who was with her, saw her fire into a thicket.

PART TWO—LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

BOB SALTERS struck a heel to Blue Buck's flank and came abreast of Jane as she rode away at a canter, the gun still in her hand.

The man's face was white as milk, his mouth open.

"My God!" he said, looking at her distressedly. "Why did you do that? Where did you have that gun?"

"In here," she said, slipping the weapon inside her shirt and to the left, "in John's old armpit holster. He gave it to me. He used to wear it on the Texas border. And that horse, Bob, is the one that squealed from the rock face at Sundown Gap. I'd know it among a thousand. Its rider took that shot at me."

It was late when they rode into Little Lot and dismounted. The lights of the house had been extinguished, all except one in the living room, where John Gleason sat at his old desk in the corner figuring over his simple accounts. Bob took Gray Hawk's rein, and for a moment he stood looking down at Jane in the silver darkness.

Presently he hung the reins over his arm and put his hands on the girl's shoulders.

"Jane," he said in a low whisper that had a rasp in it, "you break my heart. Don't you know that you're inviting death? That sooner or later we may find you lying somewhere, face to the sky? And oh, Jane! If anything should happen to you the whole earth might as well dissolve. Oh, Jane darling!"

Jane moved uneasily under his hands.

"They'll get a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye from us from now on, man to man and face to face," she said soberly.

Bob stood silent a moment. Then he leaned down and for the first time in his life kissed Jane Gleason gently on the cheek.

The girl pulled away and went swiftly toward the house.

With a heavy heart Bob Salters took the silver horses into the old stone barn, came out, and locked the great padlock that hung on the heavy door.

The girl entered the living room and stopped by her father's desk. His strong face shone rugged in the light from the shaded lamp. He looked up at her gravely.

"Been out with Bob?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jane. "And I paid a first installment on a debt I owe. I took some shots at the rider of Sundown Gap. Down below Signal Rock."

John Gleason showed no surprise or shock at her statement. He merely studied her face.

"How do you know it was the same man?" he asked.

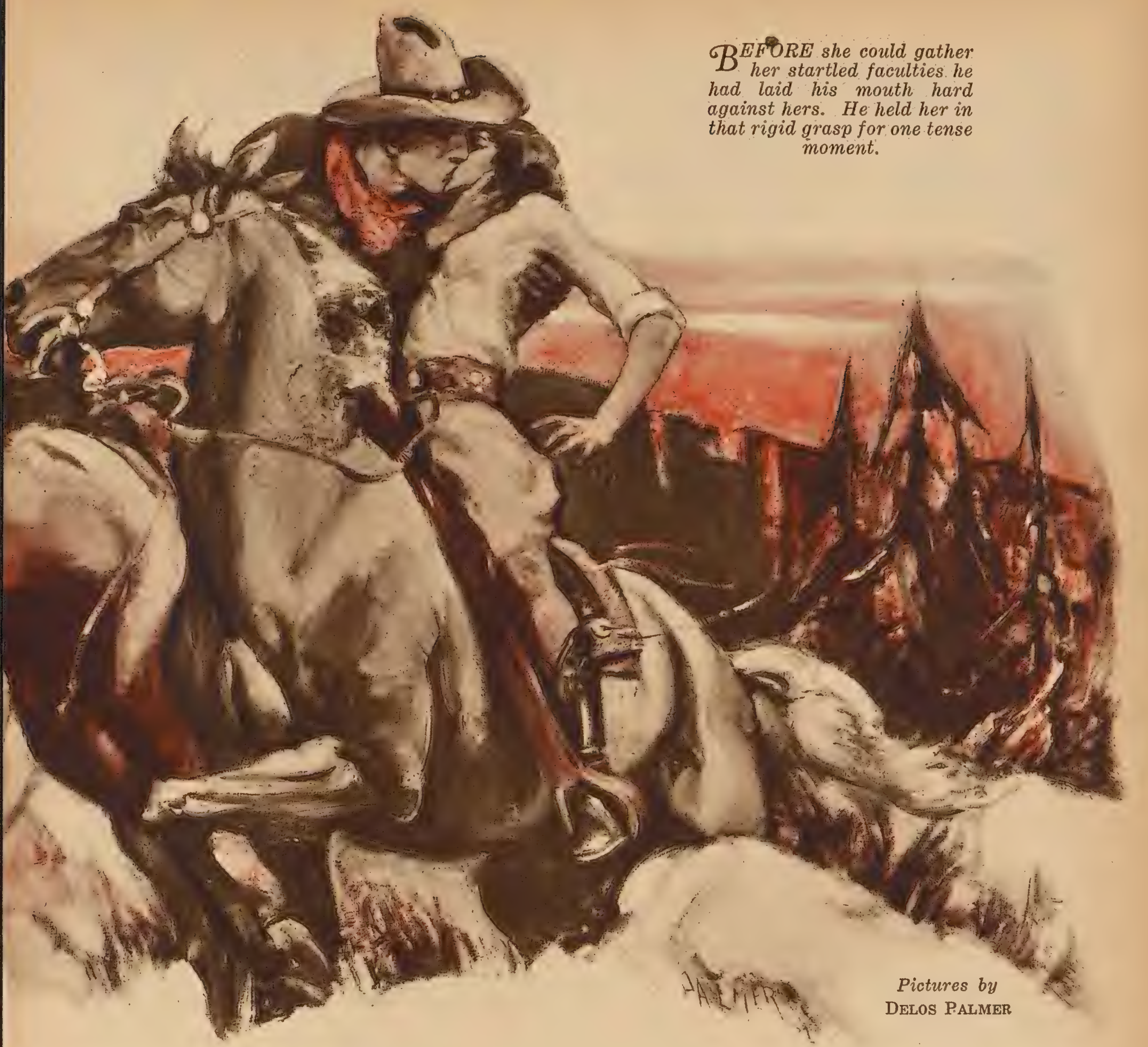
"I heard the same horse squeal. And if the same man did not ride it, then someone did who'll tell him."

"Do you think you hit him?"

"I don't know," said Jane calmly. "I fired where I heard the sound. I'd hate to hit the horse. That must be some horse, John. It sounds like the bell of doom when it squeals. I never heard so much sound come out of a horse's throat. It must be mountain big."

For a moment the old rancher looked at his daughter in silence. Then he reached out and took her hand, drawing her toward him. He circled her slim waist with his arm.

"I'm sorry, Jane," he said, "that all this is happening



BEFORE she could gather her startled faculties he had laid his mouth hard against hers. He held her in that rigid grasp for one tense moment.

Pictures by
DELOS PALMER

A THRILLING LOVE STORY OF THE NEW WEST

to us. It is a grave thing and God knows where it'll lead us to. But we have not courted it. We have lived peaceably, minded our own business. It is our misfortune that we sank our all in a place that lies under the hand of this man who is full of mystery and crime. For that he and the gang of ruffians who are with him are criminals I have not the least shadow of a doubt. I think—and the whole country thinks—that they killed Jed Barstow, and there is good and sufficient reason to believe there is more behind them than anyone knows. They are organized too well for a simple cattle outfit. No; to my mind, there is something dark and secret behind Black Mac—something more than the desire to have Sweet Waters Range. He wants us out of the country more than he wanted Smith—because he is afraid of us. We are the kind of people he fears most—no bluster; too quiet for him.

"And I have too many sons—including you," he finished, smiling and giving her a little shake. "But you—I've never forbidden you, daughter, nor held a hard hand on you. Would it be asking too much now to request that you stay out of this trouble, for your old dad's sake? I love my sons, but you're my daughter—my ewe lamb, Janey, my old heart's deepest joy."

The girl leaned down and laid her cheek against his weathered face. "It's just because of that, John," she said, "that I can't oblige. The Gleasons stand together, don't they? Haven't they always?"

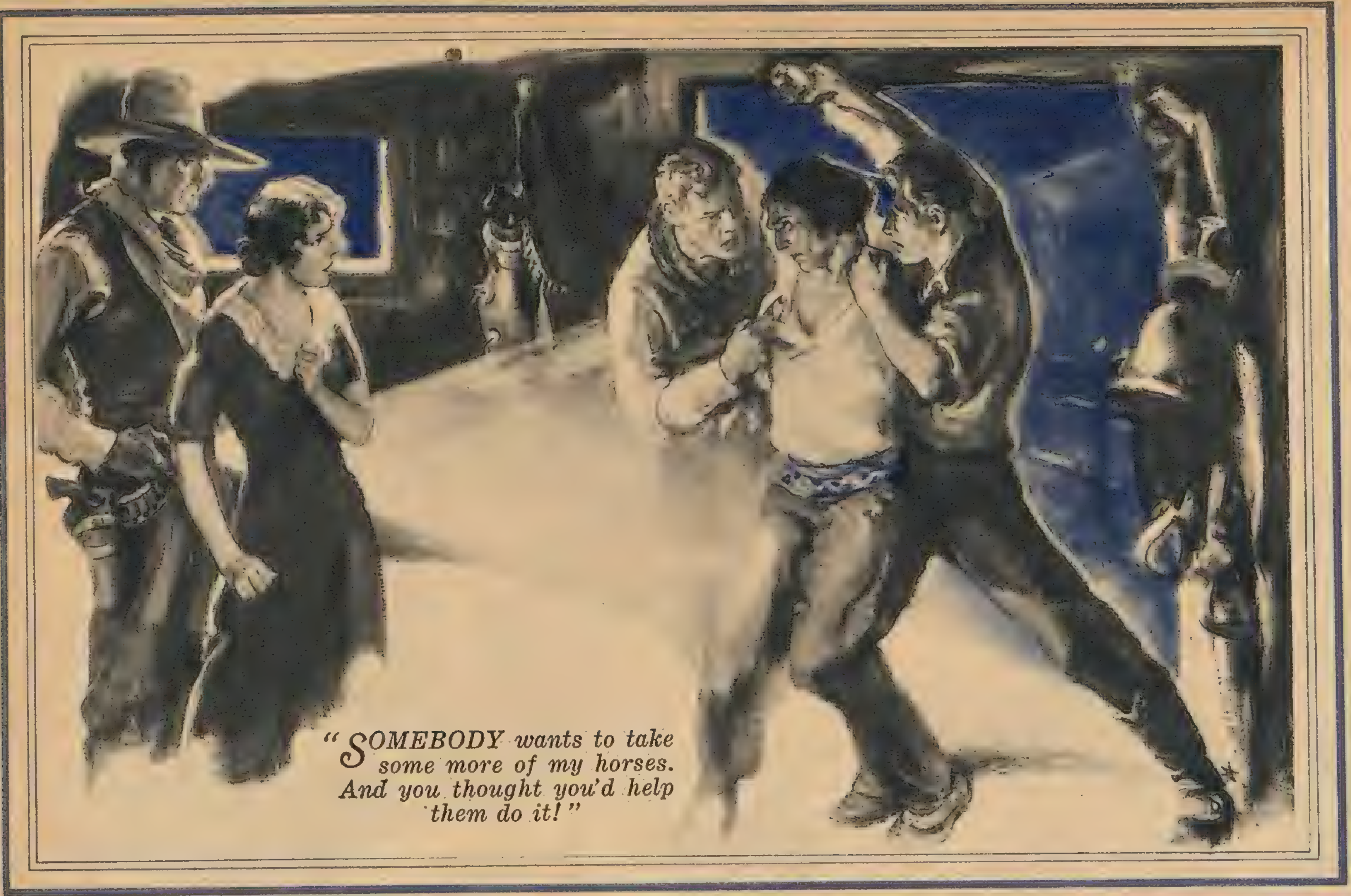
For a moment a shadow of something dark passed over his face, hidden from her view. "The Gleasons—yes," he said.

SHE patted his shoulder and, bidding him good night, went into her own room. Here her first act was to remove the worn old holster from under her arm, take out the excellent gun it held and clean and oil it.

As she sat bent over beside the table that held her lamp she fell to thinking of Bob Salters and that kiss on her cheek. It was the first kiss of its kind that she had ever received, the first kiss of a man's love. For that it was so she never doubted. Ignorant as she was of such things, instinct told her now that Bob, whom she had always cared for much as she cared for Barb and Sammy, was more than a brother to her in his heart. She felt a great wonder, a surprise, a sense of strangeness.

Dear Bob, big and blond and smiling. A feeling of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"SOMEBODY wants to take some more of my horses. And you thought you'd help them do it!"

WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-five

affection for him swept over her. And yet—was this the way one felt when love came knocking at the heart's door? She did not know.

But long after she had extinguished her light and laid herself in the big bed beside the south window thoughts of love and life and the future moiled through her mind, precluding sleep. She could hear the horses blowing occasionally in the stone barn, and Deuce and Tenspot, the two dogs, were beginning a concert in answer to the thin stream of yapping that came from the breast of the eastern slope where several coyotes sat on their tails insulting the world at large.

Jane, listening in her bed, looked out toward the dogs. She could not see them, for they were beyond the turn of Little Lot. But as she trained her eyes to the shadows she saw something which caused her to lean close to the window sill and peer hard. A man was walking swiftly, without a sound, along the corral fence. He was going toward the gate that led inside, toward the stable where the horses stood in their long row of stalls. As he reached the gate he turned half round, and she recognized him. It was the half-breed Pomo rider, Charlie Stilltongue.

INSTANTLY a cold chill went down Jane's spine and the words of Pomo Belle came back to her: "Look too long at Boss John's back."

What was Charlie doing slipping out to the stable at this hour of the night? Jane slid out of her bed, threw off her white gown, and hunted swiftly in her closet for a long dark dress she wore in winter. Finding it, she dropped it over her head, put on her shoes, and, lifting out the screen of her window, climbed over the sill to the warm earth outside.

The figure had disappeared by now, and she ran, stooping, and noiseless as the Indian himself, out to the fence, where she crouched behind the inner turn and waited. She had some time, at that—maybe fifteen minutes—before she heard the creak of the big door—a slow creak, as if someone opened it carefully.

Her mouth dropped open at that, for she knew that the key to that locked door lay on John Gleason's desk where Bob had surely brought it. She had heard him come in, heard her father's voice and his, heard him go on out to the bunkhouse where all the five boys slept. And Charlie Stilltongue had opened that big door!

He was coming out now. She could hear a bit chain, the movement of a horse. Then he appeared around the corner of the barn leading Starwind, the barren mare, John Gleason's own mount. A hot surge of fire burned through the girl as she watched—a feeling of such ungovernable rage that she had all she could do to keep from springing out and clutching the treacherous Pomo's throat. But she held hard and watched him come through the gate, mount, and ride softly away—toward the south.

That was what she had wanted to know—which way he would ride. When he was a far speck along the creek road where the willows grew, she rose and went back the way she had come, climbing in at the window again.

JANE went noiselessly to her father's room and, wakening him, related the incidents of the past hour. For a long time the rancher lay thinking.

"A man never knows," he said at last, "what danger lurks in his own house, what thoughts are in the minds of his people. If Charlie is in the pay of MacDonald there's no limit to the harm he could do here. And that he has a smarter mind than his behind him is shown by the fact that he opened that door. Jane, he has a key, and someone has given it to him. Had it made, most likely—maybe from a wax impression which Charlie himself could have taken. Only someone here could have taken such an impression. No stranger could have gotten by Deuce and Tenspot."

He was silent for a while, and Jane, sitting on the edge of his bed, knew that his quick and clear mind was sifting the situation. After a long time he rose on his elbow. "Go out to the big room, Jane," he said, "and wait. I'm going to get the boys up. Don't make a light."

Jane did as she was bidden, and presently John Gleason came in fully dressed. With a word to say he would be back, he went out in the night and toward the bunkhouse. Jane waited, sitting bolt upright in one of the big chairs, and very soon the six men came back.

"Come along, girl," the rancher said. "You're entitled to be in at the reception we're going to give Charlie when he comes home."

Quietly they left the house and, going to the stable, entered and took up positions just inside the door. It was a long wait they had—nearly two hours. But as the stars of the afternight were marching toward the west they heard the soft tread of a horse led very slowly, and presently a hand at the door. The big iron hinges creaked, hushed, creaked, and finally gave the rest of the way in silence, and the Indian stepped in, followed by Starwind. The instant they were fully inside, John Gleason snapped on the pocket flash he held, and the startled and astounded face of Charlie Stilltongue sprang alive in the darkness.

"Let go that rein, Charlie," said the rancher. "Take the mare, Barb. Now, Charlie, put your hands over your head. *Quick!* " he snapped as the Indian stood transfixed with fright at the sudden dénouement.

"Go over him, boys," said Gleason, "and get that key."

At that Charlie clapped a hand to the pocket of his shirt—a betraying motion. What he meant to do was not apparent. Perhaps to throw the damning key away amid the straw of the stalls. But Bob Salters was too quick for him and had a hand over his as it touched his body. He flung himself sidewise. But Bob caught him in his arms, and Barb and Steve wrenched his wrists once more above his head. Bob reached into the pocket and brought out a key. Comparing it with the one John held in his hand, they found it to be an exact duplicate, of rough iron, handmade apparently at some blacksmith's forge.

"CHARLIE," John Gleason said, "who gave you this key?"

As if he could not speak, the other stood silent.

"Somebody made it from an impression of my big lock, didn't they? And you took that impression, maybe with beeswax. You Pomos always have that around. Made it with beeswax, didn't you, Charlie?"

Still no answer.

"Somebody wants to open the stone stable some windy night, eh? Take some more of my horses. And you thought you'd help them do it! You low-down, dirty whelp! In my pay and selling out my very inwards!

"My horses! I ought to kill you where you stand! Suppose you'd have killed my dogs—done any dirty trick to make the raid easy! Well—I could forgive you that. For daring to ride my special mare I'll give you something to remember. Barb, take the light."

He gave the flash to Barb, and reaching out for the Pomo he took him by the collar of the shirt, and for the next five minutes he gave him such a dressing down with his open hands as he had never administered to any man in his life before. The rage of indignation was in him. And, strangely enough, it was not for the betrayal of Sweet Waters into the hands of its enemies, but for the stolen ride on Starwind. When it was over he dusted his big hands and turned away.

During that time no one of the watchers had moved a muscle. Every eye was quiet. They knew that Charlie Stilltongue, sneaking traitor and dangerous betrayer that he was, had in no wise received the punishment that he deserved.

"Boys," said John Gleason, "two of you—Steve and Sammy, I guess—get out the car and fill her up. You're taking this Indian back to where he came from—and that's clear across the state and down to the southwest corner. Set him down somewhere near the California line above Mendocino. He'll get down from there to where he belongs—among his kind. He isn't fit to work for white men."

Turning abruptly, he went out and toward the house. The dawn was coming in the eastern sky—a clear, fresh light that seemed to bathe the tops of the tall saw-tooth peaks with a renewal of all hope, all peace.

Jane walked beside him, her hand in his elbow. A smell of wood smoke on the cool air came from Pomo Belle's early-breakfast fire.

Gleason went to his desk to get money wherewith to pay off the half-breed, and Jane entered the kitchen.

Belle was busy with her early work. The babies

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

New ink makes any pen

Start Quick—

Start Every Time

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No more shaking your pen to start ink flowing

"The pen I blamed now works like a charm"

Dries on paper 31% faster—does NOT dry in your pen

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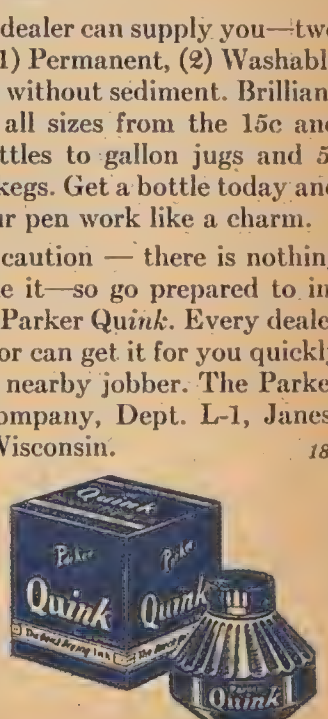
Any dealer can supply you—two types (1) Permanent, (2) Washable—both without sediment. Brilliant colors, all sizes from the 15c and 25c bottles to gallon jugs and 5-gallon kegs. Get a bottle today and see your pen work like a charm.

One caution — there is nothing else like it—so go prepared to insist on Parker Qu*ink*. Every dealer has it, or can get it for you quickly from a nearby jobber. The Parker Pen Company, Dept. L-1, Janesville, Wisconsin. 180

PARKER

Qu*ink*



WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-seven

were not yet up, but soft-eyed Sue was setting the table.

"Belle," said Jane straightly, "you were right about Charlie Stilltongue. He looked so long at Boss John's back that he was about to stick a knife in it. He had a key to the stone stable—and he rode away in the night on John's own mare to meet someone"—she stopped suddenly as a thought struck her, then went on—"someone who wants an entry here. But we caught him red-handed, and took the key away from him, and John's sending him out of the country, clear back to the southern line."

"That Charlie Stilltongue," said Belle placidly, "he dam' bad Pomo for sure."

Going in to where her father sat once more at his desk, Jane said casually, "I guess I didn't hit the rider in the willows after all, for Charlie would have been excited. It was him he went to meet."

"By heaven!" said Gleason, looking up, "you're right. I never thought of that!"

II

BLACK MACDONALD came riding home late one night in the week following his meeting in the Maulin restaurant with the man whose life and possessions were his venomous aim. He was dark and dusty with long hours of riding in the dry sage. His huge body was weary as he swung stiffly from his saddle—as weary as that of the horse which bore him: a vast mountain of a horse, unbelievably tall, unbelievably broad of loin and deep of chest, a rawboned, monstrous creature, whose slug head hung now almost to its knees, whose bloodshot eyes bulged with fatigue.

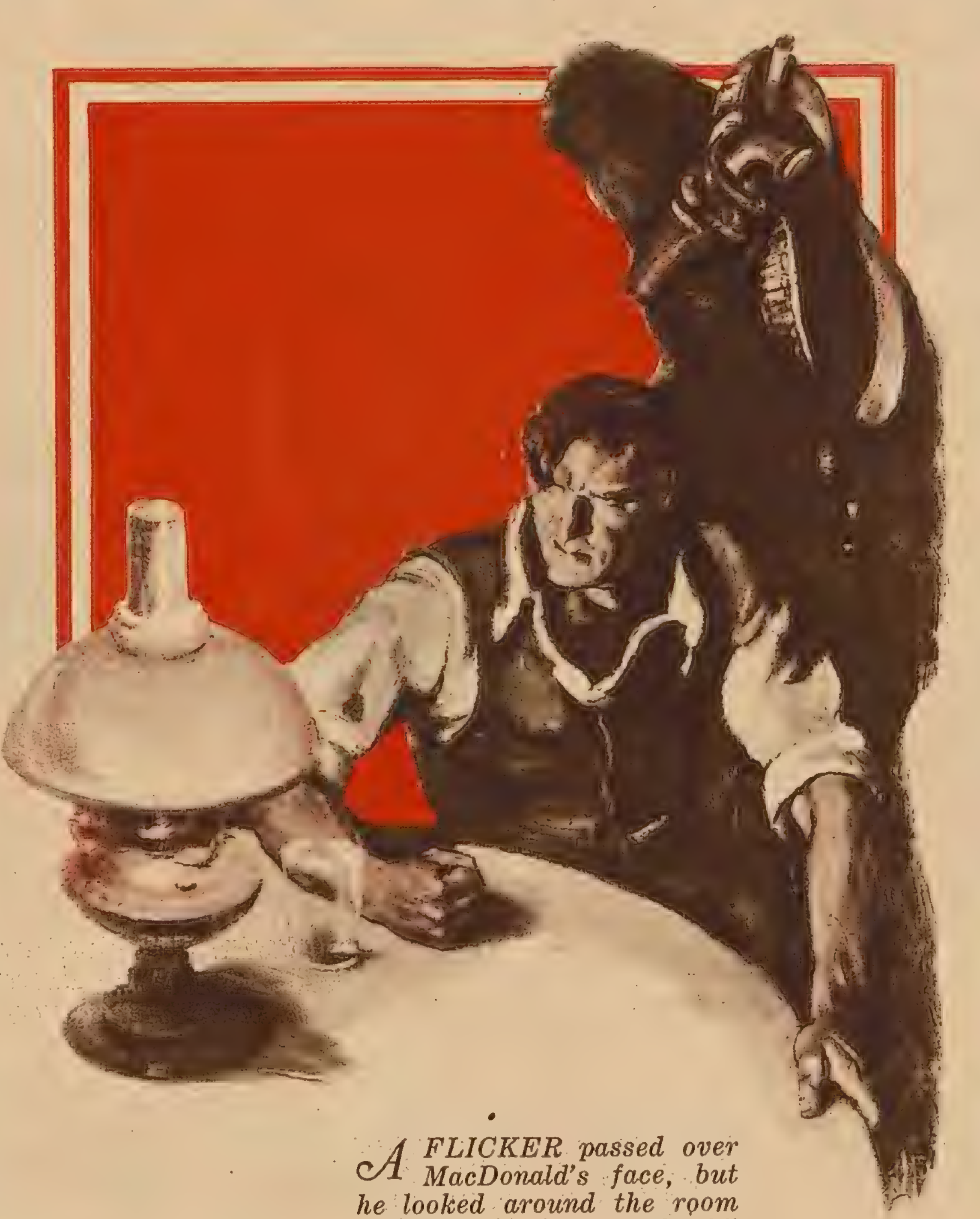
That this man cared for things only as they were valuable to him was apparent now in the little concern he showed for the animal's well-being, in his lack of personal kindliness toward it. Though it had carried him swiftly and far that day, a hard-pushed journey, he gave it no touch of his hand, no word of comradeship. Instead, he flung its rein to the man who came to meet him in the stoned courtyard of the house and gave the latter strict directions as to feed and care.

"No water," he said, "and only a scant half feed of oats. In two hours take him out and walk him around for fifteen minutes. Then give him a drink and bed him down for the night."

"Right," said the other as he led the horse away.

The master of Stone House clamped, on booted feet whose long spurs rattled, over the roughly paved yard and across the threshold beneath the shake-roofed porch.

Here a woman met him and took the coat which he peeled from his shoulders, the hat which he flung to her. Without a word, she knelt and drew off his fine stitched boots, pushed forward a deeply cushioned chair. She gathered up the cast-off garments and carried them away, returning almost immediately with a tray on which sat a steaming pot of coffee, sugar, canned milk in a pitcher, and a plate of biscuit. Black Mac ate, ravenously and in silence, while the woman sat a little way apart, waiting for his next command. There was mystery about this woman; for no one at Stone House, except Black Mac himself, had ever seen her face. It was hidden now in the depths of a slatted sunbonnet such as the women of the South wore a score of years ago.



A FLICKER passed over MacDonald's face, but he looked around the room searchingly. "What's that?"

SHE was a tall woman, thin to emaciation, and she seemed the very epitome of patience as she sat to one side, waiting. Her wrinkled and toil-worn hands were folded in her lap loosely, like an old mouth that has lost the care to hold itself together. Her feet, in coarse shoes, were set primly under her long calico skirt; her bony knees stood up bleakly at the end of her lap. She looked altogether as if she had stepped out of a picture of thirty years ago. A strange woman was Black Mac's woman.

"I'm done," said MacDonald presently, pushing his chair away from the small deal table where the tray rested. "Call in th' boys. An' get out. I want to talk."

She came, with a clatter of her heavy shoes which she tried to make light as possible on the bare floor, and took the things away. Once in the back regions of the house, she went out in the dark and whistled twice.

When she heard the same whistle repeated from the low stone house that sat across the yard, she went back in and proceeded to wash the tray and the cup and plate, to brush and shake and clean the coat and hat. She heard the men come across the yard—eleven of them—and enter the big room.

There would be drinking now, and more fire on the hearth, and MacDonald's hard voice lowered to a drone. There would be talk and talk, as there was always when Black Mac came in after one of these mysterious absences, and sometimes altercations that ended in MacDonald's huge fist on the table, and quiet.

A hard-visaged band they were. There was Bissard, Black Mac's right-hand man and able lieutenant, tall and gaunt and sandy-haired, with pale eyes that were quick as flame. And Polk, his equally able left. Polk was short and round and bald as an apple, and the cruelest man in all the Blue Sage Range. These two passed as foreman and straw boss of MacDonald's cattle outfit.

The rest were men running in age from thirty years to fifty, with one as old as sixty-two: old Pop Haggert, whose aversion to work was proverbial, but whose expert advice on certain matters was invaluable to MacDonald.

"Everything all right?" asked the master of the band, when all had settled themselves and blue smoke rose from their cigarettes and pipes.

"O. K., boss," said Bissard, who was always first spokesman, "only we hain't seen Charlie for five days."

A flicker passed over MacDonald's face, but he looked around the room searchingly. "What's that?"

"Nope. Nobody seen him sence Monday noon, when Polk here met him in th' Roughs lookin' for nine red steers"—the foreman stopped and grinned—"which same no one at Sweet Waters'll ever lay eyes on again."

"And you say you haven't seen the half-breed since?"

"Nary a see. Vanished, *vamosed*."

"H'm," said MacDonald, looking at the fire with narrowed eyes.

"He'll show up, I guess," he said presently. "And in the meantime we've got more to talk about than a lousy Pomo."

He leaned forward and, catching the small deal table between his hands, pulled it forward.

"Draw up," he said, "and listen."

With the scramble of booted heels as the men rose and drew in around the table, MacDonald's woman paused in her work. The sunbonnet tilted toward the closed room beyond, its action as eloquent of expression as a face.

Then, laying the coat down, she moved awkwardly toward the door, lifting her feet in those heavy shoes with the ugly action of a crane. But the effect was perfect, for she was soundless in her progress. Near the door and to one side, she stopped and laid her head against the wall itself. Here she remained, pasted against the stones, for the better part of an hour. When at last she straightened up and moved soundlessly away, it was as if something had gone out of her thin body, some ache or fear which had dominated it to the point of rigidity.

It was two by the clock on the rough log mantel when the men passed out through the big room and MacDonald came through the kitchen to the room he shared with her, to find her obediently waiting to take his clothes and shake and hang them up. She was sitting in a straight chair just inside the door, and to all appearances was asleep. MacDonald stirred her with his foot in passing.

"Wake up!" he said harshly. "Fine way to look after a man. Sleep, sleep, always asleep! Get up and lay out my clean shirt for the morning."

LIKE a dog that has been kicked from a corner, the woman jumped to do his bidding.

"I'm powerful sorry, Mac," she apologized. "Guess I did drop off. Had a heavy day yesterday—washed and ironed. All right now. Here, I'll take them pants. Let me go dust 'em good, if you want to wear 'em tomorra."

MacDonald gave her the rest of his garments, and without a word more rolled into the high bed with its goose-feather tick and was soon dead to the world.

It was nearer morning than night when at last the woman laid her tired body down to catch what sleep she could before rising to get early breakfast for the hungry band of men whose appetites seemed to her the most gigantic things in all the earth.

Life was a heavy thing for Black MacDonald's woman. She knew nothing but the immediate surroundings of the stone house in Cedar Roughs. She saw nothing of the outside world excepting the bi-yearly trip to Maulin for the spring and fall supplies, which MacDonald let her buy, since she was a good judge of the weave of cloth, of leather, and of the grades of flour. For weeks before these trips the woman went about in a trance of expectancy. She trembled with eagerness just for the sight of other women trading in the big store, for the look of the store itself. And the buying gave her, for the time, a sense of importance—as if, for that short hour, she returned once more to the realm of those busy and needed persons who hold a gracious place in the world.

On the morning after Black Mac's return she was up with the sun as usual, the fire roaring in her big stove, the smell of coffee and bacon scenting the crisp air. The men were up early, too. She could hear them stirring

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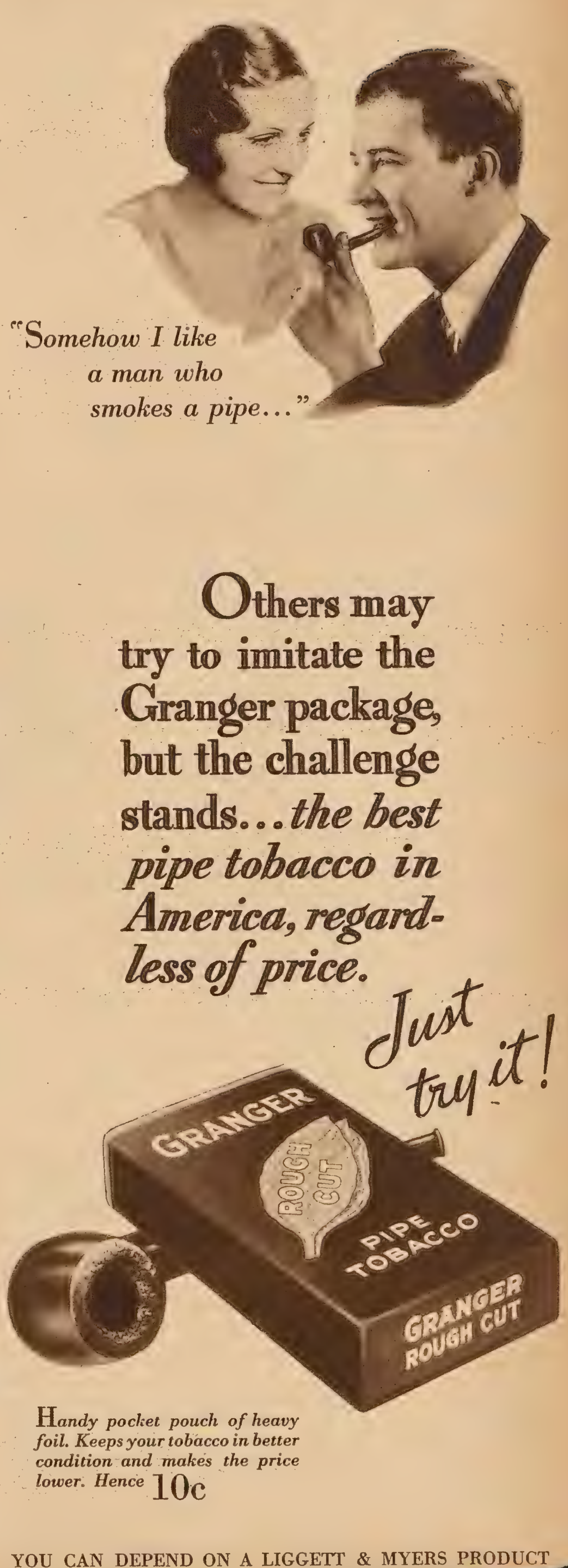
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[WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-nine]

long before MacDonald came stretching from the inner room. They gathered about the stables, and she knew by this activity that there would be riding today. The signs of departure were on MacDonald, too. He wore the clean shirt she had laid out, the freshened garments of yesterday, his stitched boots, and his holster and gun.

When the noisy band had wolfed to the last bite the great stacks of hot cakes, the bacon and eggs and coffee, they rose with the clatter of haste and started for the corrals. MacDonald went to a shelf that extended along the whole east wall of the main room of the house and, taking down a box of shells for a Colt .45, emptied them into his coat pocket. The woman, watching from the inner door that led to the kitchen, spoke timidly: " Be gone long, Mac? "

" Till I get back."

Silence. Then:

" Want a clean shirt to take 'long? Need some socks? "

" Nope. And you see you don't waste no time while I'm gone, either. Better clean the bunkhouse—wash up the blankets."

" Sure, I'll do that," she said quickly.

There was a note in her voice which arrested the man as he was at the door.

" Pretty damn' glad to see me go, eh? "

" No—oh, no, Mac! " she cried, shrinking as if he had struck her. " I—only—I want to do what you want."

" Yeah—like hell you do! Want t'sleep some more, laze around. Better look sharp. I'll know if you do, don't worry! "

Then he was gone, and the woman watched him from under the long poke of the bonnet.

She did not move from the door between the main room and the kitchen until the men, eleven of the thirteen, had mounted and gone jogging out of the corrals. She saw that only Pop and Tim Binney, who looked after the horses, were left. That meant a long time gone—maybe a week, maybe ten days.

" Packin' guns," she whispered to herself, after a fashion she had, " every mother's son of 'em. Packin' guns."

A deep sigh that seemed to express a vast relief heaved the narrow chest under the gingham dress as she turned back to her work.

III

A CHANGE was taking place in Jane Gleason. Something within her consciousness was stirring with new life, as if one long asleep heard distant voices and moved blindly, striving to answer. The familiar look of Bob Salters' face had taken on mystery.

The memory of that soft kiss on her cheek was like a burning brand set there in plain sight of everyone. She sometimes put her hand up to the spot in an involuntary action. When she could do so unobserved, she took to watching Bob covertly, seeing him with new eyes. There was the same long form of him, narrow-hipped, wide-shouldered, the graceful rolling walk. There was the rough bronze hair, live and shining with a good deal of gold in it, the steady eyes under the level brows, the clear skin under its golden tan. And there was the heart of him, a steadfast, loyal heart that loved her—she knew now—and waited in silence for a sign from her.

But she did not give that sign. The days went by with all hands at Sweet Waters on tense guard, waiting to see what effect the disappearance of Charlie Stilltongue would have on their enemies. They did not know that Black Mac and his men were out of Cedar Roughs. They only knew that nothing was happening for the present, and were glad enough for the quiet. Sammy and Steve had returned from their trip across the state, leaving the half-breed far down near the line, as John Gleason had directed. He had lived up to his name in very truth all during the long ride, sitting in sullen silence, his black eyes bitter with chagrin. It was a long way, and as Charlie had only his last month's wage and could neither read nor write, they had little fear that he would ever return.

Jane and Gray Hawk spent much time in the high country beyond the Sundown Gap. There was a freedom in the lone long levels where the low sage grew that answered something in the girl's spirit.

And it was on the plateau that life took hold of Jane—one amethyst-and-turquoise hour as she rode for the Gap and the swift descent of Hanging Road. She was swinging in her saddle, rocking with the slower roll of Gray Hawk's homing gait, her black head shining, her old gun in her armpit, when she saw a horseman coming down toward her from the direction of the Gap. Just so had she ridden that other evening over a month ago when that shot had cracked into the solitude. Her eyes, which had been dreamy with the wind and the speed and the joy of living, now became narrow, as her father's did sometimes, fixed themselves steadily upon the approaching rider. Her hand went to her breast in readiness.

AS the stranger came nearer she saw that he rode a splendid horse, that he wore dark clothes of a trimness foreign to the uplands, and that, so far as she could discern, he was not armed. He sat his mount with a peculiar grace—a slim, dark figure of a man, and young.

He came toward her running, and the hat in his hand swung in rhythm to his horse's leaps, and the late sun shone on a head as black as Jane's own. When he was almost abreast of her he reined his horse on its haunches with a hard hand.

" Lady Alone," he said, " hello! Good fortune's with me."

Jane, startled by his familiar speech, drew the stallion to one side, halted, and looked at him gravely. She did not speak. She saw in that keen survey things she had never seen before—a man's gay eyes, darker than her own, that looked back at her as if he had known her always; a face so full of a wild spirit that it seemed to glow as with an inward fire. She saw the living embodiment of winds and waters flowing, of reckless devil-may-care, of a joy in life so high that it seemed to spill over in his ready laughter. That laughter was on his lips now.

" Don't look so scared," he said. " I'm human—and harmless."

Jane felt a flush go up her face; vexation flooded over her.

" Scared? " she said. " What makes you think I'm scared? "

" Your face."

" Look again, mister."

" Gladly. It's a lovely face. The loveliest face I ever saw—and I've seen plenty."

" Yes? No credit in that. Anyone can do that—look at faces."

" Oho! Pretty sharp with that tongue of yours, aren't you? "

" When I need to be," said Jane. " The men hereabouts don't pretend to know a woman at first sight."

" I'm not a man-hereabouts."

" So I judge. You're a bit too smart and sure of yourself."

" It pays to be, I've found."

" Not always. You jump in the dark that way sometimes. A man without judgment, I'd say."

" Whew! Quick with your own judgments, aren't you? "

" When they seem justified."

The stranger sobered and searched her face with his wild black eyes.

" Quite some girl, *I'd* say," he said. " Did anyone ever tell you that that mouth of yours was made for kisses? "

The flush deepened in Jane's face painfully.

" Yah! " she said inelegantly. " Cheap and light. If it is, rest assured that only a *man* will get them."

" Ah, yes—a man-hereabouts, I suppose."

" Yes—a man-hereabouts," mimicked Jane. " No four-flusher from outside."

" No? You tempt me, lady."

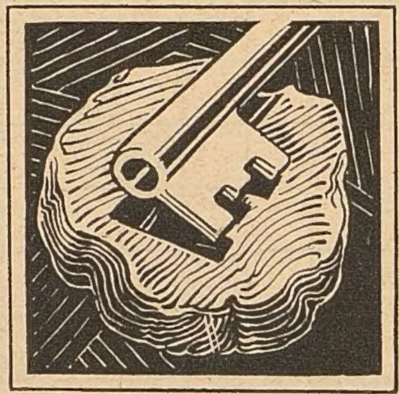
" Tempt and be damned," said Jane, catching her loose rein sharply. " Anything could tempt a man like you."

With a movement so quick it was like a flash of light, the man shot out an arm and caught Gray Hawk's bit. He jerked the horse toward him, flung his other arm around Jane Gleason's neck, and before she could gather her startled faculties he had laid his mouth hard against hers.

He held her in that rigid grasp, his lips burning upon her own, his flashing eyes holding hers, his arm warm about her throat, for one tense moment. Then, as Gray Hawk, recovering from his astonishment and hot with rage, rose squealing into the air, he loosed her and fell sharply away.

" 'A bit too smart and sure of yourself,' " he said, bowing satirically, holding up his wide hat in a gallant gesture. "I'm tempted to be a man-hereabouts—and maybe I will be damned—but that was worth the chance. So long, ladylove—until we meet again."

The last words came ringing high on the clear air, for Jane and Gray Hawk were gone toward the north and the vast inverted horseshoe of the Gap, beginning to glow with the rose and turquoise of the coming twilight. The girl's face was as pale now as it had been flushed a moment before, and she rode furiously.



Through the Gap and down Hanging Road she went, her whole being locked in that still, hot trance of rage. She was not conscious of the stallion's lovely long-roll run up Sweet Waters Valley from the foot of the wall, nor of the greeting of the dogs, nor of the smell of savory cooking that came from Pomo Belle's enchanted region. She pulled her saddle off herself and bedded down the horse, fed him, and forgot to lean her face against the silver neck for the accustomed small caress that was a part of the ceremony of their good night.

At supper she did not touch the plate which Belle placed before her.

"What's the matter, honey?" asked Boss John. "Lost your appetite?"

"I'm just not hungry," she said, and smiled over at him with the little narrowing of her dark eyes which John Gleason loved above all things on earth.

When she went to her room, she stood a long time before the walnut dresser with her hairbrush in her hand, staring absently at her reflection in the bluish old mirror. Strange jumbled feelings held her; strange thoughts, half formed, blurred and fleeting, passed through her mind. That cold anger was still in her, and bewilderment.

She felt a sense of outrage tinged with sorrow that the first kiss ever to meet her mouth was printed there in shallow bravado, in insult and in scorn. The trembling was still in her hands, was in her breast, was in all her body. The strange blur was still before her eyes. She could still see that handsome, wild face two inches from her own. Her lips felt again the hard, heavy pressure of the arrogant mouth. The girl put up her hand and touched her cheek; drew it, back down, across her lips.

IV

THE warm summer drowsed upon the land. The work of the ranch went on as if no shadow of disaster hung above it. The third cutting of alfalfa was ready in the long field that lay farthest down the valley, and Jane listened to the singing hum of the mowing machines driven by Barb and Bob, while Steve and Sammy raked behind them.

She loved the haymaking. The deep scent of the [illegible] bloom perfume, so rich was it, so heady with its illusive sweetness. That field was the richest of all the five John Gleason had planted to the dark-green forage, lying as it did low under the little stream which curved around it to the east and south. It could be irrigated in all its level length ideally, and brought four good crops every year. The trail went down along the creek, too. It was that way they rode to look after the cattle grazing in the Roughs. A paradise, this verdant valley dropped like a gem below the vast dry levels of the sage.

Jane, looking down it from the ranch-house yard, felt the smart of tears against her lids in sheer, heart-full affection for it, in the anxiety which stirred her at thought of the dark enemies who planned its despoliation.

This was John Gleason's kingdom, the peak of his life's endeavor. How hard and how long he had worked for the money to buy it, his sons and his daughter knew. What years-old dreams had gone into that work, what perfected plans, what steadiness, what privations and what lonely struggles to raise his motherless ones and keep them together for the future home which had materialized at last in this spot, none but himself could ever know. Jane, his "close one," his "heart's joy," came the nearest to understanding, being a woman.

SHE was busy about her housework. For all the forward part of the deep-walled old structure was her own concern.

Jane loved the dusky coolness of the house, the thin-washed curtains blowing at the open windows. The old piano smiled at her from its corner; and though she knew she should be at work upon the pile of mending which lay on the table beside her special chair, she dropped her dust-cloth and, sitting down, began to run her fingers lightly across the keys. They were no known melodies that Jane Gleason played, but rather the inner thoughts and fancies of awakening womanhood. The day wore on, and the unease which had stirred in her breast was stilled by the symphony.

The dark things hovering in the dim future seemed to drift away like clouds before a breeze. She felt her spirit rise and lighten inwardly. Perhaps things were not so bad as they had feared. Perhaps the warning of defense which Boss John had delivered in the Maulin store would have its effect. Perhaps, with Charlie Stilltongue out of the country, that defense would be strengthened. Anyway, things were always darkest just before dawn, and maybe dawn was coming. She smiled as she wove her melodies, and a wordless song began to sound among them, like silver waters running, so that she did not hear the far-off drumming of a horse's flying feet.

It was only when young Sue came in, to catch her by the shoulder and point a scared brown finger down the valley, that she turned and looked out through the wide south window. Smoky, one of the tall geldings, was coming up the Sweet Waters trail like a crazy horse.

The thunder of his shod hoofs rolled in a storm of sound.

He looked like a shaft of silver light, head level with his back, his tail straight out, the stirrups of his empty saddle flailing the air on either side.

Behind him she could see her men-folk running on foot—leaving their teams.

Smoky's empty saddle!

What has happened to Ben S[illegible]k, Smoky's rider?

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Helpful Harold

My son Harold, age six, was watching me hammer in some nails that protruded from a box.

"Mother," he said, "do you know how to keep from pounding your finger?"

When I answered, "No," he advised: "Just hold the hammer with both hands."—Mrs. R. W. Soderberg, 3436 South Corona St., Englewood, Colo.

* * *

It Was William's Fault

Hubert, age seven, aimed at his brother with an air rifle, but missed him and broke a window pane. That night, when his father inquired whose carelessness had caused the broken [illegible] fault. If he

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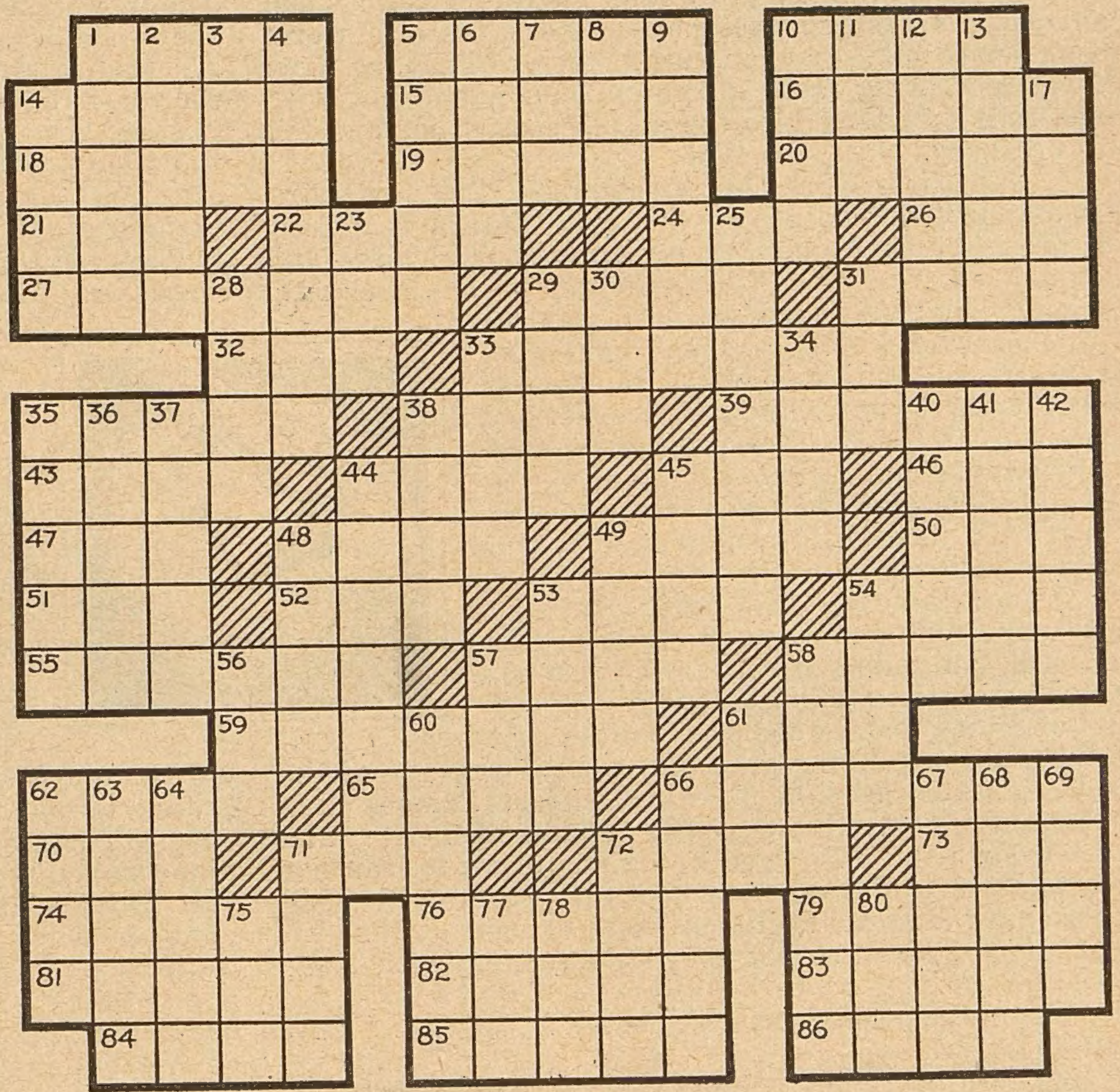
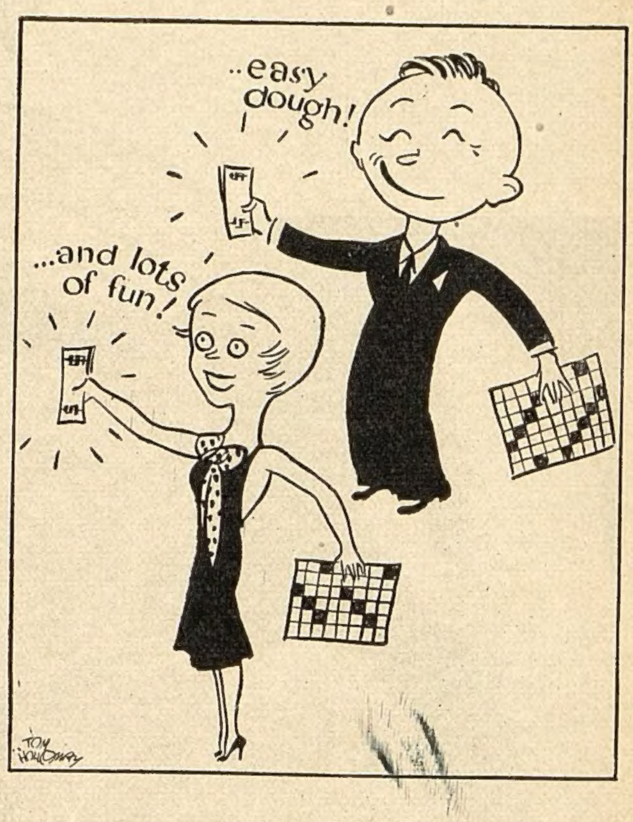
Here Is Contest Puzzle
No. 5



HORIZONTAL
1 Young equine
5 Pane
10 Entangles
14 Overlay
15 Living
16 Agreeable odor
18 Declaim
19 Part of the head (plural)
20 Requite
21 One of a people dwelling near the Caspian Sea
22 Areas ten meters square
24 Hordeolum
26 Ill temper
27 Slim; spare
29 Sidelong look
31 Performs
32 Aged
33 Performer on a keyed instrument
35 Case for shipping goods
38 Gaze intently
39 Struck lightly
43 Loose flowing garment
44 Look after
45 Examine secretly
46 Prior to
47 American author
48 Stepped
49 Domain of a bishop (plural)
50 No
51 Moist
52 Fowl
53 Prophet
54 Native of ancient
57 Profound
58 Irrigate
59 Native of Hesse
61 Stake
62 Uncovered
65 Trees
66 Chooses
70 Malt liquor
71 Employment
72 Mimed
73 Coin of Brazil and Portugal
74 Part of a pitchfork (plural)
76 Obliterate
79 Cast or throw out
81 Division of a drama
82 Masculine name
83 Ceases from effort
84 Pitcher
85 Vapor
86 Collections of things belonging together

VERTICAL
1 A shade of red
2 Elliptical
3 Term used in tennis
4 Foot lever
5 Document
6 Exclamation
7 Parasite's egg
8 Day preceding a feast day
9 Abate
10 Feminine personal name
11 Form of to be
12 Subject
13 Stylish
14 Beds
17 Affirmative votes
28 Written communication
29 Prevaricated
30 Part of the head
31 Coin of an Asiatic kingdom
33 Hang
34 Avows
35 Creep
36 Round-up
37 Incites
38 Mexican laborer
40 Belief
41 Wear away
42 Hinder
44 Ringlets
45 Percolate
48 You
49 Observed
53 Bodies of water
54 Officer of a merchant vessel
56 Title of a Rider Haggard novel
57 Obscure
58 Those employed in fusing metals
60 Slumbers
61 Insect
62 Clubs
63 Feminine name
64 Restore to freshness
66 Kind of whale
67 The comb of a feathered creature
68 Trials
69 Perches
71 Employer
72 At sea
75 Point on a compass
77 Steep or soak
78 Corr

$500 *in* CASH PRIZES


..easy dough!
...and lots of fun!

Cross-Word Contest Offers Sixty-Eight Chances to Win Worth-while Cash Awards!

LIBERTY invites its readers to get into this easy-money contest that pays dividends in cash and fun! Your chance to win is excellent!

LIBERTY will pay $500 in cash prizes for the winning entries in this week's Cross-Word Contest. Send in your entry and win a share of the cash prize fund! Sixty-eight Liberty readers will share in the awards. If you enter, your chance to be among them is excellent! How many times have you solved a cross-word puzzle just for the interest and entertainment it gave you? You'll find this contest puzzle just as entertaining, just as much fun, and in addition you may win $100 for your skill. Or you may win $50. Or $25. It's up to you!

In addition to these three major prizes, Liberty offers $5 each to the sixty-five entries rating next in line. A total of sixty-eight chances to get into the money, provided you enter.

The puzzle appears on the page at the left. Solve it to the best of your ability. Then write a short letter on the subject, "The story, article, or department I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why." Attach this letter to your puzzle solution when you send it in.

The brief rules, below, explain how, when, and where to file your entry and the official schedule of prizes lists the money you can win.

Get out your pencil right now, or, if you are sufficiently optimistic to think you won't make a mistake, use pen and ink. Whatever you use, don't delay. That's the big point.

You can't win a Liberty cash prize unless you enter. And if you do enter you may win the $100 First Prize. Somebody must win it. It's a challenge to your skill.

Allowing for the time required to judge the entries and get the awards printed in the magazine and on the news stands, announcement of winners of this week's contest should appear in Liberty dated July 9, on sale June 30.

WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES

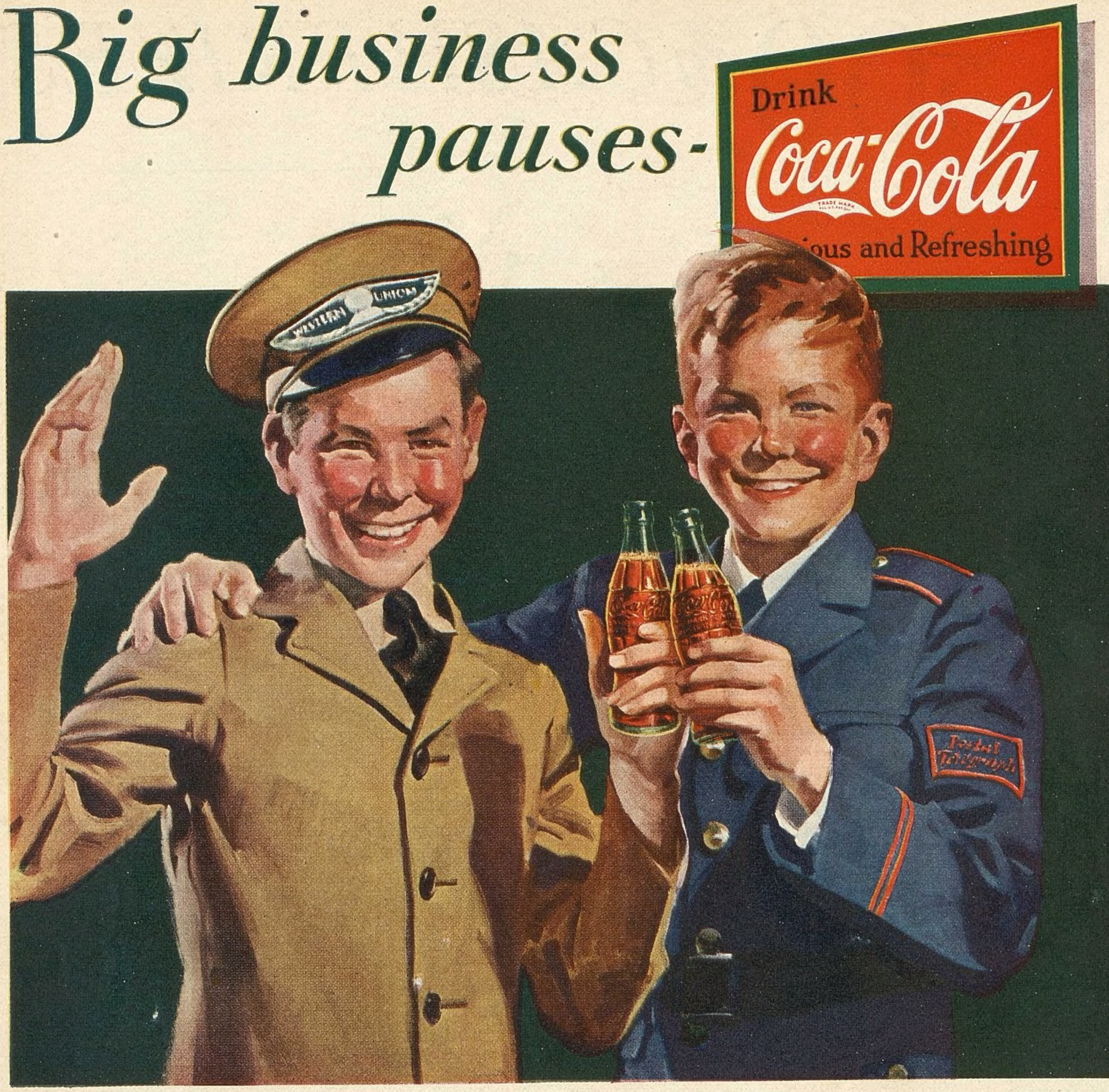
FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
65 PRIZES, each $5	325
TOTAL, EACH WEEK SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES	$500

The CONTEST RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page.
3. Attach to your solution a letter telling "The story, article, or department I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why."
4. The most nearly correct cross-word-puzzle solution accompanied by the best letter, judged on the basis of interest and clarity, will be awarded first prize; the next best will be awarded second prize, etc.
5. It is not required to clip the puzzle from the magazine in order to compete. Send in your solution on a tracing of the puzzle if you wish.
6. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Weekly, and by entering this contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.
7. Send all entries by first class mail. Address Liberty Cross-Word Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. All entries for this week's contest must be received before the close of our business day on Monday, May 23, 1932.

NEXT WEEK—LIBERTY PRESENTS ANOTHER $500 CASH PRIZE CROSS-WORD CONTEST NEXT WEEK

Big business pauses-


Drink
Coca-Cola
ious and Refreshing
WESTERN UNION
Postal Telegraph

Says you: Says me:

"This is the pause that refreshes"

Here's the drink that gets a hand from everybody. A taste thrill. A happy answer to thirst. Wholesome, sure-fire refreshment , , , It means so much. Costs so little—only 5 cents. Takes but a minute. Hence, millions pause for ice-cold Coca-Cola, and are off to a fresh start. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN
Famous people interviewed by Grantland Rice
Coca-Cola all-string Orchestra led by Gustave Haenschen
Every Wed. 10:00 to 10:30 p.m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.
Coast-to-Coast NBC Network.

OVER NINE MILLION A DAY , , , IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS